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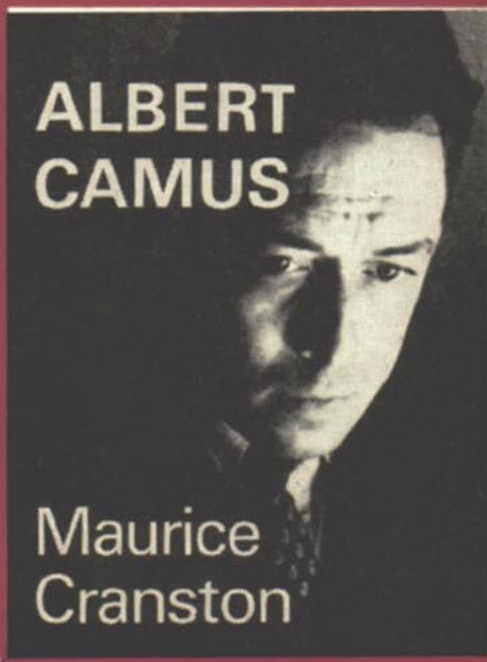

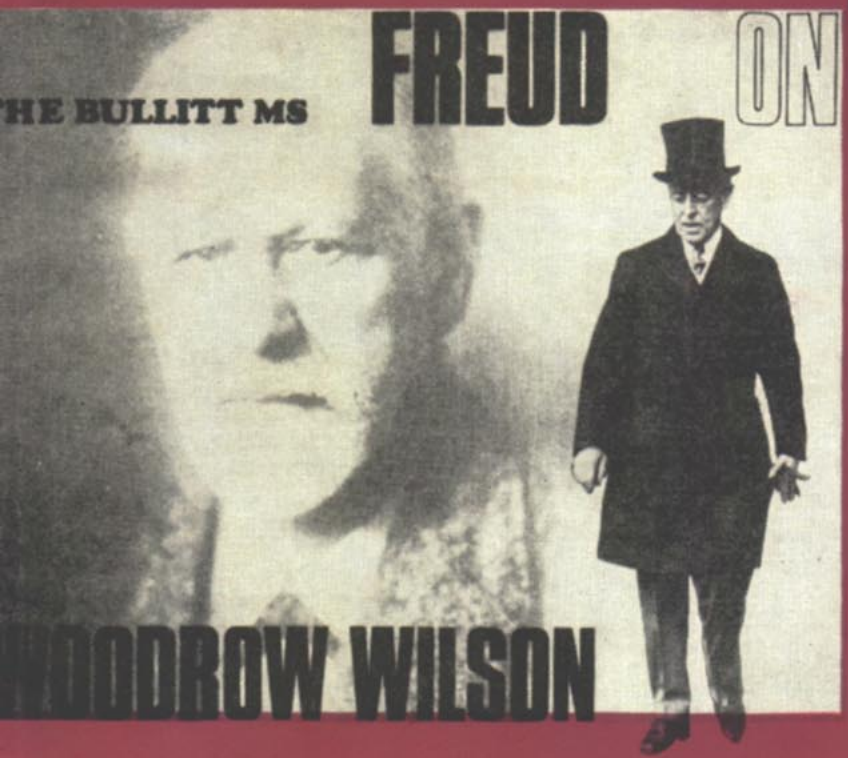

Ping
Samuel Beckett

Americanese
Anthony Burgess

Heretics
K A Jelenski

Theatre
John Weightman

edited by Melvin J Lasky & Frank Kermode

February 1967 4s

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Encounter

FEBRUARY 1967
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CORRESPONDING EDITOR (U.S.A.): STEPHEN SPENDER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: *John Mander, John Gross, Anthony Hartley, Goronwy Rees.*
ASSISTANT EDITOR: *Margot Walmsley.* EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: *Bryan Healing.*
BUSINESS MANAGER: *Derek S. Dyerson.* ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER: *John Hall.*

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Sigmund Freud & W. C. Bullitt

Woodrow Wilson (II)

The Troubled Crusade

THE POWER of Woodrow Wilson's desire to lead a crusade which would end in the establishment of himself as judge of the world was shown by his volunteering to play that role in October 1915 and by his unhappiness in the months following May 1916, when he had become convinced that England would not allow him to do so. As soon as he had made himself believe that he might make the war a crusade by saying that it was a crusade, he became calm, relatively happy, and strong. He carried great burdens during the war for a man whose arteries were in precarious condition; and, although he continued to be troubled by nervous indigestion and sick headaches, he suffered no "breakdown." His super-ego, his narcissism, his activity towards his father, his passivity to his father, and his reaction formation against his passivity to his father were all provided with supremely satisfactory outlets by the war. He was in the act of accomplishing the impossible, he was the greatest man in the world, he was killing men, he was the Saviour of the World, and he still had his wife and Edward House to love.

Balfour had replaced Grey as British Foreign Secretary. He came to America in April 1917, to inform Wilson that the condition of the Allies was desperate, that Russia was more than likely to withdraw from the war, that the morale of France was collapsing, that the financial condition of England threatened calamity, and that the United States would have to carry a war burden enormously greater than either Wilson or anyone else in America had anticipated. He was prepared to reveal to Wilson some at least of the secret treaties of the Allies and to discuss war aims, assuming naturally that Wilson would insist on defining the precise aims for which he must ask the people of the United States to pour out a flood of blood and wealth.

WILSON WISHED TO SETTLE the question of war aims with Balfour definitely and at once. At that moment he might have written his own peace terms and might possibly have turned the war into the crusade for peace which he had proclaimed. The Allies were completely at his mercy. But House persuaded him not to demand a definition of war aims from Balfour by the argument that the discussion which would ensue would interfere with the prosecution of the war. Both Wilson and House overlooked the fact that all the warring powers had discussed their peace terms in detail while prosecuting the war with notable efficiency. House also inserted in Wilson's mind the picture of a Peace Conference at which England would loyally co-operate with the United States in establishing a just and lasting peace. And Wilson, always anxious to "dodge trouble," let slip this opportunity to avoid the terms of the Treaty of Versailles and secure the just peace of which he dreamed. Both the President and

THIS *is the concluding instalment of the "psychological study" which Sigmund Freud wrote during the '30s in collaboration with U.S. Ambassador William C. Bullitt. It was "courteously withheld" for almost thirty years. The recent death of President Wilson's widow, Mrs. Edith Galt Wilson, has made possible its present publication. It will appear as a book in the Weidenfeld & Nicolson list in the spring (Houghton Mifflin in the U.S.A.).* *For a further note see p. 95.*

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House seem to have misunderstood totally the sort of respect that the Governments of Europe had for Wilson. For the President, as wielder of the physical strength of America, they had the greatest respect; for Woodrow Wilson as a moral leader, they had no respect. So long as the physical assistance of the United States was vital to the Allies they had to defer to the President of the United States; but Woodrow Wilson was never able to make any European statesman "drunk with this spirit of self-sacrifice."

Although Wilson had failed to fight out the question of the secret treaties with Balfour, he expressed in all his public addresses absolute assurance that he would get a just and lasting peace at the end of the war, and again and again announced his friendship for the German people and his conviction that defeat would bring them not suffering but benefit.

THE INDIGESTIBLE FACT of the existence of the secret treaties, however, lay in Wilson's mind and disturbed him. Wilson, with his curious habit of repeating to House the very thoughts which House had instilled in his mind, thus took the position definitely that he would ignore the secret treaties while the war was in progress because he did not want friction with the Allies; but asserted his determination to force the Allies to make a peace of reconciliation after victory by wielding the financial power of the United States. He felt sure that by using his economic weapons and his power to sway men by his words he could achieve the peace he desired. Again and again he promised publicly to the German people a peace of absolute justice.

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN asserted that Wilson was an arrant hypocrite, that he never intended to give the German people a decent peace but that his pledges were merely weapons to destroy German morale, means to "build a fire behind the German Government." This is profoundly untrue. He realised fully that words of his which diminished the confidence of the German people in their Government and made them believe that defeat would bring them a just and lasting peace would break down their will to fight and thus hasten Germany's collapse; but his intention to give the German people a fair peace was absolute. His deepest desires stood behind his wish to make such a peace. In his conversation with one of the authors of this study after his exalted address of 4 December 1917, he expressed his true feelings:

> Yes, and wasn't it horrible? All those Congressmen and Senators applauding every wretched little war-like thing I had to say, ignoring all the things for which I really care. I hate this war! I hate all war, and the only thing I care about on earth is the peace I am going to make at the end of it.

As he said this, tears welled out of his eyes and ran down his cheeks. He believed utterly in his mission. He was the Son of God going forth to war to give the whole world perfect peace. He made his pledges to the German people with the utmost sincerity.

On 6 January 1918, he delivered the address to the Congress in which he enumerated the fourteen points which became the basis for the Armistice agreement and the Treaty of Versailles. To specify war aims even so unspecific as these was beyond his knowledge of Europe, and he based his points largely on recommendations from the House Inquiry, an organisation of college professors which Wilson had asked House to form the previous September to prepare data for the Peace Conference.

By January 1918, Wilson believed fully that he could lift the war to the plane of a crusade for the principles of the Sermon on the Mount by the power of his words. His identification with Christ controlled his speeches. The extent to which this identification possessed him is illustrated by the fact that after reading George B. Herron's book in which he was likened to Jesus, he presented it to various friends, saying, "Herron is the only man who really understands me."

LUDENDORFF'S SUCCESSFUL ATTACK of 22 March 1918, compelled Wilson to temper momentarily the Christian tenor of his speeches and to devote his attention to arousing war spirit in America.

House, on 2 September 1918, wrote to Wilson asking him " to consider whether it would not be wise to try to commit the Allies to some of the things for which we are fighting," and urged him to take the very course which he had persuaded him not to take when Balfour was in America in April 1917. Wilson, having made House's thoughts of April 1917 his own, refused to start negotiating with the Allies. Instead, on 27 September 1918, he spoke again as Christ laying down four principles upon which peace must be made.

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The Delegate of God

WILSON SENT HOUSE to Paris to handle the armistice negotiations with the Allies. On 29 October 1918, when Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Sonnino faced House in Paris, they refused to make an armistice on the basis of the Fourteen Points. House threatened that the United States might make a separate peace. Wilson supported House and added a personal threat to make public his disagreement with the leaders of the allies if they should refuse to carry out the Fourteen Points. No words permissible in diplomatic negotiations could have shown more clearly his determination to fight for the peace he had promised to the world, or the strength of his desire to be the just judge of mankind. His identifications with the Trinity were in full control of him.

On 14 November, 1918, he cabled to House with regard to the organisation of the Peace Conference: "I assume also that I shall be selected to preside." House replied that since the Peace Conference was to be held in France, diplomatic usage made it necessary that Clemenceau should preside and that it might be unwise for Wilson to sit in the Peace Conference. Wilson was extremely displeased.

To lay down the law of God to the nations offered such a magnificent outlet for all Wilson's deepest desires that the mere suggestion that it might be wiser for him not to participate in the Conference threw him "into complete confusion." He wished to judge the world in person, in real presence, with undelegated authority, from the throne. He could not stay away from the Peace Conference.

WILSON, IN THE WHITE HOUSE, contemplating the task before him, said to his Secretary:

> Well, Tumulty, this trip will either be the greatest success or the supremest tragedy in all history; but I believe in a Divine Providence. If I did not have faith I should go crazy. If I thought that the direction of the affairs of this disordered world depended upon our finite intelligence, I should not know how to reason my way to sanity; but it is my faith that no body of men however they concert their power or their influence can defeat this great world enterprise, which after all is the enterprise of Divine mercy, peace and goodwill.

Just as he had felt in 1912 that God had ordained that he should be the President of the United States, so he felt in 1918 that God had ordained that he should bring eternal peace to the world. He went to Paris as the delegate of God.

HE INTENDED TO MAKE the peace himself with the unobtrusive assistance of House; and, in spite of the fact that the Republicans had gained a majority in the Senate at the November election and that the treaty he was about to negotiate would require ratification by a two thirds majority of the Senate, he refused the proposals of the Republicans that he should obtain their co-operation by taking with him two outstanding leaders of the Republican Party. As the agent of God he felt sure of his power to overcome any possible senatorial opposition.

He also refused to take with him any personal secretary. His mixed feelings with regard to Joe Tumulty, which had their root in the mingled emotions his baby brother Joe Wilson had aroused, produced this extraordinary phenomenon. He distrusted Tumulty so much that he would not take him to the Peace Conference. He loved Tumulty so much that he could not bear to hurt Tumulty's feelings by taking another secretary. He set out to remake the world with a personal staff consisting of his physician and two stenographers.

He took also the professors of the House Inquiry, who had read many books but were untrained in international negotiations. To these professors, during an audience on the steamship *George Washington*, in which he revealed how comprehensive was his ignorance of Europe, he said: "Tell me what is right and I'll fight for it; give me a guaranteed position." Beyond this he did nothing to organise his forces. He had no detailed plan of diplomatic campaign and no diplomatic organisation. He had not bothered personally about the organisation of the American delegation and, when he discovered on the *George Washington* that the Secretary and Assistant Secretaries of the American Delegation, selected by Lansing, were men for whom he had personal contempt, he was furious. On arriving in Paris on 14 December 1918, he said to House that he intended to dismiss these secretaries and select others.

House urged him to take a personal secretary at once. Wilson refused, saying, "It would break Tumulty's heart." House then offered Wilson the services of his own staff, the head of which was House's son-in-law whom Wilson disliked. House's secretariat was housed in the Hotel Crillon, Wilson was in residence in the

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Murat Palace half a mile away. The result was that, while Wilson referred many matters to House during the Conference, he never employed House's secretariat as his own and personally did his own work without any secretary. He sat in the Murat Palace with his wife, his doctor and his two stenographers attending personally to thousands of unimportant matters which should never have been allowed to occupy his attention or his scant supply of physical strength. The confusion in his papers and his mind became appalling.

Nevertheless, he believed during his first weeks in Europe that he was about to give the world the perfect peace he had promised. He was received by all the peoples of Europe as a saviour. To the adulation of France and England was added the adoration of Italy, where peasants were burning candles in front of his picture, and the desperate faith of Germany where tired soldiers marching home passed through a sad arch of honour bearing the words:

Seid willkommen, wackre Streiter,
Gott und Wilson helfen weiter.

Wilson spent three happy weeks showing himself to adoring Europeans, and it is not remarkable that his confidence in himself and his mission should have increased. In Buckingham Palace, after dinner he made an address in which he referred regally to the citizens of the United States as "my people." In Milan he rose above all Presbyterian precedents and went to the Opera on Sunday. There, the screaming worship of the crowd passed into delirium. Wilson began to throw kisses to the crowd, the crowd threw kisses back to Wilson, and Wilson threw kisses back again to the crowd until delirium reached ecstasy. It is not remarkable that he returned from his travels convinced that the peoples of Europe would rise and follow him even against their own governments.

Force and Persuasion

He returned to Paris on 7 January 1919, eager to get to work.

The practical disadvantages of Wilson's plan of procedure were obvious. By guaranteeing the peace terms before he knew that they were fair and satisfactory and ought to be perpetuated, he risked the possibility that at the end of the Conference he would find that he had pledged the United States to maintain terms which were unfair and ought not to be perpetuated, and had thereby made certain the involvement of the American people in the future wars which might be expected to arise from unfair settlements. Moreover, by guaranteeing the peace in advance he handed to the statesmen of the Allies one of his strongest diplomatic cards. The ultimate hope of Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando was to obtain the guarantee of the United States for the annexations they expected to make.

In his letter of 21 July 1917 to House he wrote: "England and France *have not the same views with regard to peace that we have* by any means. When the war is over we can force them to our way of thinking, because by that time they will, among other things, be financially in our hands. . . ." The war was over. All the Allies were financially in his hands. His stern cable at the time of the armistice negotiations had made it seem certain that when he reached Paris he would say to Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando: Gentlemen, I have come here to make peace on the basis of my fourteen points and on no other basis. Those points must be interpreted in a spirit of the most impartial justice, as I said on 27 September last. You pledged your word to make peace on that basis by your acceptance of the armistice agreement. If you attempt to break your word and evade your obligations under the armistice agreement, I will under no conditions bind the people of the United States to guarantee the peace you make and thus involve them in the future wars an evil peace will ensure. I will withdraw from the Conference, publicly denounce you as the enemies of permanent peace, cut off the financial and economic assistance of the United States which alone is enabling you to live, make a separate peace on just terms with Germany, and leave you to face the peoples of your respective countries who want a just peace and a permanent peace whether you want it or not.

If he had followed that course he might possibly have obtained the "just and lasting peace" he had promised to the world. But at some time between the armistice negotiations and his arrival in Paris on 14 December 1918, he decided to fight for the peace he wanted not with these masculine weapons but with the weapons of femininity, not with force but with persuasion. He had tremendously powerful economic and financial weapons in his hands. All the Allied nations were living on

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supplies and credits from America. But to use those weapons involved a fight of precisely the sort he had never made and could not make in person. He had never dared to have a fist fight in his life. All his fighting had been done with his mouth. When he had sent his strong cable to House, he had been in the White House far from the field of battle. Isolated in that comfortable citadel he could thunder like Jehovah; but when he personally approached battle with Clemenceau and Lloyd George, the deep underlying femininity of his nature began to control him and he discovered that he did not want to fight them with force. He wanted to preach sermons to them and convert them to righteousness. As a statesman in Paris he was the true son of the Reverend Joseph Ruggles Wilson.

His reason, in the service of his fear of a masculine fight and his unconscious desire to be Christ, invented the comforting theory that he could obtain all that he wished without a fight, that he could hand all his weapons to his enemies and convert them by that noble gesture into saints. He decided not to use his economic and financial weapons, not to withhold his guarantee of the peace until the terms of the peace had been drawn as he wished them to be drawn, but to continue to give colossal credits to the Allies and to establish the League of Nations and guarantee the peace before its terms were considered. His obedient reason told him that the statesmen assembled in Paris would then feel such a sense of security and brotherhood and such a love for his own noble nature, that they would hearken to his appeals to treat all nations in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount. He began to envisage the Peace Conference in a form which was both familiar and deeply congenial to him: the form of a brotherly debating club; the form of the Lightfoots and of the debating societies of Davidson, Princeton, the University of Virginia, Johns Hopkins, and Wesleyan. He felt himself again about to draw up a constitution for a debating club to be called the League of Nations, and pictured himself taking the floor in a brotherly assembly at the Peace Conference to "lead the weaker nations" against the stronger powers. The professors of the Inquiry would tell him what was right and, in debate, he would fight for it. In that assemblage of brothers he would "make men drunk with the spirit of self-sacrifice," and overcome by his words all opposition and lead the world to lasting peace and himself to immortality. The prospect pleased him exceedingly. Not only did it enable him to "dodge trouble" but also to display to the rulers of the world those of his qualities of which he was proudest.

UNFORTUNATELY HIS HYPOTHESIS had nothing to do with the facts. His belief, that once the League was a *fait accompli* nearly all the serious difficulties would disappear, had no basis in reality, but only a source in his unconscious. The establishment of the League altered in no degree the characters of the statesmen assembled in Paris. It gave them indeed a final weapon to use against him. They soon came to realise that the League of Nations had become to Wilson a sacred thing, a part of himself, his title to immortality, his law, and that he could not bring himself to withdraw his guarantee of the peace no matter what terms they demanded, and that they could themselves use the League as a weapon against him by telling him that he would lose the League unless he accepted their terms.

WILSON having convinced himself that once the League of Nations was established all shadows would disappear in a sunrise of Christian love, put his entire energy into the work of drawing up a constitution for the League. He faced the military, economic and territorial problems of the Conference by turning his back to them, and it was not until 24 January 1919, that he was compelled to face an unpleasant reality. On that day, speaking for the British Empire, Lloyd George said that he opposed the return to Germany of any of her colonies. Point Five of Wilson's Fourteen Points, which the British Empire had accepted, read:

> A free, open-minded, and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the Government whose title is to be determined.

Wilson faced his first test. His reply was awaited with acute anxiety not merely because of the importance of the colonies but because his answer would indicate the manner in which he intended to battle for his Fourteen Points. "President Wilson said that he thought all were agreed to oppose the restoration of the German Colonies." Thus there was no battle. Wilson did not fight. With this sentence Ger-

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many lost her colonies and Wilson began his march down to the Treaty of Versailles.

Lloyd George, emboldened by Wilson's failure to fight, then made a more audacious advance. "He would like the Conference to treat the territories as part of the Dominions which had captured them." This was too much for Wilson. He had made the great concession that the colonies should be taken away from Germany; but he could not bring himself to concede that they had already been annexed by the British Empire. He insisted that a moral veil called Mandate should be drawn over the face of each annexation.

Colonel House

ON THE EVENING of Wilson's departure for America, 14 March 1919, House recorded in his diary: "The President bade me a fervent goodbye, clasping my hand and placing his arm around me.... He looked happy, as well indeed he should." That was the last time Woodrow Wilson ever placed his arm around Colonel House.

Floods of words have been devoted to explanations of the death of Wilson's love for House. The explanations vary astonishingly. On the one hand, Mrs. Wilson is depicted as a sort of female demon, *The Woman in Purple*, who destroyed a beautiful friendship; on the other hand, House is depicted as a Judas who conspired to cut the League of Nations out of the treaty of peace while Wilson was in America. The explanations which lie between these extremes usually conclude feebly that the matter is a tragic mystery. Examination of the facts convinces us, however, that Mrs. Wilson was no female demon, that House was no Judas, and the matter is no mystery.

Let us begin by reminding the reader that Wilson was bound to House by both conscious and unconscious bonds. His dependence on House's advice was enormous and he was at least partially conscious of the benefits he received from House's services; but the foundation of Wilson's love for House was the fact that in his unconscious House represented little Tommy Wilson. By identifying himself with his father and House with himself, he was able to recreate in his unconscious his own relationship to his own "incomparable father," and, in the person of House, to receive from himself the love he wanted and could no longer get from his own father. Thus by the familiar method of double identification Wilson's passivity to his father found outlet through House. He had another important outlet for his desire, his unconscious identification with Jesus Christ; but a younger, smaller man to love was essential to his happiness.

Wilson's love for House, warm from its birth in 1911, was hottest in the six months which followed the death of his first wife. Until House went abroad in January 1915, Wilson was able to recreate in some measure both his relationship to his father and his relationship to his mother by playing father and mother to the Colonel, and it is not surprising that his eyes were moist when he said farewell to his representative of himself.

As we have already noted, Wilson then became so desperately lonely that he approached nervous collapse, and his physician, Admiral Grayson, insisted that he should have music and guests at the White House. Among them was Mrs. Galt with whom Wilson at once fell in love. He was deeply in love with her when House returned to America in June 1915; but his emotional dependence on his friend remained almost as great as before the Colonel's departure. He told House all about his love, continued to address House in his letters as *My dear, dear Friend* or *Dearest Friend*, and asked House's advice as to when and how he should announce his engagement and get married.

Wilson married Mrs. Galt on 18 December 1915, and House left America ten days later to persuade the British Government to allow Wilson to dictate the peace. When House returned to Washington on 6 March 1916, Wilson, believing that House had arranged for him to be called to save mankind, received the Colonel with open arms. But he received House's report in the course of a two-hour automobile ride, with Mrs. Wilson seated in the middle of the back seat between him and his friend. She was a large woman to talk across.

In the period when Wilson believed that House had prepared the way of the Lord and made his paths straight, his love for the Colonel was intense. Hope held out and disappointed is a potent factor in the unconscious. He who disappoints a hope betrays a hope. House had promised Wilson that he could play "the noblest part that has ever come to a son of man," that he could save mankind. House had originated the idea, conducted the negotiations, and led Wilson to believe that the moment was close at hand when he might appear as the Prince of

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Peace. House was responsible for both his hope and his disappointment. He began to find House irritating and fell into an extraordinarily bad temper with everyone on earth except his wife.

Once before in his unconscious Wilson had regarded himself as the only begotten son of God and had been disappointed. His brother Joe had burst into the world and destroyed his unique position. We have noted that a portion of Wilson's passivity to his father had reached his younger friends by way of his brother Joe, and that all those friends were not only representatives of little Tommy Wilson but also in some measure representatives of little Joe Wilson, the original betrayer.

Wilson was encouraged to diminish the intensity of his love for House by the quiet influence of his wife. She did not dislike House but she was not fond of him. She was not altogether pleased by his control of her husband and resented the growing belief in America that her husband's thoughts and actions originated in the brain of House. All his life Wilson was sensitive to the atmosphere created by his mother representative.

Thus the disappointment of the hope which House had aroused in Wilson, the nurture of his irritation with the Colonel by Mrs. Wilson, and House's opposition to his wish to move to make himself the Saviour, reduced House from *Dearest Friend* to *My dear House*. House still represented little Tommy Wilson but an imperfect Tommy Wilson who had about him a distinct aroma of little Joe Wilson, the original betrayer who had ended Wilson's happy uniqueness as the only begotten son of God his Father. A few suits of the Colonel's continued to hang in a closet in the White House, his shaving things continued to lie ready in an adjoining bathroom, the White House room known as "Colonel House's room" continued to be kept vacant awaiting his arrival; and whenever Wilson had to make an address he called in House to advise him as to what he should say, and he seldom made an important decision without asking House's advice; but he never again loved House so intensely as in the years from 1912 to 1917.

> Mr. House is my second personality. He is my independent self. His thoughts and mine are one.

Those words which Wilson used in 1912 showed vividly the extent to which he regarded House as himself; but his sense of identity with the Colonel was revealed almost as vividly in October 1918 by his sending House to Europe to negotiate the armistice without giving him instructions of any kind. House noted in his diary:

> As I was leaving he said, "I have not given you any instructions because I feel you will know what to do." I had been thinking of this before he spoke and wondered at the strange situation our relations had brought about. I am going on one of the most important missions anyone ever undertook, and yet there is no word of direction, advice or discussion between us.

House in Paris displeased both Wilson and Mrs. Wilson intensely by his suggestion that they should not come to Europe but should remain in Washington during the peace negotiations. Wilson wanted to go in person to judge the world. House had become a world figure by his handling of the armistice negotiations. If Wilson had remained in the White House, House inevitably would have negotiated the peace. His delicate suggestion that Wilson should not come to Paris therefore appeared in Washington to be a suggestion that he himself should lay down the law of his father in the White House. It was no part of the plan of either Wilson or Mrs. Wilson that House should become the Saviour of the World. They went to Paris.

It is clear that Wilson had not changed his opinion that it was desirable to include the League of Nations in the Treaty of Peace but believed the addition of the word "preliminary" to the words "treaty of peace" would produce the magic result of making a treaty of peace which would be a treaty of peace when he wished it to be one and not a treaty of peace when he did not wish it to be one. It would end the armistice, it would bind Germany, it "would make safety antedate the peace"; but it would not have to be ratified by the United States Senate, and it would not be an "ultimate peace." Once again, Wilson had been led to an incredible conclusion by his confidence in the power of words to transform facts in accordance with his wishes.

Betraya

IN SPITE of the triumph of Wilson's unconscious identification with the Saviour of the World, he was exceedingly nervous and exhausted. For five weeks in Paris he had worked harder than he had ever worked in his life. He was not used to hard work. Through-

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out his administration Admiral Grayson had protected him from exhaustion, but in Paris the defences behind which he rested broke down. He had no secretary, and, if he did not do his own work, it was not done. He had to work. His eyes began to ache, his head began to throb, and his stomach turned acid. When he boarded the *George Washington* he was close to physical and nervous collapse; and his mental condition may be judged from his self-deception in the matter of the preliminary treaty.

Opposition to the Covenant in America sprang in part from personal dislike of Wilson—Lodge, for example, hated Wilson almost as bitterly as Wilson hated Lodge—but it drew its chief strength from the conviction that the terms of the treaty of peace would not lessen the probability of future wars and that the United States would be drawn into these wars by obligations undertaken in the Covenant. The opponents of the Covenant in 1919 took the exact position that Wilson had taken in his great "Peace without Victory" address to the United States Senate on 22 January 1917, in which he had stated that there was only one sort of peace that the people of America could join in guaranteeing: "The treaties and agreements which bring it to an end must embody terms which will create a peace that is worth guaranteeing and preserving, a peace that will win the approval of mankind, not merely a peace that will serve the several interests and immediate aims of the nations engaged." Wilson, attributing an almost magical healing power to the Covenant, had forgotten his convictions of the previous two years.

Wilson went to Washington and, following the advice of House, gave a dinner for the members of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. The dinner did not produce the *rapprochement* for which House had hoped. Senators Lodge and Knox refused to open their mouths except to eat. Wilson turned his anger in part against House, blaming the Colonel for advising him to give the dinner.

His disinclination to face the leaders of the Allies with uncompromising hostility doubtless sprang in part from his ignorance of Europe. He was on unfamiliar ground and could be frightened by all sorts of ogres, like the bugaboo dangled so effectively before him that uncompromising opposition to Lloyd George and Clemenceau would throw all Europe into Bolshevism. When he battled Lodge he was at home, on familiar ground, sure of himself. His hatred of Lodge seems to have consumed all or nearly all the energy of his not over-abundant masculinity. He met the leaders of the Allies not with the weapons of masculinity but with the weapons of femininity: appeals, supplications, concessions, submissions.

Throughout the two weeks Wilson was in America he was extremely busy and gave only casual attention to House's cables from Paris. He knew that a struggle lay before him but it was not until the *George Washington* reached Brest on 14 March 1919, and House by word of mouth told him the facts that he realised the enormity of the demands of the Allies or the magnitude of the fight before him.

He had returned to France as the Son of God going forth to battle for the Lord, his God, who in his unconscious was also himself. He still believed that God had chosen him to give the world a just and lasting peace, and hoped that "by making safety antedate the peace" he had made it possible for himself to lift the negotiations to the plane of the Sermon on the Mount. House told him that the establishment of the League had not in any degree altered the demands of the Allies and that their terms were vindictive. He added that no amount of argument or persuasion would alter the demands of Clemenceau and Lloyd George, and advised Wilson to face this fact and, since the world needed peace, to compromise at once, and make as soon as possible the evil peace he would in the end be obliged to make.

House believed so completely that compromise was inevitable and, indeed, desirable compared to open battle, that on the very day of Wilson's arrival in France, 14 March 1919, he wrote in his diary: "My main drive now is for peace with Germany at the earliest possible moment." All Wilson's identifications with Divinity cried out against House's estimate of the situation and against House's advice. He could not admit that it was impossible for him to lift the negotiations in Paris to the plane of Christian ideals. Still less could he admit that after all his noble hopes and words and promises, after calling America to follow him on a crusade for lasting peace, after the sacrifice of thousands of Ameri-

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can lives and billions of American wealth, he must confess himself to be not the Saviour of the World but the tool of the Allies. To agree with House was to admit that the spectre which had made him so nervous and unhappy in the summer and autumn of 1916 and had stood by his shoulder when he was writing his war message, had become a reality. To accept House's advice was to abandon his belief in his own mission, in his own likeness to the Son of God. That belief had become the core of his being, the central illusion which facts had to be made to fit. His identification with Christ was a fixation.

WILSON'S IDENTIFICATION OF House with little Tommy Wilson received its deathblow on the train to Paris. It did not die at once. Old identifications die slowly. The life ebbs out of them gradually with grief and hopes for recovery. Wilson continued to see House, as Jesus broke bread with Judas, knowing the dreadful character of his friend. But the friendship was dying, doomed, beyond help. "From this time onward there began to grow up a coldness between the two men . . ." recorded Baker in the book he wrote with Wilson's co-operation. The "coldness" was all on the side of Wilson. House did his best to remain Wilson's friend, as Hibben had done his best to remain Wilson's friend. But there was nothing to be done. The unconscious is a hard master. Two days after his conversation on the train with House, Wilson, again with awe, asked the friend in whom he had confided before if he "did not feel that Colonel House had changed and was no longer the same man he had been before." In Wilson's unconscious, House had changed and he was no longer the same man he had been before. He had been little Tommy Wilson. He had become Joe Wilson, Hibben, Judas.

Thus on 14 March 1919, Wilson's love for House began to turn to "Coldness" and he was cut off, in the crucial month of his life, from the outlet which for eight years had carried so satisfactorily a considerable portion of his passivity to his father. His unconscious identification with the Beloved Son of the Almighty Father was his only other large outlet for his passivity to the Reverend Joseph Ruggles Wilson, and it is not remarkable that as his love for House waned his need to identify himself with Christ waxed apace.

"Dark Forces"

WILSON accepted with enthusiasm one piece of advice House gave him on the train: the suggestion that he should no longer attend meetings of the Council of Ten but should settle the terms of peace in secret conversations with Lloyd George and Clemenceau. In spite of Wilson's advocacy of "open covenants of peace, openly arrived at," on the afternoon of his arrival in Paris, 14 March 1919, he met Lloyd George and Clemenceau alone, in House's office in the Hotel Crillon. He met them determined to lift the negotiations to the plane of the Sermon on the Mount, determined to make no compromises, determined to convert the leaders of the Allies to righteousness or, if they would not be converted, to wield the weapons of Jehovah, to withdraw the financial support of the United States from England, France and Italy, to leave the conference, and to denounce Lloyd George and Clemenceau as the enemies of mankind.

That Wilson, on 14 March 1919, was determined to use these masculine weapons rather than submit to an evil peace is certain. But there are many sorts of determinations, and there is only one variety that may be relied on: a determination which draws strength from some great flow of libido, like Wilson's determination when facing West or Lodge. Determination which springs from the super-ego is often as powerless as the determination of the habitual drunkard to abandon drink. From all Wilson's words and acts during the peace conference it is clear that his determination to fight, under certain circumstances, sprang from his reluctance to betray the promises he had made to the peoples of the world, that is to say from his super-ego; and from his inability to admit that he was not the Saviour of the World, that is to say from his need to identify himself with Jesus Christ in order to preserve that outlet for his passivity to his father. But passivity to the father may also find deep satisfaction in complete submission to a masculine opponent. Thus, while on the one hand his passivity to his father demanded that he should not abandon his identification with Christ, on the other hand it demanded that he should submit. Its strength was divided. And it should not be forgotten that the Saviour with whom he had identified himself had saved the world by complete submission to the will of His Father. To reconcile the conflicting demands of his passivity to his father, and to solve all his other personal difficulties, Wilson

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needed only to discover some rationalisation which would permit him both to compromise and to remain in his own belief the Saviour of the World.

RARELY IN HUMAN HISTORY has the future course of world events depended so greatly on one human being as it depended on Wilson in the month which followed his return to Paris. When he faced Clemenceau and Lloyd George in House's office in the Hotel Crillon on 14 March 1919, the fate of the world hung on his personal character. He began to battle for the peace he had promised to mankind by making the most extraordinary concession he had ever made. "In a moment of enthusiasm" he agreed to make a treaty of alliance guaranteeing that the United States would immediately go to war on the side of France in case France were attacked by Germany. He did this for the same reason that he had insisted on guaranteeing the peace before any of its terms were fixed, in order to "make safety antedate the peace" and thus ensure that the actual peace terms should be discussed in a spirit of brotherly love. The establishment of the League of Nations had not lifted Clemenceau to the plane of the Sermon on the Mount. He hoped to raise Clemenceau by the alliance. In his desperate desire to conduct the peace negotiations in an atmosphere of Christian love, and to avoid having to use the weapons of Jehovah, he forgot entirely the deep feelings of the American people and the Senate against "entangling alliances," and his own conviction that alliances with European powers were contrary to the interests of the American people. No word or act could show more clearly the extent to which he had adopted the weapons of femininity. His offer was the gesture of a woman who says: I submit utterly to your wishes, now be kind to me. Respond to my submission by an equal concession.... But Clemenceau remained Clemenceau: an old man obsessed by the idea of obtaining security for France by force.

THE NEXT MORNING Wilson issued an amazing "pronouncement," behaving as if he had forgotten completely his words in the Council of Ten on 12 February, and his orders to House on 14 February, treating the preliminary treaty as if it were the product not of his own words but of an "intrigue" against him, an "intrigue" which existed only in Wilson's brain. He himself had argued for the negotiation of the preliminary treaty and had not ordered the inclusion of the League of Nations in it. Moreover there were no "obscure tendencies," no "dark forces." Clemenceau and Lloyd George were present, fighting for the same demands they had cherished since the beginning of the conference. And to believe that Colonel House had participated, however obliquely, in an "intrigue to sidetrack his whole programme" was to abandon reality for the land in which facts are embodiments of unconscious desires.

It is difficult not to see in these actions and reactions evidence of the divorce from reality which was beginning to characterise Wilson's mental life. He was rapidly nearing that psychic land from which few travellers return, the land in which facts are the products of wishes, in which friends betray, and an asylum chair may be the throne of God.

Masculine Weapons

AFTER 14 MARCH 1919, Wilson met Clemenceau and Lloyd George daily, alone, in secret conference; and, in the words of Mr. Baker,

> set his teeth and struggled manfully by sheer logic and appeal to higher motives to move Clemenceau from his position, to convince him that these military devices would never secure to France what she really wanted and that there were better—not only more just but more practical—ways of securing the future of France.

There is but one word in the above description which seems somewhat inaccurate: the word "manfully" should perhaps read "femininely."

Clemenceau listened. On 20 March, House, whom Wilson was not keeping informed as to the discussions of the Three, asked Clemenceau how they had got on that afternoon. "Splendidly," said Clemenceau, "we disagreed about everything."

It is difficult to admire the strategy and tactics employed by the President of the United States in his struggle to achieve the peace he had promised to the world; but it is impossible not to sympathise with the tired, ill human being who, clinging to his belief that his Almighty Father had sent him to give the world a just and lasting peace, wasted his ebbing strength in exhortations addressed to Clemenceau and Lloyd George. Wilson, after all, stood

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for human decency. He stood weakly for human decency; but he stood where it is an honour to stand.

He was sixty-two years old, a very tired man, threatened by his hardened arteries, suffering not only from indigestion, headaches, and neuritis but also from an enlarged prostate. His distrust of House had cut him off from intimacy with the only close friend he had. He stood alone, by his own will to be sure, but alone. He went into his daily conferences with Clemenceau and Lloyd George without a single American to assist him or to record the conclusions reached. His need for an intimate who believed in his mission was intense. House, as we have seen, had ceased to believe. Wilson turned to the emotional George D. Herron, who had written of his likeness to Christ. Herron appealed to him to withdraw from the conference rather than compromise.

Clemenceau remained immovable. Lloyd George on the other hand moved with a quicksilver celerity that made it impossible for Wilson, who had no secretary to record Lloyd George's promises, to know where he stood. On 26 March, House told Wilson

> that Lloyd George was saying that in spite of the fact that he had promised yesterday his willingness to have the Covenant go into the peace treaty that he had made no such promise. The President said: "Then he lies, for he not only agreed but he agreed in the presence of Orlando and Clemenceau, who will bear witness."

Poor Tommy Wilson, who all his life had revered British statesmen and despised the French, found himself at the crisis of his life despising Lloyd George and respecting Clemenceau.

By 17 March, Wilson, still appealing and exhorting, was nearing nervous collapse. Clemenceau demanded a thirty-year occupation of the Rhineland and the annexation of the Saar. Wilson, in a burst of irritation, replied that the French were bringing up territorial questions that had nothing to do with the war aims of anybody, that no one had heard of their intention to annex the Saar Valley until after the armistice had been signed. Clemenceau returned an angry answer: "You are pro-German. You are seeking to destroy France."

"That is untrue and you know it is untrue," said Wilson. Clemenceau then said that if France did not receive the Saar he would not sign the treaty of peace. Wilson replied: "Then if France does not get what she wishes, she will refuse to act with us. In that event do you wish me to return home?"

"I do not wish you to go home but I intend to do so myself," said Clemenceau, put on his hat and stalked from the house.

Mr. Baker's description of what followed runs thus:

> The President, bitterly offended, went for a long drive in the Bois during the noon intermission, and at the beginning of the afternoon session he stood up before the other Three and in a great appeal—Admiral Grayson, who heard it, said it was one of the most powerful speeches the President ever made—set forth again his vision of the peace.
>
> After it was over M. Clemenceau was much affected, and he shook the President's hand and said: "You are a good man, Mr. President, and you are a great man."
>
> But though the President could touch Clemenceau's emotions he could not make him yield. "A kind of feminine mind" was the President's characterisation of his difficult opponent.

Wilson's opinion that Clemenceau had "a kind of feminine mind" throws more light on Wilson than on Clemenceau. Nothing less feminine than Clemenceau's refusal to be swept off his feet by Wilson's oratory could be imagined, and it is difficult to imagine anything more feminine than Wilson's response to Clemenceau's behaviour of the morning. Clemenceau had stepped over the bounds of courtesy. He had insulted Wilson, and few men would have refused thereafter to employ the masculine weapons which Wilson had in his hands. But Wilson "in a great appeal... set forth again his vision of the peace." Thus Wilson's retaliation was the product of unadulterated femininity, and his remark that Clemenceau had a "kind of feminine mind" was clearly an attempt to persuade himself that his own behaviour was not feminine by transferring his own attitude to Clemenceau. As always he could not bear to look frankly at the femininity in his own nature.

Clemenceau's compliment was no doubt genuine. Four days later, describing Wilson, he said:

> He thinks he is another Jesus Christ come upon the earth to reform men.

Clemenceau probably knew nothing about psycho-analysis but Wilson's unconscious identification of himself with the Saviour had become so obvious that it compelled even those who had never studied the deeper psychic strata to recognise its existence.

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It was obvious to everyone in touch with the negotiations, except Wilson, that unless he was ready to accept the terms of Lloyd George and Clemenceau he would have to use the masculine weapons he had so long refused to use. Herron, who still believed utterly in Wilson's likeness to Christ, appealed to Wilson to withdraw from the Conference. "The President was greatly moved by Herron's appeal, and walked up and down the floor exclaiming: 'My God, I can never go through with it'."

That unfortunately was the exact truth. At the moment when the fate of the world hung on his personal character he could not find in his body the courage to fight.

> On 2nd April [Mr. Baker recorded] the President was at the end of his tether. I find in my notes for that day: "He (the President) said that it could not go on many days longer; that if some decision could not be reached by the middle of next week, he might have to make a positive break.... I spoke of the feeling of unrest in the world, the new revolts in Germany and Hungary, and of the blame for the delay that was everywhere being charged, unjustly, against him.
>
> "'I know that,' he said, 'I know that.' He paused. 'But we've got to make peace on the principles laid down and accepted, or not make it at all.'"

There is a genuine pathos in the words House has recorded: "... indeed I am not sure that anybody likes me." They were spoken by the President of the United States who three months before had been received by France, England, and Italy with a love and worship so intense that he seemed to the world and to himself a King of Kings. And in fact he still had more men ready to answer his call and follow him to battle than any man has had before or since. He was still the leader of all the idealists of the world. They were perplexed and worried because he had not called them to battle but they had not lost faith in him. He had lost faith in himself. The conflict between his determination to fight the battle which faced him and his fear to fight it, had made him little Tommy Wilson again: weak, sickly, with his spectacles, headaches, and sour stomach, who did not dare to play with the rough boys in the Augusta streets, who felt out of life, alone and without a friend.

THE DAY AFTER this conversation with House, he collapsed in a complete nervous and physical breakdown.

> He was seized with violent paroxysms of coughing, which were so severe and frequent that it interfered with his breathing. He had a fever of 103 and a profuse diarrhoea... his condition looked very serious.

Through the early morning hours of 4 April 1919, Wilson writhed in his bed, vomiting, coughing, giving out profuse diarrhoea and bloody urine, pain shooting from his swollen prostate and the neuritis in his left shoulder, fighting for breath, his face haggard, its left side and his left eye twitching. But the torment in his body at that moment was perhaps less terrible to him than the torment in his mind. He faced alternatives both of which were horrible to him. He could break his promises and become the tool of the Allies not the Prince of Peace, or he could hold to his promises, withdraw the financial support of the United States from Europe, denounce Clemenceau and Lloyd George, return to Washington and leave Europe to—what? and himself to—what?

He shrank from the possible consequences of wielding his masculine weapons with a fear that was overwhelming. He had exaggerated the danger of fighting and minimised the chance of fighting successfully. One threat to leave France to face Germany alone might have brought Clemenceau to compromise, one crack of his financial whip might have brought Lloyd George to heel. But the sick man in his bed had begun again to see the world with the eyes of little Tommy Wilson, and he saw a nightmare picture of the possible consequences of his actions. He feared that his withdrawal would result in an immediate renewal of war in Europe, that starving French armies would march over the bodies of starving Germans, Austrians, Hungarians and Russians and dictate in the end a peace far worse than the peace he faced; he feared that such events might produce a revolutionary movement so vast that the whole continent of Europe would succumb to Bolshevism, and above all else he could not contemplate that. To compromise, to quit, was to acknowledge that he was not the Prince of Peace. Moreover, he would break his word, he would make his pledges a jest. He would make ideals and idealists a joke. He would destroy the whole liberal movement in America of which he was the leader. He would be denounced by the very men whose good opinion he most valued. What would Herron, the man "who really understood him," say? What would all the young men who had believed in him think of him? What would he think of himself? He would stand before the world not as the Son of God who had gone forth to war to gain a kingly crown and had

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gained it; but as the Son of God who went forth to war and quit when he saw the Cross.

Transformation

THROUGH THE DAY and night of 4 April 1919, Wilson tossed in his bed unable to choose between the alternatives which were equally horrible to him. But he had to choose. He could not run off to Rydal to recover with a dear friend beside him and Wansfell "like some great nourishing breast" before him. The work of the Peace Conference had to go on.

House himself was so outraged by the demands of Clemenceau and Lloyd George that he advised Wilson not to accept this "compromise" but to break up the conference rather than make further concessions. Even House, who had been the chief advocate of compromise, advised Wilson to fight. And from America Wilson received the same advice. Just before Wilson's breakdown, Admiral Grayson, his physician and friend, had sent a cable to Tumulty saying, "AM STILL CONFIDENT PRESIDENT WILL WIN. ENCOUNTERING DIFFICULTIES; SITUATION SERIOUS. PRESIDENT IS THE HOPE OF THE WORLD MORE THAN EVER, AND WITH HIS COURAGE, WISDOM AND FORCE HE WILL LEAD THE WAY. HAVE YOU ANY SUGGESTION AS TO PUBLICITY OR OTHERWISE." Tumulty replied:

> In my opinion the President must in some dramatic way clear the air of doubts and misunderstandings and despair which now pervade the whole world situation. He must take hold of the situation with both hands and shake it out of its present indecision, or political sabotage and scheming will triumph. Only a bold stroke by the President will save Europe and perhaps the world. That stroke must be made regardless of the cries and admonitions of his friendly advisers. He has tried to settle the issue in secret; only publicity of a dramatic kind now can save the situation. The occasion calls for that audacity which has helped him to win in every fight.

Wilson, still in bed, received Tumulty's telegram. And on 6 April, Sunday, an appropriate day for him to decide to take his father's place in the pulpit and lay down the law of God to a congregation which was mankind, he sent for the American commissioners. Wilson decided that unless Clemenceau and Lloyd George within a few days actually agreed to terms of peace which accorded with their pledges to make peace on the basis of the Fourteen Points, he would either go home or would insist on their making their proposals in the open so that he could combat them in the open and turn the opinion of the world against them. This decision was characteristic. It enabled him to "dodge trouble" for a few more days, and it expressed again the comforting hope that he might at last raise the Peace Conference to the level of the university debating societies which he had dominated by his moral earnestness and his phrases. Again he was able to think of the Peace Conference as he had thought of it on 16 November 1918, when he cabled House: "I infer the French and British leaders desire to exclude me from the Conference for fear I might there lead the weaker nations against them." Again he was able to hope that he would not have to use the masculine weapons he had put aside but would be able to indulge his preference for that very feminine weapon, the mouth.

It is clear that he was still caught by his conflicting desires and fears, that he wanted to go on saying and believing that he would not compromise and, at the same time by compromising, avoid the fight he feared.

LATER IN THE EVENING of that same Sunday, he seemed to have come to a real decision to fight. He was seated in his bed, dressed in an old white sweater, and Mrs. Wilson was seated by his bedside knitting, when Admiral Grayson brought in Bernard M. Baruch, whose intimacy with the Wilsons had begun to increase as House's decreased. Wilson said that he had come to the end of his tether in argument with the English, French, and Italians and had to put pressure on them somehow. Baruch suggested that he squeeze them financially, by stopping the credits from the United States upon which they were living. Wilson sent a cablegram to the Secretary of the Treasury ordering him not to give any new credits to England, France, and Italy. He then emphasised his determination to fight by asking Grayson to have a cablegram sent ordering the *George Washington* to return to Brest as soon as possible. He had not decided to return to America immediately but to have the ship ready so that he could return to America at once unless Lloyd George and Clemenceau should commence to respect their pledges to make peace on the basis of the Fourteen Points. Thus, on the evening of 6 April 1919, Wilson prepared to fight, and Admiral Grayson at least was convinced that he would fight rather than make any further compromise.

When Clemenceau, referring to Wilson's pur-

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pose in ordering the *George Washington*, said, "It is a bluff, isn't it?" Grayson replied with entire sincerity "He hasn't a bluffing corpuscle in his body."

Admiral Grayson, incidentally, on that same Sunday, 6 April 1919, at the request of one of the authors of this study attempted to obtain a decision from Wilson on the Soviet Government's proposal for peace which was to expire on 10th April. Wilson, whose "one track mind" was fully occupied by Germany said that he had turned over the question to House to handle and refused to bother personally about peace in and with Russia.

LENIN HAD OFFERED TO MAKE an immediate armistice on all fronts, and to accord *de facto* recognition to the anti-Communist Governments which had been set up in the following areas of the territory of the former Russian Empire: (*1*) *Finland*, (*2*) Murmansk-Archangel, (*3*) Esthonia, (*4*) Latvia, (*5*) Lithuania, (*6*) Poland, (*7*) the Western part of White Russia, (*8*) Rumania, including Bessarabia, (*9*) more than half the Ukraine, (*10*) the Crimea, (*11*) the Caucasus, (*12*) Georgia, (*13*) Armenia, (*14*) Azerbaidjan, (*15*) the whole of the Urals, (*16*) all Siberia.

Thus Lenin had offered to confine Communist rule to Moscow and a small adjacent area, plus the city now known as Leningrad. As a Communist, Lenin naturally expected to expand the area of Communist rule whenever he could safely, regardless of any promises he might have made. Yet by reducing the Communist state to an area not much larger than that ruled by the first Russian dictator to call himself Czar—Ivan the Terrible—Lenin had offered the West a unique opportunity to prevent Communist conquest by force of adjacent areas. Incidentally, Lenin had also offered to recognise Soviet responsibility for the debts of the Russian Empire.

The consequences of Wilson's refusal to turn his mind to the question of Russia were considerable. We do not yet know, indeed, how immense the consequences may be. It is not impossible that Wilson's refusal to burden his "one track mind" with Russia may well, in the end, turn out to be the most important single decision that he made in Paris.

Excuses

THE READER has probably been bored by our detailed examination of Wilson's words and actions in the months of February, March, and April, 1919. But we feel that we need not apologise for the closeness of our scrutiny. In so far as any human being is ever important, Wilson in those months was important.

The whole stream of human life may be deflected by the character of a single individual. If Miltiades had fled from Marathon or Charles Martel had turned tail at Poitiers, Western civilisation would have developed differently. And all life would have been a different thing if Christ had recanted when He stood before Pilate. When Wilson quit in Paris, the stream of Western civilisation was turned into a channel not pleasant to contemplate.

The psychological consequences of his moral collapse were perhaps as serious as the political and economic consequences. Mankind needs heroes and just as the hero who is faithful to his trust raises the whole level of human life, so the hero who betrays his trust lowers the level of human life. Wilson preached magnificently, promised superbly, then fled. To talk and run is not in the best American tradition or in the finest line of European development, and the Western world will not find it easy to wipe from memory the tragi-comic figure of its hero, the President who talked and ran. Our attempt to determine the exact cause and moment of Wilson's surrender, therefore, seems to us to need no defence. It was an important surrender.

If Wilson were alive and would submit to psycho-analysis it might be possible to discover exactly why and when he abandoned the fight he had promised to make. Actually, with evidence before us, we can do no more than to indicate a possibility. It is clear that the crisis began with Wilson's breakdown of 3 April, and that it was over ten days later. Since he seemed to be utterly determined to fight on the evening of 7 April and surrendered in the important matter of reparations the next afternoon and never again fought (except over the side-issue of Fiume), the conclusion seems obvious that at some time in the night of 7 April or the morning of 8 April, he decided to quit. But he had told House on 6 April that he would accept the reparations "compromise," so that his surrender of 8 April was one which he had been prepared to make and he may have made it with the firm resolve never to surrender again, and his final decision to compromise to the bitter end may have come when he received

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Tumulty's telegram of 9 April, which concluded: "A WITHDRAWAL AT THIS TIME WOULD BE A DESERTION." He may, indeed, never have made any decision but merely disintegrated.

On the other hand, after his conversation of 6 April with House he had become much more belligerent. He had ordered the *George Washington* and ordered credits to the Allies stopped, and throughout the day of 7 April, he had seemed so utterly determined to fight that even House was astonished by the completeness of his surrender on the afternoon of 8 April. Thus it is difficult to escape the impression that there had been a considerable alteration in his attitude between the evening of 7 April and the afternoon of 8 April. In the absence of Wilson it is impossible to fix the moment of his collapse; but one is left with the impression that his final decision not to fight for the treaty he had promised to the world was probably made in the night of 7 April. And one is tempted to imagine that he lay awake that night, facing the fear of a masculine fight which lurked in the soul of little Tommy Wilson who had never fought a fist fight in his life, and decided to quit. That may have happened. But Wilson was not given to facing unpleasant realities, and none of his future excuses or actions indicate that he consciously recognised the truth about himself. On the contrary, they indicate that he repressed the truth into his unconscious, and consciously persuaded himself that by compromising he would achieve all and more than all he might achieve by fighting.

WE NOTED THAT IN ORDER to solve the inner conflict which was torturing him Wilson needed only to discover some rationalisation which would permit him both to surrender and to remain in his own belief the Saviour of the World. We find that he discovered not merely one such rationalisation but three! In the month which followed his compromise of 8 April 1919, he repeated over and over again three excuses. His great excuse was, of course, the League of Nations. Each time he made a compromise which was irreconcilable with his pledge to the world that the peace would be made on the basis of the Fourteen Points, he would say in the evening to his associates: "I would never have done that if I had not been sure that the League of Nations would revise that decision."

His second excuse was and is astonishing. He was always able to find some principle to cover the nakedness of behaviour which might be shocking to ordinary human decency; nevertheless, it is astounding to find that he made the Treaty of Versailles as a matter of principle. He invented a magnificent sophism. He told his friends that since he had come to Europe to establish the principle of international co-operation he must support this principle and co-operate with Lloyd George and Clemenceau even at the cost of compromises which were difficult to reconcile with the Fourteen Points. Indeed, it became a matter of principle not to fight! Once again, as so often in his life, a beautiful phrase had come to his rescue and slain a vicious fact that threatened his peace of mind.

His final excuse was Bolshevism. Again and again he painted word pictures of what would happen if he should fight and withdraw from the Peace Conference rather than compromise. He described the French Army marching into Germany, obliterating whole cities by chemical warfare, killing women and children, conquering all Europe and then being submerged by a Communist revolution. Again and again he repeated: "Europe is on fire and I can't add fuel to the flames." It became self-sacrificing of him not to fight. By this somewhat circuitous route he managed to bring further support to his conviction that he had sacrificed himself for the welfare of humanity.

WILSON SEEMS to have accepted these rationalisations fully and finally in the second week of April 1919. He wanted to believe in their validity, therefore he believed. Thus, most satisfactorily to him, he escaped from the inner conflict which tortured him.

But all his excuses were based on the ignoring of facts, and facts are not easy to ignore. A man may repress knowledge of an unpleasant fact into his unconscious; but it remains there struggling to escape into consciousness and he is compelled to repress not only his memory of it but of all closely associated facts in order to continue to forget it. His mental integrity becomes impaired, and he moves steadily away from the fact making greater and greater denials that the fact exists. The man who faces facts, however unpleasant they may be, preserves his mental integrity. The facts which Wilson had to face were, to be sure, most unpleasant. He had called his countrymen to follow him on a crusade and they had followed him with courage and conspicuous self-abnegation, he had promised them and the enemy and, indeed,

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all mankind a peace of absolute justice based upon his Fourteen Points, he had preached like a prophet who was ready to face death for his principles and he had quit. If, having quit, instead of inventing soothing rationalisations, Wilson had been able to say to himself, "I broke my promises because I was afraid to fight," he would not have disintegrated mentally as he disintegrated after April 1919.

His mental life from April to September 1919, when he collapsed completely and permanently, was a wild flight from fact. This mental disintegration is an additional indication that in the second week of April 1919 he could not face his femininity and fear but merely embraced with finality the rationalisations which enabled him to avoid looking at the truth. At the crisis of his life he was in fact overwhelmed once more by his passivity to his father and by fear. But he seems never to have let his knowledge of this fact rise into his consciousness. It seems clear that when he decided to allow the Fourteen Points to be transformed into the Treaty of Versailles he was conscious of only the most noble motives. He betrayed the trust of the world as a matter of principle.

Rationalisation

ONCE WILSON had decided to compromise to the bitter end rather than fight and had rescued his identification with the Saviour by convincing himself that the League of Nations would alter any unjust provisions he might allow in the treaty and preserve peace eternally, he made his compromises with astonishing celerity. On 7 April, he had threatened to break up the Conference; one week later, 14 April, the treaty was so far advanced that the German Government was invited to send delegates to Versailles to receive it.

To record the details of the compromises Wilson made in the remainder of the month of April 1919 seems unnecessary. His reaction to the demands of the Allies became stereotyped: surrender, regret, self-justification.

The Treaty of Versailles was delivered to the Germans on 7 May. The President of the National Assembly at Weimar, upon reading it, remarked,

> It is incomprehensible that a man who had promised the world a peace of justice, upon which a society of nations would be founded, has been able to assist in framing this project dictated by hate.

The first German official comment on the treaty was made on 10 May 1919. It stated that a first perusal of the Treaty revealed that "on essential points the basis of the Peace of Right, agreed upon between the belligerents, had been abandoned," and that some of the demands were such as "no nation could endure" and that "many of them could not possibly be carried out."

This statement infuriated Wilson. He was striving to forget that he had made a peace which could not be reconciled with his Fourteen Points; and he could not bear to have anyone tell him that he had broken his word. To be reminded of the truth must have raised the scourgings of his super-ego to an unbearable severity.

No man who had talked as he had talked and possessed his super-ego could have read the German comments on the treaty without a sense of personal shame—repressed perhaps but burning. He had after all let down the world and his sense of guilt must have been enormous; and every time his attention was called to his monumental betrayal his sense of guilt must have threatened to burst through from his unconscious into consciousness. Obviously he had to keep his eyes averted in so far as possible from the truth about himself.

On 17 May 1919, however, one of the authors of this study resigned from the American Delegation and inaugurated a public attack on the treaty by the publication of the following letter to Wilson:

> *My dear Mr. President:*
>
> I have submitted today to the Secretary of State my resignation as an assistant in the Department of State, attaché to the American commission to negotiate peace. I was one of the millions who trusted confidently and implicitly in your leadership and believed that you would take nothing less than "a permanent peace" based upon "unselfish and unbiased justice." But our Government has consented now to deliver the suffering peoples of the world to new oppressions, subjections, and dismemberments—a new century of war. And I can convince myself no longer that effective labour for "a new world order" is possible as a servant of this Government.
>
> Russia, "the acid test of goodwill," for me as for you, has not even been understood. Unjust decisions of the Conference in regard to Shantung, the Tyrol, Thrace, Hungary, East Prussia, Danzig, the Saar Valley, and the abandonment of the principle of the freedom of the seas, make new international conflicts certain. It is my conviction that the present League of Nations will be powerless to prevent these wars, and that

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the United States will be involved in them by the obligations undertaken in the covenant of the league and in the special understanding with France. Therefore the duty of the Government of the United States to its own people and to mankind is to refuse to sign or ratify this unjust treaty, to refuse to guarantee its settlements by entering the League of Nations, to refuse to entangle the United States further by the understanding with France.

That you personally opposed most of the unjust settlements, and that you accepted them only under great pressure, is well known. Nevertheless, it is my conviction that if you had made your fight in the open, instead of behind closed doors, you would have carried with you the public opinion of the world, which was yours; you would have been able to resist the pressure and might have established the "new international order based upon broad and universal principles of right and justice" of which you used to speak. I am sorry that you did not fight our fight to the finish, and that you had so little faith in the millions of men, like myself, in every nation who had faith in you.

Very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM C. BULLITT

THE REPERCUSSION of this letter was great, out of all proportion to the importance of the person who had written it. It was of course denounced as "pro-German" and "Bolshevik" by those who so enjoyed their hatred of Germany and Russia that they were unwilling to be recalled to reality; but it produced a world-wide wave of assent and thanks from those familiar with the realities of international relations. This reaction was especially strong in England. Wilson did not reply to the letter. On 30 May 1919, House, no longer the beloved disciple, recorded in his diary:

> The feeling has become fairly general that the President's actions do not square with his speeches. There is a *bon mot* going the round in Paris and London, "Wilson talks like Jesus Christ and acts like Lloyd George." I seldom or never have a chance to talk with him seriously and, for the moment, he is practically out from under my influence. When we meet, it is to settle some pressing problem and not to take inventory of things in general or plan for the future. This is what we used to do....

Wilson was exhausted and ill, and more nervous and sour-tempered than he had ever been in his life. On 10th June, he refused to sit again for the portrait that Sir William Orpen was painting of him because Orpen had drawn his ears as large and protuberant as they actually were, and he was persuaded to sit again only by the promise that the ears should be reduced to less grotesque dimensions. His hatred and loathing of nearly all mankind, which must have been at bottom a hatred and loathing of himself, had reached a fantastic pitch. He was overflowing with bile. And the hatred which he had not dared to loose against either Clemenceau or Lloyd George, burst against Poincaré, President of the French Republic, who, on the occasion of his arrival in France, had made him feel inferior by speaking better without notes than he had been able to speak with notes. He refused to attend the farewell dinner which Poincaré wished to give him before his departure for America.

On 28 June 1919, the day the Treaty of Versailles was signed, House talked with Wilson for the last time in his life, and the next day recorded in his diary:

> My last conversation with the President was not reassuring. I urged him to meet the Senate in a conciliatory spirit; if he treated them with the same consideration he had used with his foreign colleagues here, all would be well. In reply he said, "House, I have found one can never get anything in this life that is worth while without fighting for it!"

". . . to Ride into Jerusalem"

WILSON'S PROGRESS to mental and physical collapse in the three months which separated his signature of the Treaty of Versailles on 28 June 1919, from his breakdown of 26 September 1919, may be followed by the perusal of his public utterances. Let us glance at them, remembering that he was still in the grip of the conflict which had harnessed him all his life: the conflict between his passivity to his father and his aggressive activity against his father, and that his mental equilibrium depended on his ability to beat Lodge into submission, and to repress his knowledge of the truth about the Peace Conference.

He presented the Treaty to the Senate for ratification on 10 July 1919, and his address, considering his precarious physical and mental condition, was surprisingly reasonable.

For the next month he fretted, waiting for the Senate to act; but the Senate did not act and the treaty was as far from ratification as ever when he invited the members of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to meet him at the White House on 19 August 1919 for a conversation on the treaty. He began the conversation by a statement intended to turn against Lodge the desire of the nation to return to peace. He attributed the stagnation of

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American trade to the failure of the Senate to ratify the treaty, thus wielding the weapon to preserve which he had destroyed the "preliminary treaty." Then, in answering questions, he revealed an extraordinary mental disintegration.

With regard to the secret treaties of the Allies, he testified that he knew nothing about them before reaching Paris for the Peace Conference, saying, "The whole series of understandings were disclosed to me for the first time then." He further stated that he was not informed of the Treaty of London. Senator Johnson recited the list of the treaties, including the Treaty of London, the agreement with Rumania, and the various treaties dividing Asia Minor and asked: "Did you have any knowledge prior to the Conference?" To which Wilson replied: "No, Sir, I can confidently answer that 'No' in regard to myself."

To realise that he had incorporated many terms of the Secret Treaties in the treaty which he had presented to the world as the embodiment of his Fourteen Points would have been unendurable to him. It seems probable, therefore, that he was not lying, but that his repression of his knowledge that the Treaty of Versailles embodied the terms of the Secret Treaties had merely annexed an adjacent bit of territory.

AFTER THIS MEETING with the Senators his physical condition grew worse; he suffered daily headaches and became intensely nervous. He decided, in spite of the objections of his physician, his wife, and his secretary to tour America appealing to the people to support him in his fight for the treaty, his fight against Lodge. Tumulty argued against the trip. Wilson replied:

> I know that I am at the end of my tether, but my friends on the Hill say that the trip is necessary to save the treaty and I am willing to make whatever personal sacrifice is required, for if the treaty should be defeated, God only knows what would happen to the world as a result of it. In the presence of the great tragedy which now faces the world, no decent man can count his own personal fortunes in the reckoning. Even though, in my condition, it might mean the giving up of my life, I will gladly make the sacrifice to save the treaty.

Admiral Grayson, his physician, warned Wilson that his speaking tour might result in a fatal collapse. For three weeks he kept Wilson from going. Finally Wilson said to him: "I hope it won't have any bad effects but even if it does, I must go. The soldiers in the trenches did not turn back because of the danger and I cannot turn back from my task of making the League of Nations an established fact."

Thus in August he decided to lay down his life if necessary to save the same treaty which in April he had almost decided to lay down his life, if necessary, to destroy. It is obvious that the important thing to Wilson was not the purpose for which he might lay down his life but only that he should lay it down or believe that he might lay it down for some purpose which would enable him to preserve the belief in his unconscious that he was Christ. He had to reassure himself that he was the Saviour. On 3 September 1919, he took the train in Washington for the West, and one may be sure that in his unconscious when he boarded the train he was mounting an ass to ride into Jerusalem.

The Peace of God

WILSON'S TRIP to the West in September 1919 was the supreme expression of the neurosis which controlled his life.

His first speech, made on 4 September, at Columbus, Ohio, showed that he had left fact and reality behind for the land in which facts are merely the embodiment of wishes. He forgot that his mother was an immigrant from England and his father's parents immigrants from Ulster and said, "I have been bred and am proud to have been bred, of the old revolutionary stock which set this government up...." He described the Treaty of Versailles as "this incomparable consummation of the hopes of mankind." Later the same day at Richmond, Indiana, he said, "It is the first treaty ever made by great powers that was not made in their own favour."

The Treaty was a new Holy Writ. Neither England, France, nor Italy had written a term in selfishness. They had annexed the German colonies, dismembered Austria, Hungary and Turkey, severed East Prussia from the body of Germany, disembowelled the Tyrol, confiscated the German merchant marine and all the German private property upon which they could lay hands, and placed a burden of tribute upon Germany without limit of time or amount; but not in their own favour!

The next day, at St. Louis, Wilson described his opponents as "contemptible quitters," whose "ignorance" and "aberrations" amazed him. And he concluded this speech with the following description of the Treaty of Versailles:

> I want to say that this is an unparalleled achievement of thoughtful civilisation. To my

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dying day I shall esteem it the crowning privilege of my life to have been permitted to put my name to a document like that.

Wilson could not have made a statement so perverted as this except as a defence against unbearable scourgings of conscience. It is clear that he was in the hands of an inquisition conducted by his super-ego. To escape from his inner torture he was ready to believe or to say anything. By this date, 6 September 1919, his need to forget what he had done in Paris had driven him close to psychosis. Facts had become anything he wished to believe. In the week which followed, it became clear that he wished to believe that he had got in Paris precisely the treaty he had set out to get, that he had fulfilled all his pledges, that the Treaty of Versailles was almost perfect. In Spokane, Washington, on 12 September, he declared for the first time but not the last, "this is a ninety-nine per cent insurance against war."

THE NEXT DAY, 13 September 1919, Wilson began to suffer from violent headaches which continued without interruption until his collapse on the train on 26 September. He was suffering in addition from indigestion, neuritis and the nervous irritability which habitually preceded his nervous collapses. His face was grey and the left side of it and the eye twitched.

Sunday, 14 September, he rested and prayed. On 15 September, in Portland, Oregon, he opened his address with the statement: "There is nothing I respect so much as a fact" and went on to make a speech which contained not facts but awesome predictions and figures of speech, covenanters on tombstones, poison, paralysis, tears, murder, and dragons' teeth. He concluded:

> I am glad for one to have lived to see this day. I have lived to see a day in which, after saturating myself most of my life in the history and traditions of America, I seem suddenly to see the culmination of American hope and history—all the orators seeing their dreams realised, if their spirits are looking on; all the men who spoke the noblest sentiments for America heartened with the sight of a great nation responding to and acting upon those dreams and saying, "At last, the world knows America as the saviour of the world!"

It is difficult to avoid the impression that at that moment poor little Tommy Wilson's need for the approval of his "incomparable father" produced the fantasy that the Reverend Joseph Ruggles Wilson was leaning over the gold bar of Heaven and saying, "At last the world knows as I have always known that my Tommy is the Saviour of the World."

IN SAN FRANCISCO, on 17 September, poor Wilson lifted Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Orlando to the plane of the Sermon on the Mount, thus accomplishing at least in his own mind the miracle which he had so long and vainly striven to accomplish in Paris. He described the Peace Conference in the following words:

> An illumination of profound understanding of human affairs shines upon the deliberations of that conference that never shone upon the deliberations of any other international conference in history.... I was glad after I inaugurated it that I drew together the little body that was called the Big Four... it was a very simple council of friends. The intimacies of that little room were the centre of the whole peace conference, and they were the intimacies of men who believed in the same things and sought the same objects. The hearts of men like Clemenceau and Lloyd George and Orlando beat with the people of the world as well as with the people of their own countries. They have the same fundamental sympathies that we have and they know that there is only one way to work out peace and that is to work it out right.

At the end of his address he said:

> My fellow citizens, I believe in Divine Providence. If I did not, I would go crazy. If I thought the direction of the disordered affairs of this world depended upon our finite intelligence I should not know how to reason my way to sanity, and I do not believe that there is any body of men however they concert their power or their influence, that can defeat this great enterprise, which is the enterprise of divine mercy and peace and goodwill.

It was God's Treaty given to mankind by God's son Woodrow.

Thus by 17 September, the Treaty of Versailles had become divine, and the next day the American Army became a heavenly host:

> That is the glory that is going to attach to the memories of that great American Army, that it made conquest of the armies of Germany not only, but made conquest of peace for the world. Greater armies than sought the Holy Grail, greater armies than sought to redeem the Holy Sepulchre, greater armies than fought under that visionary and wonderful girl Joan of Arc, greater than the armies of the American Revolution that sought to redeem us from the unjust rule of Britain, greater even than the armies of our Civil War which saved the Union, will be this noble army of Americans who saved the world!

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In the following days poor Wilson drew closer and closer to the table of sacrifice, saying for example at Los Angeles (20 September 1919):

> The hardest thing that I had to do... was to continue to wear civilian clothes during the war, not to don a uniform, not to risk something besides reputation—risk life and everything. We knew that an altar had been erected upon which that sacrifice could be made more gloriously than upon any other altar that had ever been lifted among mankind, and we desired to offer ourselves as a sacrifice for humanity. And that is what we shall do, my fellow citizens.

Mankind would at last be saved by the blood of Woodrow Wilson.

The perfection of the treaty steadily increased until on 24 September, at Cheyenne, Wyoming, it became humanity's masterpiece:

> That treaty is a unique document. It is the most remarkable document, I venture to say, in human history, because in it is recorded a complete reversal of the processes of government which had gone on throughout practically the whole history of mankind... we said that it must be a people's peace. It is a people's peace. I challenge any man to find a contradiction to that statement in the terms of the great document with which I returned from Paris. It is so much of a people's peace that in every portion of its settlement every thought of aggrandisement, of territorial or political aggrandisement on the part of the Great Powers was brushed aside, brushed aside by their own representative.... They did not claim a single piece of territory.

It is clear that when Wilson made these statements he was not consciously lying. He had started by repressing his knowledge of what he had done in Paris and in the customary manner the repressed area had annexed adjacent territory until it had become impossible for him to remember what he or anyone else had done in Paris. He was very close to psychosis.

THE NEXT EVENING, 25 September 1919, at Pueblo, Colorado, poor little Tommy Wilson, who had learned to talk like God by listening to his "incomparable father," talked like God for the last time. The facts in his address were fantastically distorted: "Not one foot of territory is demanded by the conquerors, not one single item of submission to their authority is demanded by them."

Yet the peroration, which was the peroration of his own life, was beautiful. He asked the question: "What of our pledges to the men that lie dead in France?" And answered:

> These men were crusaders. They were not going forth to prove the might of the United States. They were going forth to prove the might of justice and right, and all the world accepted them as crusaders, and their transcendent achievement has made all the world believe in America as it believes in no other nation organised in the modern world. There seems to me to stand between us and the rejection or qualification of this treaty the serried ranks of those boys in khaki, not only those boys who came home, but those dear ghosts that still deploy upon the field of France.
>
> My friends, on last Decoration Day I went to a beautiful hillside near Paris, where was located the cemetery of Suresnes, a cemetery given over to the burial of the American dead. Behind me on the slopes was rank upon rank of living American soldiers, and lying before me upon the levels of the plain was rank upon rank of departed American soldiers. Right by the side of the stand where I spoke there was a little group of French women who had adopted those graves, had made themselves mothers of those dear ghosts by putting flowers every day upon those graves, taking them as their own sons, their own beloved, because they had died in the same cause—France was free and the world was free because America had come! I wish some men in public life who are now opposing the settlement for which these men died could visit such a spot as that. I wish that the thought that comes out of those graves could penetrate their consciousness. I wish that they could feel the moral obligation that rests upon us not to go back on those boys, but to see the thing through, to see it through to the end and make good their redemption of the world. For nothing less depends upon this decision, nothing less than the liberation and salvation of the world.

Wilson wept. He really believed that he had brought back from Paris the peace of God for which the American boys had died. But this belief was built above the gaping pit of his sense of guilt, the burning hole of fact in his unconscious.

THAT NIGHT ON THE TRAIN he collapsed. It was obvious to Admiral Grayson that if he should continue the tour he would die. He told Wilson that. Wilson said he preferred to continue the tour. Grayson awakened Tumulty. Wilson, tears running down his face, pleaded with Grayson and Tumulty to let the trip go on, saying, "Don't you see that if you cancel this trip Senator Lodge and his friends will say that I am a quitter and that the Western trip was a failure, and the treaty will be lost?"

He did not say, but we may say for him, don't you see that if you cancel this trip I will not die for mankind, I will not be Christ, I

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will not conquer my father, I will not be God. They cancelled the trip. Wilson returned to the White House. Three days later, at four o'clock in the morning, he fell on the floor of his bathroom, his left side paralysed by thrombosis in the right side of his brain.

THE READER will recall that in the year 1906 Wilson's super-ego and his conflicting desires with regard to his father drove him to a campaign of feverish speech-making which culminated in the burst of a blood vessel in his left eye, and that the same desires were involved in his feverish speech-making of 1908 which also culminated in a collapse. The same desires drove him in 1919 to the campaign of speech-making which culminated in his thrombosis. After 1908 his father fixation had become complete. And the similarity of his actions in 1906, 1908 and 1919 is so striking that it is difficult to avoid the impression that he was acting in obedience to a *Wiederholungszwang*, a compulsion to repeat, when he set out in 1919 for the West. At least it is clear that he was driven to destruction by the old conflict he had never been able to solve, the conflict between his activity toward his father and his passivity to his father. He had never solved the major dilemma of the Oedipus Complex, and in the end he was destroyed by the same "incomparable father" who created him.

Old, Old Stories

WILSON LIVED four years and four months after his collapse of September 1919. But we can draw no conclusions as to his character before his collapse from his behaviour after it, since it is impossible to say how much the physical disorder in his brain affected his psychic life. His behaviour in any given instance may have been produced by this organic affection rather than by psychic causes. The thrombosis was, to be sure, in the right side of his brain in an area which controlled motor functions, so that it produced paralysis of his left side, and superficially at least, seemed to leave his reason intact. But a neurotic's reason is merely the tool of his unconscious, and physical maladies of the brain invariably produce psychic repercussions. Wilson's thrombosis produced obvious alterations in his character and, while it may not be without interest to follow the physical entity called Woodrow Wilson to the grave, we must recognise that, as a character, the Thomas Woodrow Wilson we have studied died on the twenty-fifth of September 1919.

The Woodrow Wilson who lived on was a pathetic invalid, a querulous old man full of rage and tears, hatred and self-pity. He was so ill that he was allowed to receive only such information as his wife thought would be good for him. This fact increases our reluctance to draw any conclusions from his behaviour after his collapse. His behaviour in any given instance may have been produced by misinformation or lack of information. He was no longer an independent human being but a carefully coddled invalid. He remained, in title, President of the United States until 4 March 1921; but during the last eighteen months of his administration, Mrs. Wilson was in large measure the chief executive of the United States. From the point of view of this psychological study, the last four years of Wilson's life are, therefore, of minor interest.

The Treaty, reintroduced with the Lodge reservations attached, was again defeated at the behest of Wilson. Wilson had already taken the position that "the clear and single way out" was "to give the next election the form of a great and solemn referendum" on the League of Nations. He believed that the American people would support the treaty and crush Lodge. But the Democratic candidate was defeated by seven million votes, and Harding, one of the Republican "irreconcilables," was elected President. "They have disgraced us in the eyes of the world," said Wilson to Tumulty: but he went on believing that somehow the treaty would be ratified.

"You can't fight God!" he cried to his visitors. The Treaty was God's treaty. Woodrow Wilson had written it.

IN SHARP CONTRAST to this belief stands his remark quoted by Professor William E. Dodd, "I ought not to have signed; but what could I do?" He seems to have realised at times that the Treaty was in truth a sentence of death for European civilisation. And similar contradictions are to be found in his remarks about individuals. Edward Bok quotes him as saying to Mrs. Wilson in 1920, "I told you, Edith, House was all right." But in speaking to an intimate he said of House: "To think that that man for whom I have done everything, to whom I told my inmost thoughts, should betray me." Wilson then wept.

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THESE REMARKS seem authentic, and the contradiction they involve seems to be evidence merely of a disturbed mental condition. Wilson seems to have thought one thing one day and another thing the next about many things and many people. The single consistent traits in his character during his last years were his self-pity, his admiration for his dead father, and his hatred of nearly all men on earth. His illness seems to have thrown back a considerable portion of his libido from love-objects to his original narcissism. He had never managed to get his libido far away from himself, even his passionately loved friends were loved only because they were representatives of himself, and his illness seems to have concentrated all his love on his own body. He never found another friend to replace House, as he had found House to replace Hibben. He loved and pitied himself. He adored his dead father in Heaven. He loosed his hatred of that same father on many men. He refused to see Lord Grey. He refused to see Colonel House. He refused to pardon the aged socialist leader, Eugene V. Debs, and closed his official career with a refusal to pardon another old man. He publicly made the faithful Tumulty appear a liar and a false friend and refused to see him again. He dismissed his physician, Admiral Grayson, when Grayson defended Tumulty; but thereafter could not sleep and phoned for Grayson to return, and weeping embraced him.

In his last days he helped Ray Stannard Baker with the preparation of his apologia and talked from time to time with new friends since he had no old ones left. As he drew closer to death he talked less and less about his days as President of the United States and more and more about his days as President of Princeton. Again and again he refought his fight with West and grew emotional over the "treachery" of Hibben, forgetting his fight with Lodge and the "treachery" of House. Again and again he retold the old, old stories about his "incomparable father."

On Sunday, 3 February 1924, he died in his sleep.

Cripples

In the halls, in the universities,
the wheelchairs do their slow dance
between classes. Painful caryatids,
they propel themselves down the halls
like enormous maimed grasshoppers.

Last summer, in glaring July,
I stepped on a grasshopper
on a path. It was grasshopper season.
The hay hummed with them and they twitched
like little green twigs in the sun.

Under my foot, the insect
was only partially crushed.
Almond-eyed and slow, he tried
to drag his soft parts, severed legs
on to the side of the path:

the reproach of the crippled.
Now far from summer, lying in bed,
I think, oh body, how I love you:
moving so easily, may no harm come to you;
long bones, legs, hands up to light.

Kathleen Spivack

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Samuel Beckett

Ping

All known all white bare white body fixed one yard legs joined like sewn. Light heat white floor one square yard never seen. White walls one yard by two white ceiling one square yard never seen. Bare white body fixed only the eyes only just. Traces blurs light grey almost white on white. Hands hanging palms front white feet heels together right angle. Light heat white planes shining white bare white body fixed ping fixed elsewhere. Traces blurs signs no meaning light grey almost white. Bare white body fixed white on white invisible. Only the eyes only just light blue almost white. Head haught eyes light blue almost white silence within. Brief murmurs only just almost never all known. Traces blurs signs no meaning light grey almost white. Legs joined like sewn heels together right angle. Traces alone unover given black light grey almost white on white. Light heat white walls shining white one yard by two. Bare white body fixed one yard ping fixed elsewhere. Traces blurs signs no meaning light grey almost white. White feet toes joined like sewn heels together right angle invisible. Eyes alone unover given blue light blue almost white. Murmur only just almost never one second perhaps not alone. Given rose only just bare white body fixed one yard white on white invisible. All white all known murmurs only just almost never always the same all known. Light heat hands hanging palms front white on white invisible. Bare white body fixed ping fixed elsewhere. Only the eyes only just light blue almost white fixed front. Ping murmur only just almost never one second perhaps a way out. Head haught eyes light blue almost white fixed front ping murmur ping silence. Eyes holes light blue almost white mouth white seam like sewn invisible. Ping murmur perhaps a nature one second almost never that much memory almost never. White walls each its trace grey blur signs no meaning light grey almost white. Light heat all known all white planes meeting invisible. Ping murmur only just almost never one second perhaps a meaning that much memory almost never. White feet toes joining like sewn heels together right angle ping elsewhere no sound. Hands hanging palms front legs joined like sewn. Head haught eyes holes light blue almost white fixed front silence within. Ping elsewhere always there only known not. Eyes holes light blue alone unover given blue light blue almost white only colour fixed front. All white all known white planes shining white ping murmur only just almost never one second light time that much memory almost never. Bare white body fixed one yard ping fixed elsewhere white on white invisible heart breath no sound. Only the eyes given blue light blue almost white fixed front only colour alone unover. Planes meeting invisible only one shining white infinitely only known not. Nose ears white holes mouth white seam like sewn invisible. Ping murmurs only just almost never one second always the same all known. Given rose only just bare white body fixed one yard invisible all known without within. Ping perhaps a nature one second with image same time a little less blue and white in the wind. White

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ceiling shining white one square yard never seen ping perhaps way out there one second ping silence. Traces alone unover given black grey blurs signs no meaning light grey almost white always the same. Ping perhaps not alone one second with image always the same same time a little less that much memory almost never ping silence. Given rose only just nails fallen white over. Long hair fallen white invisible over. White scars invisible same white as flesh torn of old given rose only just. Ping image only just almost never one second light time blue and white in the wind. Head haught nose ears white holes mouth white seam like sewn invisible over. Only the eyes given blue fixed front light blue almost white only colour alone unover. Light heat white planes shining white on only shining white infinite only known not. Ping a nature only just almost never one second with image same time a little less blue and white in the wind. Traces blurs light grey eyes holes light blue almost white fixed front ping a meaning only just almost never ping silence. Bare white one yard fixed ping fixed elsewhere no sound legs joined like sewn heels together right angle hands hanging palms front. Head haught eyes holes light blue almost white fixed front silence within. Ping elsewhere always there only known not. Ping perhaps not alone one second with image same time a little less dim eye black and white half closed long lashes imploring that much memory almost never. Afar flash of time all white all over all of old ping flash white walls shining white no trace eyes holes light blue almost white last colour ping white over. Ping fixed last elsewhere legs joined like sewn heels together right angle hands hanging palms front head haught eyes white invisible fixed front over. Given rose only just one yard invisible bare white all known without within over. White ceiling never seen ping of old only just almost never one second light time white floor never seen ping of old perhaps there. Ping of old only just perhaps a meaning a nature one second almost never blue and white in the wind that much memory henceforth never. White planes no trace shining white one only shining white infinite only known not. Light heat all known all white heart breath no sound. Head haught eyes white fixed front old ping last murmur one second perhaps not only eye unlustrous black and white half closed long lashes imploring ping silence ping over.

Translated from the French by the author

Poem

I have remained and here in love's shadow
Shall stay. I'll watch this swirl of memories
Settle. Then only I'll reflect. By then
Is the pond so strewn there's no space or scope
For reflection; I have remained watching
This swirl of memories and I have thought
This was too green for falling. I knew though
That these memories that disturb the light
When they share the air, may when the ground's found
Be made light of. I'm watching them settle,
No more moving me with their moving down.
Strange though, these aren't memories, these are leaves.

Nicholas Snowden Willey

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Anatole Shub

Can Germany Ever Go Left?

Letter from Bonn

"If we ever let the Social Democrats into the government, we will have another Sweden here for thirty years."
—FRANZ MEYERS, *Christian Democratic leader in North-Rhine Westphalia (July 1966).*

"...die Revolutionaere werden gebeten den staedtischen Rasen nicht zu betreten."
—GUNTER GRASS, The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising (*1965*).

THE FIRE that broke out on 7 December 1966 in the wooden barracks on Ollenhauer Strasse was neither as dramatic nor as potentially portentous as the great *Reichstag* fire of 1933. Nobody was hurt, and the only "valuable" items destroyed were old file copies of *Pravda*, *Neues Deutschland* and other Communist newspapers. Yet the fire seemed nonetheless symbolic. For the barracks was and is the "temporary" national headquarters (in this "temporary" capital) of the 103-year-old Social Democratic party of Germany. The fire broke out a few days after the SPD had ended 36 years of lonely opposition and entered the new "black-red," "grand coalition" government under the Christian Democrat, Kurt Kiesinger. Moreover, it was the *left* wing of the building that burned (although the SPD preferred to call it the "north" wing).

The police were puzzled by the origins of the fire, but neither the SPD nor the public seemed to care very much. For the SPD, the barracks was no longer the inescapable sanctuary of old. Now the party's leaders have nine government ministeries to call home. Willy Brandt is at the Foreign Office, and Herbert Wehner has made the long journey home from the Comintern; after eight years as ruler of the barracks, he is now the proud Federal Minister for All-German Affairs.

For the public, the fire—like the Kiesinger-Brandt government—was an anti-climax after the emotional jag of November, the month of Bonn's first authentic governmental crisis. It was the first time since 1949 that all possibilities seemed open; the unthinkable was thought; the weightiest and wittiest Allied Ambassadors knew as little as anyone else; and the private emotions of a handful of back-benchers from the smallest of the parliamentary parties (the Free Democrats) proved as crucial as the grand designs of ex-Chancellors, Ministers, Minister-Presidents, and Party Presidiums.

The sleepy little "federal village" on the Rhine even changed its social habits. Not only were myriads of "outsiders" suddenly at hand from Bethesda, Md. and Cambridge, Mass., from Paris, Stockholm and Tel Aviv. The Bonners themselves (or, rather, the "temporary" political Bonners) were transformed. In the old days, "the Ambassador," "the State Secretary" or "distinguished visitor" would break up a dinner party promptly at 11.10 p.m.; everyone else would be home by midnight, complaining of the rain, fog or low barometric pressure. During the crisis, nobody mentioned the weather, and everyone stayed well into the morning hours, trading gossip, speculating, arguing with an intensity and vivacity previously unsuspected.

The nocturnal discussions among the civil servants, diplomats, and journalists were dilettantish, however, by comparison with the great debates among the Social Democrats—which night after night (or so it seemed) lasted until 4 a.m., only to start afresh the next day, until finally a weary majority approved the coalition toward which Wehner had been steering them for years.

ANATOLE SHUB *is the Central European correspondent for the* Washington Post. *He lives in Bonn. His previous contributions to* ENCOUNTER *include "Letter from Yugoslavia" (June 1964) and "The Mihajlov Case" (June 1965).* *An article by Terence Prittie on the question of Germany's frontiers begins on p. 61, and John Mander's Letter from Munich on the rise of "the Neo-Nazis" on p. 82.*

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THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATS were hardly eager for the coalition. At least two-thirds of their *Bundestag* deputies opposed it at first. Thousands of rank-and-file members sent letters or telegrams against it. Local leaders in Kiel, Munich, and Stuttgart demanded a special party congress to decide the issue. (Afterward, the leaders scheduled the next regular congress for November 1968.) Brandt's oldest son Peter was photographed among the Berlin students protesting the final decision.

The most articulate protests came from outside Bonn and outside the party organisation: from Günter Grass in three open letters, from Rudolf Augstein and *Der Spiegel*, from Countess Marion Doenhoff and *Die Zeit*—in short, from those whom the Nazis called "*die heimatlose linke*" ("homeless leftists") and the Western world has come to regard as the keepers of the German democratic conscience.

The actual formation of the coalition provoked bitter wit. "BLACK AND RED—DEMOCRACY DEAD," said a student placard. Or "BLACK AND RED MAKE BROWN" (the old Nazi colour). The economy, it was said, would now be governed "democratically, by a professor [Economics Minister Karl Schiller, SPD] and a student [Finance Minister Franz Joseph Strauss, who is taking second-year economics courses at Innsbruck University]." The new cabinet, it was argued, "is perfectly representative of Germany today. There is a former Nazi (Kiesinger) to prescribe policy; a former emigrant (Brandt) to explain it in the West; a former Communist (Wehner) to justify it to the East; a former corporal (Gerhard Schroeder) to plan its defence; a former Christian Democrat turned Social Democrat (Gustav Heinemann) to reconcile internal contradictions; and, since money must change hands, Strauss is Finance Minister."

Others explained the new régime in terms of classical German philosophy. It was, after seventeen years of CDU rule (thesis) and growing SPD opposition (antithesis), the perfect Hegelian synthesis. Or it represented a Marxian "negation of the negation," nevertheless "carrying the seeds of its own disintegration." A Free Democrat brightly paraphrased Clausewitz: "The grand coalition is the continuation of the political crisis by other means. . . ."

IN FACT, there had been all too little philosophy involved in the crisis, and a great deal of arithmetic, most of it simple and all of it depressing. To begin with, Ludwig Erhard's old conservative coalition fell on the controversial arithmetic of looming budget deficits (for which the Christian Democrats had prescribed higher taxes and the Free Democrats lower spending). As the two old coalition partners began "opening the files" against each other, and exposing their own bookkeeping tricks, the prospective deficits for 1967–70 grew larger and larger—until finally the necessity of higher taxes *and* reduced social benefits made a "grand coalition," with its big majority virtually inescapable.

The most important set of figures, however, was the parliamentary arithmetic, which every Bonn *Hausfrau* knew by heart before the crisis was over. The only real alternative to the "grand coalition" would have been a "mini-coalition" of Social Democrats and Free Democrats. Such a "socialist-liberal" alliance would have meant a new deal, a clean break with the Adenauer system, and its appeal was strong to Brandt and Schiller, to the rank-and-file SPD members and voters, to the liberal editors in Hamburg, Munich and Frankfurt, the intellectuals, the students, and to the youth almost regardless of party. (Many young Christian Democrats felt that their party could best renew itself in opposition.) Here, argued some, was the chance to make peacefully the "democratic revolution" which Germans have never made; or at least (argued others, less romantically) to show that Bonn's Allied-imposed democracy was now capable itself of exchanging "outs" for "ins" in neat Anglo-Saxon fashion.

The parliamentary arithmetic stifled the "revolution." Under Bonn's rigid, Weimar-haunted 1949 constitution, the only way to depose Erhard and elect Brandt Chancellor was through a "constructive no-confidence vote" requiring an absolute majority in the *Bundestag*. The "magic number" was 249 votes (without counting the West Berlin deputies whose rights had been limited years ago). The "mini-coalition," on paper, had 251, and its adherents kept recalling Harold Wilson's parliamentary majority of three, as well as America's experiences with minority Presidents (Lincoln, Wilson, Kennedy). But the paper "socialist-liberal" margin of two included four sick men, plus at least one, perhaps five right-wing Free Democrats whose co-operation was dubious. Behind-the-scenes efforts to obtain enfranchisement of the Berlin deputies (who would have stretched the majority to a workable seven) foundered on the "well known" Allied letters, codicils, and annexes of 1949, 1952, and 1954.[1]

[1] The merits of these hoary documents, and the tangled status of Berlin in international law, probably mattered less than the fact that Brandt's friend John F. Kennedy was dead, Lyndon Johnson was busy hopping from Asia to major surgery, and the bureaucratic government-by-inertia in Washington was incapable during this period of offering flood relief to Florence and Venice, let alone assisting "revolution" in Germany or anywhere else.

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So, WHILE great Strauss was playing Warwick and crowning Kiesinger within the CDU, while the Free Democrats awaited the (ultimately disastrous) state elections in Hesse and Bavaria, Brandt and Schiller daily grew older and sadder—and Wehner skillfully pushed both "black" and "red" into the *Grosse Koalition*.

Of course, all the late-night debates between champions of the "mini" and the "grand" coalitions suffered from the fallacy of the excluded middle. The SPD was not compelled to join either coalition. It could have said to both the other parties, "*ohne uns*"—you made this mess, you clean it up. The Socialists did start off by demanding new elections, but soon dropped the demand. They never considered deliberately prolonging the crisis and ultimately attempting to split off the CDU's left-wing; or continuing embarrassingly to tolerate Erhard's minority cabinet after the CDU had already repudiated it. They rejected the idea of serious efforts outside Bonn (petitions, demonstrations, boycotts, strikes) to force Erhard's resignation and new elections.

Such daring tactics were out of the question partly because of that ingrained sense of "responsibility" which traditionally afflicts German Social Democrats—the same sense which persuaded a majority to vote war credits in 1914, to underwrite the 1918 armistice, to sign the Versailles Treaty, to accept von Papen's dissolution of the SPD government of Prussia in 1932, to reject (as "unconstitutional") the idea of a general strike against Hitler's nomination in 1933.

Yet, behind all these decisions, including this last one, there lies a tragic historical reality, which could also be expressed in simple arithmetic. No matter how large or small "Germany" is, no matter how calm or stormy the times, no matter how one defines "left" and "right," the German people in its majority has always voted "right." In 1912, the SPD became the strongest single party in the Imperial Reichstag with 110 seats—but the conservatives held 287. In 1919, the Socialists in the Weimar National Assembly numbered 187—the other side 236. In November 1932, the Socialists and Communists had 221 seats—the Conservatives and Nazis 361. After Hitler, in 1949, it was 146 on the left, 266 on the right. And in September 1965, after five years of SPD "reformism" domestically and "bipartisanship" in foreign policy, with the Democrats ruling Washington and Labour London, the SPD came up with 202 seats—the others, 294.

Grim spiritual arithmetic, which few Social Democrats either in 1948 or in 1964 imagined would continue to operate. In the first post-Hitler years, the SPD, as the only party untainted by collaboration, expected to inherit an Allied-made "revolution"; instead, the Americans (as Robert Murphy's memoirs testify) preferred a "restoration" and the CDU. Over the last decade, the SPD has counted on "Comrade Trend": the series of steady Socialist gains in the states and cities, the 5-per-cent leap nationally between 1957 and 1961. But in September 1965, the SPD still had less than 40 per cent of the vote, and had narrowed the CDU's 1961 lead by only 160,000 votes, or less than one per cent.

Yet once more, in July 1966, the SPD came to believe in "Comrade Trend." To their own great amazement, they carried 99 out of 150 districts and won 49·5 per cent of the vote in North-Rhine Westphalia—a gain of more than 6 per cent in a state containing nearly a third of the entire West German electorate. North-Rhine Westphalia finished Erhard, but failed to usher in a brave new world. Four months later, with the conservative coalition torn asunder, the Social Democrats profited not a whit. First in Hesse, then in Bavaria, they gained less than one per cent. Instead, a new apparition loomed on the horizon—the far-right National Democratic party (NDP), with more than 7 per cent in both states.

AGAINST this grim left-right arithmetic of half a century, it may be argued that "left" and "right" no longer have the same (or any) meaning in today's modern post-industrial societies. That the "end of ideology" makes such distinctions misleading. That the capitalism of Marx's time has been socialised (or subjected to social controls), socialism everywhere keynesianised, socialists bourgeoisified, and the industrial working class revealed to have been (to quote a Polish friend) "a meteor which streaked across the sky of History before sinking in the sea of automation." That the mere existence of the SPD (like that of the Italian Communists) helped the country in a socially-democratic direction. That the party, by just *being*, forced Bismarck, Hitler, Adenauer to provide Germany with the most developed system of social insurance in the world. That the old German "classes" have been destroyed or banished to oblivion, and that nearly every member of the new "black-red" cabinet is the son of a worker, artisan, small farmer or employee. That the pressures of modern technology, specialisation and international competition will do the rest, no matter how many people vote for Social Democrats. . . .

This line of argument may have its merits elsewhere. In Germany, however, it is simply beside the point. For not since Goethe quietly mourned the defeat of Napoleon have German

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"left" and "right" been divided along the simple, classic lines created in the English, American, and French Revolutions (political freedom *vs.* traditional authority, science *vs.* religion, poor *vs.* rich, city *vs.* countryside, etc.). In today's Germany, Franz Josef Strauss cannot be called a "leftist" although he favours easy credit, higher family allowances, and state-supported research—any more than Rudolf Augstein is a "rightist" because he prefers excise to income taxes.

The true divide between the spiritual "right" and "left" in Germany—between the so-called "Good-Germans" and the "homeless leftists"—has been and remains the question of nationalism: the form of the German *Reich*, the extent of its frontiers, the thrust and style of its diplomacy, the social role of the military and state bureaucracy, the basic national attitudes toward the Western democracies and (especially) toward the Slavs. Between 1848 and 1871, the Germans faced the choice between national unity and freedom—and chose unity. Only heretics, "homeless leftists," "foulers of their own nest," would say today that they made the wrong choice then or, again, in 1914–18. The psychological cleavage between such heretics and the "Good Germans" remains primordial even today. When Erich Mende broke up Erhard's coalition, the Chancellor did not waste time talking of tax rates, but referred to the fact that Brandt's two older sons were acting in a film version of Günter Grass' irreverent *Cat and Mouse*. "Erich," said Erhard, "how can you really help bring to power a man whose sons are defiling the Iron Cross you wear?..."

To UNDERSTAND THE CONTINUING BATTLE for the German soul, there is little point in complacently focusing on the lunatics—Ludendorff and Kaiser Wilhelm II, the Nazis or the neo-Nazis. "Everyone" has repudiated them (since they failed). It is the sane, "moderate," capable figures who repay study: Bismarck, Bethmann-Hollweg, Stresemann, the shapers of the majority "Good German" tradition and thus (for Europe) creators of the long-range German problem.

It is fascinating to speculate what might have happened had Bismarck, a century ago, accepted the "grand coalition" with the Social Democrats that Lassalle offered him. But he did not. Instead, he hounded the Social Democrats as "anti-national" while undermining them with social legislation. His *Kulturkampf* compelled the Catholics constantly to justify their patriotism and conservatism. And he forged (with blood and iron) the specially German phenomenon of the National Liberals, ever more nationalist than liberal; they are the spiritual fathers of both today's Free Democrats and North-German-Protestant Christian Democrats.

Bethmann-Hollweg, the War Chancellor, was part-creator, part-beneficiary of a post-1918 myth which cast him (and the entire German civilian ruling class) in the tragic role of a peace-loving moderate—a kind of German Asquith—who had been victimised by the Kaiser and Ludendorff. The myth has finally been shattered by a young Hamburg professor, Fritz Fischer, in what is doubtless the most important work on German history since the war[2]—intellectually, an act more radical than anything ever contemplated in the SPD barracks. Fischer does not merely show that the entire German ruling stratum (including, almost to the very end, the Majority Social Democrats) could not conceive of "security" or peace without control over Belgium; annexations in France; and annexations plus deportations plus hegemony in the East. Far more important, Fischer's documents expose the uniquely two-faced style of the German imperial leadership: the contrast between what Bethmann-Hollweg, Jaeger, Zimmerman and the others told the press, parliament, the Austrians, the Allies, the Pope, and the Americans—and what they said, planned, and did among themselves.

This contrast, down to its very rhetoric, is a *déjà vu* for the observer of the recent Bonn scene. It is all too shockingly up-to-date, and the reader can easily substitute the names of Strauss, Schroeder, von Hassel for those of Wilhelm's counsellors.[3] The contrast largely explains the seeming paradox noted by Georg Lukács: while all Europe feared German participation in a multilateral nuclear force, nobody fears France's independent *force de frappe*.

Stresemann, during his own lifetime an opponent of Adenauer's, nevertheless set the mould for Adenauer's foreign policy a genera-

[2] *Griff nach der Weltmacht: Die Kriegszielpolitik des kaiserlichen Deutschland 1914–1918* (Drive for World Power: The War-Aims Policy of Imperial Germany 1914–1918). Droste Verlag, Duesseldorf (revised third edition, 1964).

[3] The far-ranging psychological similarities between Wilhelmine Germany and present-day Bonn are definitively analysed in Sebastian Haffner's *Die Sieben Todsuenden des Deutschen Reiches* (The Seven Deadly Sins of the German Reich), Nannen Verlag, Hamburg, 1965. "Revanchism" remains a myth so far as the millions of ordinary West German citizens are concerned; but the closer one gets to Bonn's ruling élite, the more the myth approaches reality. I shall never forget, for example, being told by one of Schroeder's closest advisers why Germany should not recognise the Polish Oder-Neisse frontier: "After all, the Soviet Union may go up in smoke, and then there could be a general move eastward...."

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tion later. Towards the West (and its occupation troops), "reconciliation," respectability, treaties, economic compacts, and security systems. Towards the East, vague verbal "renunciation of force" combined with unremitting territorial claims, a hostile, snappish tone, and pharisaical propaganda on "the rights of national groups," "the right to a homeland," "the right to self-determination."

THIS MAJORITY "Good German" tradition has continued in Bonn's foreign policy, which has changed far less in the two post-war decades than West German society as a whole. A reading of Bonn's declarations on Eastern policy and reunification[4] shows, first, that old Adenauer a decade ago was if anything *more* open-minded than his successors; and second, that Bonn never made a gesture in the direction of *détente*, arms control, or reconciliation except under the immediate pressure of its Western Allies. Once the pressure stopped, so did Bonn. Most recently, for example, Gerhard Schroeder's so-called "policy of movement" was largely a public-relations response to the climate created by Kennedy, Khrushchev, and Pope John. The "movement" stopped as soon as the climate changed. In practice, the policy consisted of business deals with Germany's traditional allies (Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary), without a hint of political or spiritual compromise with Nazism's chief victims: the Poles, the Czechs, the Russians, the Yugoslavs. It was Adenauer, last spring, who had to remind his heirs that the Russians had lost 20 million lives in the war, and that Russia both wanted and needed peace; it was Schroeder who persuaded Erhard to "rebut" the old man next day.

Similarly, in the famous struggle within the CDU between the "Atlanticists" (Schroeder) and the "Gaullists" (Strauss), both sides remained in the "mainstream" of German *Machtpolitik*. One side thought it would be easier to acquire nuclear weapons from the Americans; the other, from the French. The "Atlanticists" were not interested in American advice to make it up with the Yugoslavs, any more than the "Gaullists" cheered France's repudiation of the 1938 Munich Agreement. The question between the two groups was always which ally was more likely to back Bonn's intransigent line.

It seems hardly an accident that the principal dissent from such modes of thought has come from what the neo-Nazis are already calling the *"Lizenz-presse"*—the newspapers and magazines originally sponsored by the British and American occupation authorities. Conversely, the chief support for the hard old line has come from newspapers and publishing chains assembled after the occupation had ended, often most articulately from older publicists who had previously served the Third Reich.

With the formation of the "grand coalition," the question immediately arises: Can the Social Democrats divert the old "mainstream," or will they be swallowed up in it? The SPD's history, ancient and recent, is by no means overwhelmingly reassuring. For every Eduard Bernstein in the past, concerned with ideals, there was a Gustav Noske, concerned with power. After fighting rearmament, tactical nuclear weapons, and the entire John Foster Dulles cold-war approach, the SPD suddenly embraced "bipartisanship" (*i.e.*, Adenauer) in June 1960—ironically, a few weeks before John F. Kennedy was nominated for the American presidency. At the Karlsruhe party congress in November 1964, the SPD even accepted the multilateral nuclear force—again ironically, a few weeks before Lyndon Johnson scuttled it.

Foreign policy was "not an issue" in the 1965 campaign; indeed, the SPD managed to refrain even from questioning Erhard's personal abilities. Only Günter Grass, in a solo campaign among students, viewed darkly by the party hierarchs, talked about Hitler, the War, the Poles, peace. The Wehner strategy was to avoid controversy, present the SPD as a "better CDU," keep the jingoist press neutral, and gain enough percentage points to force a "grand coalition" then and there. The strategy failed, even though Wehner made the "best CDU" remark of the campaign: when General de Gaulle received Polish Premier Cyrankiewicz, who noted France's acceptance of the Oder-Neisse frontier, Wehner declared: *"Es liegt mir kalt am herz* (my heart is chilled)."

The election had already been lost when the famous Evangelical Church memorandum appealed for peace with the Poles and recognition of the frontiers; the document drew a massive silence from the SPD barracks, as did the subsequent exchange of letters between the Polish and German Catholic bishops. And while the thaw in Czechoslovakia was persuading many in the West that Germany should repudiate the Munich Agreement, the late Wenzel Jaksch was doubling as a member of the SPD executive and President of the Expellees' Union, preaching Sudeten German "rights" in Bohemia and Moravia. It was at about this time, last winter, that the novelist Heinrich Böll summarised post-war German development by declaring that the Christian Democrats had succeeded in discrediting Christianity while the Social Democrats had discredited socialism.

[4] *Die Bemühungen der deutschen Regierung und ihrer Verbündeten um die Einheit Deutschlands 1955–66* (Auswärtiges Amt, Bonn, 1966).

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YET, INEVITABLY, there was a reaction from the Social Democratic rank-and-file who had fought the long fight against Adenauer and Erhard, and who now felt that Wehner's "togetherness" (*Gemeinsamkeit*) was not merely a betrayal of the party's traditions but also a strategic error. Throughout the country, there were signs of restiveness and awakening, signs that the German public (and particularly the post-war generation) was ready for new ideas, new directions, for an alternative. A movement rapidly developed against Wehner, composed of disparate elements—some from the old left wing, some from the young left wing, some who resented his iron-handed control of the party machine, all united by the desire to end SPD immobilism and break with the Erhard-Schroeder-Hassel "consensus." A major rebellion seemed in the offing for the SPD's Dortmund party congress in June 1966.

Wehner headed it off by picking up and answering the kind of letter he had thrown in the barracks' waste-basket a hundred times before. It was, of course, the letter from the East German Communists proposing political discussions between the "two largest German parties" to further "unity of the working class." The SPD countered by formally offering an exchange of public speakers in the two Germanys. The CDU screamed at the vision of Walter Ulbricht appearing in Hanover; the Foreign Office trembled at the thought of possible erosion of Bonn's famous *Alleinvertretungsanspruch* (claim to sole legitimate representation of the entire German people). The speakers' exchange never took place, but the attempt appeased the anti-Wehner rebels and won for the SPD in North-Rhine Westphalia the greatest election victory in its history.

Kto kovo? (Who rules whom?)—Lenin's old question is familiar enough to Wehner, and it remains the uppermost question about the "grand coalition" he has finally achieved. The question is not merely one of short-term political manoeuvring, but involves the future role of the German people in Europe. Members of the Social Democratic party now sit in the German Government—will Social Democratic ideas and ideals ever govern Germany? The "Good Germans" will be sure to applaud when SPD ministers compel the unions to wage "restraint." Will the ministers risk a less certain response by accepting the loss of Hitler's war? Can Germany ever go left—and help bring peace to Europe? Or will the Allies—all four of them—still have to solve the German problem?

Choice

Better the remorse than the misgiving
The slurring sleazing tumble of the living,
With death's pox-pattern on it, so much less
Craven than life adept in fancy dress?

To say this now is to accept the choice
Of do-I-live this day or die, because your voice
Ordains but does not counsel, like the sun
Scarlet, affronting, in the last parched place
Risen to thirst out some last lingering race,
Shade-loving, soon to be stark shadowless,
Yielding man-colour to your slow redress.

Better, then, misgiving than remorse
Slow death by might-have-been or by spent force?

John Pudney

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George Steiner

Postscript to a Tragedy

TWO PASSAGES, at random: the first from Chaim Kaplan's Warsaw Diary, the second from Jean-François Steiner's study of Treblinka:

> A RABBI IN LODZ was forced to spit on a Torah scroll that was in the Holy Ark. In fear of his life, he complied and desecrated that which is holy to him and to his people. After a short while he had no more saliva, his mouth was dry. To the Nazi's question, why did he stop spitting, the rabbi replied that his mouth was dry. Then the son of the "superior race" began to spit into the rabbi's mouth, and the rabbi continued to spit on the Torah.[1]

> DESPITE ALL the precautions taken by his friends, Professor Mehring was called out of the ranks during roll-call. When the punishment squad, performing its "exercise," began to thin out, Professor Mehring was seized by an extraordinary will to live and started running like a madman. "Lalka" observed this and, when a quarter of the prisoners had fallen, made the "exercise" go on to see how long the old man, running a few yards behind the others, could hold out.
>
> He yelled—If you catch up with them, your life is saved.
>
> And gave the order to whip on the survivors.
>
> The survivors faltered and slowed down in order to help the Professor; but the blows redoubled, making them stumble, shredding their clothes, covering their faces with blood. Blinded with blood, reeling with pain, they again speeded up. The Professor, who had gained a little ground, saw them pull away from him again and threw his arms forward, as if to grasp the other prisoners, as if to plead with them. He stumbled once, then a second time; his tortured body seemed to fall apart; he tried once more to recover his balance, then, all at once, stiffened and collapsed in the dust. When the Germans drew near, they saw a thread of blood flowing from his mouth. Professor Mehring was dead.[2]

Indeed, rather lucky: not hung by his feet and flogged to death like Langner, the lashes being so timed that he would not die until evening. Not thrown alive into the crematoria fire. Not drowned, as were many, by slow immersion in urine and ordure. Principally, perhaps, without having with his own hands hanged his child in the barrack at night, to preserve him from further torture in the morning.

One of the things I cannot grasp, though I have often written about them, trying to get them into some kind of bearable perspective, is the time relation. At a previous point in rational time, Professor Mehring was sitting in his study, speaking to his children, reading books, passing his hand over a white tablecloth on Friday evening. And flayed alive, "blood splashing slowly from his hair," Langner was, in some sense, the same human being who had, a year earlier, perhaps less, walked the daylight street, done business, looked forward to a good meal, read an intellectual monthly. But in what sense? Precisely at the same hour in which Mehring or Langner were being done to death, the overwhelming plurality of human beings, two miles away on the Polish farms, five thousand miles away in New York, were sleeping or eating or going to a film or making love or worrying about the dentist. This is where my imagination balks. The two orders of simultaneous experience are so different, so irreconcilable to any common norm of human values, their coexistence is so hideous a paradox—Treblinka *is* both because some men have built it and almost all other men let it be—that I puzzle over time. Are there, as science-fiction and Gnostic speculation imply, different species of time in the same world, "good times" and enveloping folds of inhuman time, in which men fall into the slow hands of living damnation? If we reject some such module, it becomes exceedingly difficult to grasp the continuity between normal existence and the hour at which hell starts (on the city square when the Germans begin the deportations, or in the office of the *Judenrat* or wherever), an hour marking men, women,

[1] *Scroll of Agony: The Warsaw Diary of Chaim A. Kaplan.* Hamish Hamilton, 30s.; Macmillan, New York, $6.95.

[2] *Treblinka.* By JEAN-FRANÇOIS STEINER, with a preface by SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR. Fayard, Paris, F.16.50.

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children off from any precedent of life, from any voice "outside," in that other time of sleep and food and humane speech. On the fake station platform at Treblinka, cheerfully painted and provided with window-boxes so as not to alert the new arrivals to the gas ovens half a mile further, the painted clock pointed to three. Always. There is an acute perception in this on the part of Kurt Franz, the commander of the extermination camp.

This notion of different orders of time simultaneous but in no effective analogy or communication, may be necessary to the rest of us, who were not there, who lived as if on another planet. That, surely, is the point: to discover the relations between those done to death and those alive then, and the relations of both to us; to locate, as exactly as record and imagination are able, the measure of unknowing, indifference, complicity, commission which relates the contemporary or survivor to the slain. So that, being now instructed as never quite before—and it is here that history *is* different—of the fact that "everything is possible," that starting next Monday morning at, say, 11.20 a.m. time can change for oneself and one's children and drop out of humanity, we may better gauge our own present position, its readiness for or vulnerability to other forms of "total possibility." To make oneself concretely aware that the "solution" was not "final," that it spills over into our present lives is the only but compelling reason for forcing oneself to continue reading these literally unbearable records, for going back or, perhaps, forward into the non-world of the sealed ghetto and extermination camp.

Moreover, despite the large amount of work done by historians, despite the mountains of documentation amassed during the trials, very important questions of "relation" remain obscure or unanswered. There is, first of all, the matter of the unwillingness of European powers and the United States during the late 1930s to make more than token gestures towards the rescue of Jewish children. There is the appalling evidence of the enthusiasm shown in Poland and western Russia by the local population when it came to helping the Germans kill Jews. Of the six hundred who succeeded in escaping from Treblinka to the forests, only forty survived, the majority being killed by Poles. "Go to Treblinka where you Jews belong," was a not uncommon answer to Jewish women and children seeking refuge among Polish neighbours. In the Ukraine, where many Jews remained in the face of the German advance because Stalinist policy carefully prohibited any warning to them of Nazi intentions, matters were, if conceivable, even worse. Had the people of occupied Europe chosen to help the Jews, to identify themselves even symbolically with the fate of their Jewish fellow-countrymen, the Nazi massacre could not have succeeded. This is shown by the solidarity and courage of Christian communities helping Jews in Norway, Denmark, and parts of Bulgaria.

But what of the outside, what of the powers actually at war with Nazi Germany? Here the evidence is, until now, controversial and full of ugly undertones. Many questions remain almost taboo. There are motives of internal politics, historical prejudice and personal cruelty which may account for the indifference towards and even participation in the destruction of the Jews by Stalinist Russia. The failure of the R.A.F. and U.S. Air Force to bomb the gas-ovens and rail lines leading to the death camps after substantial information about the "final solution" had reached London from Poland and Hungary, and after desperate pleas to that effect had been transmitted by elements in the Polish underground, remains an ugly riddle. The absence of any such raids—even *one day* of interruption in the gas-ovens would have meant the life of *ten thousand* human beings—cannot be accounted for merely on technical grounds. Low-flying R.A.F. planes blew open the door of a prison in France rescuing vital members of the resistance from further torture and execution. Just when did the names Belsen, Auschwitz, Treblinka first turn up in allied intelligence files, and what was done about them?

It has been said that the answer is one of psychological paralysis, of the sheer incapacity of the "normal" mind to imagine and hence give active belief to the enormities of the circumstance and the need. Even those—and they may have been few—who came to believe that the news out of eastern Europe was authentic, that millions of human beings were being methodically tortured and gassed in the middle of the 20th century, did so at some abstract remove, as we might believe a piece of theological doctrine or an historical occurrence far in the past. The belief did not relate. We are post-Auschwitz *homo sapiens* because the evidence, the photographs of the sea of bones and gold fillings, of children's shoes and hands leaving a black claw-mark on oven walls, has altered our sense of possible enactments. Hearing whisperings out of hell again we would know how to interpret the code; the skin of our hopes has grown thinner.

This is obviously an important argument,

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particularly when extended to the problem of German awareness of what was going on and to the even more vexed matter of Jewish unreadiness, disbelief, even in some passive or metaphoric sense, acquiescence in the massacre. The earth at Treblinka contained, in one corner of the camp, seven hundred thousand bodies, "weighing approximately thirty-five thousand tons and filling a volume of ninety thousand cubic metres." If the Jews could not, until the closing of the oven door or the stench of the fire-pit, believe this to be true, if the intelligence of a people prepared for apocalyptic anguish by two thousand years of harrying could not focus on this new and final possibility, how could that of other men? It is one of the daemonic attributes of Nazism (as of sadistic literature) to taint those who accept its imaginings as literally feasible—even when they reject them with loathing—with an element of self-doubt, of unbalance. To *believe* the reports on Auschwitz smuggled out by the underground, to credit the statistical facts before such credence had become irrefutable and generally shared throughout the surviving world, was to yield in some measure to the monstrousness of the German intent. Scepticism ("such things cannot happen now, not at this point in man's history, not in a society that has produced Goethe") had its part of humane dignity and self-respect. And tragically so among East European Jews, with their complex involvement in German culture and western enlightenment.

THIS IS CLEARLY SHOWN both in the fictionalised account of Vilna at the start of Steiner's *Treblinka,* and in the opening pages of Kaplan's diary. Jewish reactions fluctuated wildly between hope that German occupation would bring some rational order to suffering—imprisonment in a ghetto could signify protection from the ever-recurrent if random brutalities of gentile neighbours—and the hope that Hitler would soon allow the departure of the Jews from Europe. What wisps of information did leak through about Nazi mass exterminations were, for a long time, treated either as the natural fantasies of the affrighted or as dangerous falsehoods disseminated by provocateurs to demoralise the Jews or incite them to some act of rebellion. The latter would provide the Nazis with an "excuse" to act "more harshly." Above all, there was the hope that the world outside would come in aid. On 24 January 1940, Kaplan wrote:

> A small ray of light has shone forth from between the clouds that are spread across our skies. The information has reached us that the American Quakers will send a rescue mission to Poland. This time the aid will be offered in American fashion, without regard to race or religion, and even the Jews will be able to benefit from the proffered aid. May they be blessed! For us this is the first time that, instead of "except the Jews," the expression "including the Jews" has reached us, and it rings in our ears with a strange sound. Is it really true?

And on 11 June 1940, the Jews of Warsaw took comfort from the firm belief that "the French are fighting like lions with the last of their strength." Hope, the radical property of man to regard himself in some kind of mutual relationship to other men, died inch by inch. The memory of hope cries out in one of the last messages received by the outside world during the rising of the Warsaw ghetto: "The world is silent. The world *knows* (it is inconceivable that it should not) and stays silent. God's vicar in the Vatican is silent; there is silence in London and Washington; the American Jews are silent. This silence is astonishing and horrifying." In fact there was noise just outside the ghetto walls, carefully recorded by German newsreel teams: the frequent laughter and applause of Polish spectators watching men leaping into flames and the houses blowing up.

WHEN DID BELIEF darken to certitude? According to J.-F. Steiner (but his account is partially dramatic fiction or rearrangement) it was Langner, dying under the lash, who cried out with his last breath that "you will all be slain. They cannot let you out of here after what you have witnessed." In Kaplan's testimony the process of recognition is gradual. Each spasm of tenacious vitality—a joke made, a child fed, a German sentry cajoled or outwitted—seemed to Kaplan a guarantee of survival: "A nation which can live in such terrible circumstances as these without losing its mind, without committing suicide—and which can still laugh—is sure of survival. Which will disappear first, Nazism or Judaism? I am willing to bet! Nazism will go first!" Thus on 15 August 1940. By June 1942 the possibility of the "final solution" was becoming plain in Kaplan's mind.[3] Though

[3] Both the Preface to *Scroll of Agony* and a footnote in the text suggest that Hirsch, the man who first spells out the truth of the "final solution" is "an imaginary personage, invented by Kaplan to present the dark, hopeless, but realistic aspect of the situation." This may be the case; but the name might stand for a real person, one of the small, desperate number who foresaw and were not believed.

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"imprisoned within double walls: a wall of brick for our bodies, and a wall of silence for our spirit," Kaplan could state, on 25 June, that Polish Jewry was being totally slaughtered. He even refers to "lethal gas." But it was not until the deportation order in late July 1942 that the recognition of doom closed in. Rumour flew about that it had been Himmler's sadistic jest to promulgate the decree on the eve of the Ninth of Av, "a day of retribution, a day fated for mourning through all generations. But all that is irrelevant. In the last analysis these are accidental, momentary manifestations. They did not cause the decree. The real purpose is deeper and more fundamental—the total destruction of the Jewish nation." That this purpose has survived Nazism in many individuals and certain societies, even societies where there are scarcely any Jews left alive, that it runs close beneath the surface of many aspects of Soviet life, enforces the need to look back. There are elements of anti-semitism deeper than sociology or economics or even historical superstition. The Jew sticks like a bone in the throat of any other nationalism. "God of Gods!" wrote Kaplan as the end drew near, "shall the sword devour thy sons forever?"

The diary breaks off in the evening hours of 4 August, with Jewish police under Nazi supervision scouring block after city block. Taken to the *Umschlagplatz* (whose features and tablet of remembrance the present régime in Warsaw has all but obliterated), Kaplan and his wife were deported. They are thought to have been murdered in Treblinka in December 1942 or January 1943. Kaplan's foresight and the help of a Pole outside the ghetto ensured the survival of these small notebooks. Together with Emmanuel Ringelblum's *Notes from the Warsaw Ghetto,* this diary constitutes the only complete record of Jewish life in Warsaw from the outbreak of war to the time of deportation. Over and over Kaplan writes that this diary is his reason for survival, that the record of atrocity must reach the outside world. The last sentence reads: "If my life ends—what will become of my diary?" He won his desperate, patient gamble; his voice has overcome the ash and the forgetting.

IT IS THE VOICE of a rare human being. A teacher of Hebrew, an essayist, a scholar of Jewish history and customs, Chaim Aron Kaplan chose to stay in Warsaw in 1941, though his American and Palestinian contacts might have secured him an exit visa. He wrote in Hebrew, but with that erudite, critical background of classical and European humanism characteristic of the modern Jewish intelligentsia. On 26 October 1939, he set down his credo:

> Even though we are now undergoing terrible tribulations and the sun has grown dark for us at noon, we have not lost our hope that the era of light will surely come. Our existence as a people will not be destroyed. Individuals will be destroyed, but the Jewish community will live on. Therefore, every entry is more precious than gold, so long as it is written down as it happens, without exaggerations and distortions.

This latter clause he fulfilled to an almost miraculous degree. In midst of hell, Kaplan discriminates between the horror witnessed and that which is only reported. Through extreme precision he came to a deep, diagnostic perception. As early as 28 October 1939, Kaplan had defined the root condition of the relations between Germans and Jews: "In the eyes of the conquerors we are outside the category of human beings. This is the Nazi ideology, and its followers, both common soldiers and officers, are turning it into a living reality." He knew what not very many, as yet, are prepared to see plainly: that Nazi anti-semitism is the logical culmination of the millennial Christian vision and teaching of the Jew as killer of God. Commenting on the murderous beatings of Jews by German and Polish gangs at Easter 1940, Kaplan adds: "Christian 'ethics' became conspicuous in life. And then—woe to us!" He observed the queer mystery of German culture, the co-existence in the same men of bestiality and eager literacy: "We are dealing with a nation of high culture, with 'a people of the Book.' . . . The Germans have simply gone crazy for one thing—books. . . . Where plunder is based on an ideology, on a world outlook which in essence is spiritual, it cannot be equalled in strength and durability. . . . The Nazi has both book and sword, and this is his strength and might." That the book might well be Goethe or Rilke remains a truth so vital yet outrageous that we try to spit it out, that we go on mouthing our hopes in culture as if it was not there to break our teeth. It may do so, if we do not come to understand its meaning with something of Kaplan's calm and precision of feeling.

THAT PRECISION EXTENDS to Kaplan's observation of moments of humanity on the part of the Germans. The flush of embarrassment on the face of a German sentry is gratefully recorded; an officer stopping to help a child trampled by a German soldier, and adding, "Go and tell your brethren that their suffering will not last much longer!" is remem-

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bered as if he were a mysterious harbinger of grace (31 January 1940). At all times there is the effort to understand how "this pathological phenomenon called Nazism," this "disease of the soul" can affect an entire people or class of human beings. In Kaplan the very act of truthful observation becomes an exercise in rational possibility, a counter-statement to the madness and degradation in the street. There is scarcely a touch of hate in this book, only the desire to understand, to test insight against reason. Seeing a German whip an old pedlar to death in the open street, Kaplan writes:

> It is hard to comprehend the secret of this sadistic phenomenon.... How is it possible to attack a stranger to me, a man of flesh and blood like myself, to wound him and trample upon him, and cover his body with sores, bruises, and welts, without any reason? How is it possible? Yet I swear that I saw all this with my own eyes.

In such labour of understanding lies the only mode of forgiveness. Only those who actually passed through hell, who survived Auschwitz after seeing their parents flogged to death or gassed before their own eyes (like Elie Wiesel), or who found their own kin amid the corpses from which they had to extract gold teeth, a daily encounter at Treblinka, can have the right to forgive. *We* do not have that right. This is an important point, often misunderstood. What the Nazis did in the camps and torture chambers is wholly unforgivable, it is a brand on the image of man and will last; each of us has been diminished by the enactment of a potential sub-humanity latent in all of us. But if one did not undergo the thing, hate or forgiveness are spiritual games—serious games no doubt—but games none the less. The best *now*, after so much has been set forth, is, perhaps, to be silent; not to add the trivia of literary, sociological debate, to the unspeakable. So argues Elie Wiesel, so argued a number of witnesses at the Eichmann trial. The next best is, I believe, to try and understand, to keep faith with what may well be the utopian commitment to reason and historical analysis of a man like Kaplan.

BUT AS I WRITE THIS, a minute splinter of the enormity drives home. There is no other man precisely like Chaim Aron Kaplan. This is so of every death; metaphysically an absolute uniqueness passes from the store of human resources. But despite its outward democracy death is not wholly equal. The integrity, the fineness of intelligence, the humane rationalism exhibited on every page of this indispensable book—representing a specific tradition of feeling, of linguistic practice—are irretrievably lost. The particular type of human possibility realised in central and east European Judaism is extinct. We know next to nothing about genetic reserves, about the raw material of diverse inheritance on which the human species draws for its laboured progress. But numerical renewal is only a part of the story. In murdering Chaim Kaplan and those like him, in making certain that their children would be ash, the Germans deprived human history of one of the versions of its future. Genocide is the ultimate crime because it pre-empts the future, because it tears up one of the roots from which history grows. There can be no meaningful forgiveness because there can be no repair. And this absence from our present needs, from our evolutionary hopes, of the strains of moral, psychological, cerebral quality extinguished at Belsen and Treblinka constitutes both the persistence of the Nazi action and the slow, sad vengeance of the unremembered dead.

A LACK OF MODESTY, of the finely shaping ironies which mark the *Warsaw Diary*, has been notable in the debates over *Treblinka*. Born in 1938, of a Jewish father who was deported and killed by the Germans and a Catholic mother, Jean-François Steiner did not experience the actual massacre. It was a trip to Israel and the well-known malaise felt by younger Jews throughout the Eichmann trial—"why did Jews in Europe go like lambs to the slaughter?"—that prompted Steiner to interview the handful of survivors of Treblinka (twenty-two in Israel, five in the United States, one in England) and to write an account of "the revolt in an extermination camp." Hailed by Mme de Beauvoir as a vindication of Jewish courage and as a pioneer work in the sociological, psychological interpretation of a community in hell, *Treblinka* has been bitterly attacked by others (David Rousset and Léon Poliakov among them) for its alleged inaccuracies, racism, and for what comfort its general thesis of Jewish passivity may give to Miss Hannah Arendt. The recriminations have been ugly, as they were in the Arendt case. And this, though humiliating and subversive to intelligence, is proper. For it is by no means certain that rational discourse *can* cope with these questions, lying as they do outside the normative syntax of human communication, in the explicit domain of the bestial; nor is it clear that those who were not themselves fully involved should touch upon these agonies unscathed. Those who were inside—Elie Wiesel in *La Nuit, Les Portes de la forêt,*

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Le chant des morts, Koppel Holzmann in *Die Höhlen der Hölle*—can find right speech, often allegoric, often a close neighbour to silence, for what they choose to say. We who come after are shrill and discomfort each other with claims of anger or impartial perception. M. Poliakov speaks of the successive "scandals" which attend all books on the murder of the Jews from Schwarz-Bart's *The Last of the Just* to Hochhuth's *The Vicar,* and now *Treblinka.* Silence during the murder, but scandal over the books.

Steiner has set himself a difficult, somewhat strange task: to reconstruct the life and insurrection in a death camp in the form of a fictionalised documentary, of a piece of closely documented reportage using the imaginary dialogues, character sketches and dramatised montage of fiction. The fact that almost all the survivors of the rising of 2 August, 1943, were later murdered by Polish peasants, by Ukrainian fascist bands, by right-wing units in the Polish resistance or by the *Wehrmacht,* has meant that Steiner had to rely on the tortured memories of a few individuals for the bulk of his material. His choice of a dramatised genre, which is profoundly honest in so far as it represents the effort of a non-witness to imagine backward, to enter hell by act of imaginative talent, entails obvious risks. Repeatedly during the Eichmann trial, witnesses blunted the prosecutor's questions saying "You cannot understand. Who was not *there* cannot imagine." And unable to imagine entirely, to translate document into self, into the indelible mark on one's own skin, Jean-François Steiner resorts, probably unconsciously, to the conventions of violence and suspense current in modern fiction and high journalism.

CONSEQUENTLY *Treblinka* uses the cinematic chronology and stills of a *Time* story. It is full of memorable dialogue and dramatic silences. Actual and imagined personages appear in episodes grouped and cut by an obviously skilled eye (a Truman Capote stretched to fury). The mental life of Kurt Franz ("Lalka") is rendered with Dostoevskyan nuance. Now I have no doubt that all these monstrous and heroic scenes took place: that fathers and sons helped one another commit suicide in the barracks, that naked girls offered themselves to *kapos* in a last striving for life, that Ukrainian guards and doomed Jews danced and played music together on hot summer evenings in the bizarre death-village built by Franz. I know from other evidence that Steiner's account of the Treblinka symphonic orchestra is true, that the boxing matches and cabaret he describes did indeed take place, that a small number of Jewish men and women, hunted past endurance, came voluntarily to the gates of Treblinka asking for admission and death. In the great majority of cases, Steiner's narrative and dialogue is firmly grounded in direct and documentary evidence. But because that evidence is mastered by the literary talent of the writer, because a narrative persona full of distinct rage and stylistic force interposes between the insane fact and the profoundly exciting economy, hence order, of the book, a certain unreality obtrudes. Where it is represented with such skill, intricate modulations affect the hideous truth. It becomes more graphic, more terribly defined, but also has more acceptable, conventional lodging in the imagination. We believe; yet do not believe intolerably, for we draw breath at the recognition of a literary device, of a stylistic stroke not finally dissimilar from what we have met in a novel. The aesthetic makes endurable.[4]

BUT ALTHOUGH this is not a book I can unreservedly trust—the pressure it puts on the imagination is not always that which most nearly, most scrupulously relates us to the presence of the dead—many of the charges made against Steiner are unjust.

It is true that insurrection was not as rare as Steiner makes out—witness actions recorded at Bialistok, Grodne, Sobivor, Auschwitz and, above all, in Warsaw itself. Nevertheless, Treblinka was the only death-camp actually destroyed by a Jewish uprising, and the conditions under which that uprising was planned were indeed fantastic.

Treblinka is not the first or most authoritative attempt at a sociology of the damned. Kogon's *SS-Staat* and Bettelheim's *The Informed Heart* are much more reliable. But Bettelheim's observations in particular bear on an earlier, relatively imaginable version of camp life. In Treblinka, with its incessant assembly-line of death and technology of mass disposal, with its fake railway station and teutonic village, with its dogs trained to attack men's private parts and its official Jewish marriages, life had reached a pitch of extreme insanity. Jean-François Steiner conveys this world, extra-territorial to reason, not, I

[4] A number of French critics have rightly noted that one reads *Treblinka* as one does a thriller, without being able to put it down; whereas more authentic records of the holocaust make the normal reader falter, almost unable to go on to the next hideousness. This, however, seems to me an inevitable aspect of J.-F. Steiner's method of narrative, and of the great skill with which he handles that method.

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imagine, in its complete, literal truth. How could he? "I who was there still do not understand," writes Elie Wiesel. But what he has translated from the silences, necessary forgettings, partial speech of the survivors often rings true. Principally, he makes one grasp something of the deliberate torture of hope and choice by which the Nazis broke the spring of will in men. In a world in which, as in the cruel myth of Plato's *Gorgias,* men constantly had before their eyes the calendar of their own deaths, the Nazis introduced a mechanism of minimal hope. "You can go on living if you do this or that to our satisfaction." But the doing almost invariably involved a choice so hideous, so degrading that it further diminished the humanity of those who made it. The father had to choose to let his child die; the *kapo* had to flog harder; the informer had to betray; husband had to let wife go unknowing to the ovens lest he himself be immediately selected. To live was to choose to become less human.

Exactly this same process is analysed by Kaplan. It was the notorious game of yellow or white passes and labour-cards. Which one meant life, which death? Or three cards are issued to a family of four, forcing parents and children to select one of their own number for extermination. Hope mocked can break a human identity more swiftly than hunger. But hunger there was, and continuous physical torment, and the sudden cessation of all human privacy.

THUS THE RIDDLE is *not* why the East European Jews failed to offer more resistance, why thrust out of humanity, deprived of all weapons, methodically starved, they did not revolt (in essence, Hannah Arendt's thesis suffers from a failure of imagining). In fact, this is a radically indecent question, asked as it is so often by those who remained silent during the massacre. The question is how it was possible for Chaim Kaplan to keep his sanity, and how Galewski and his resistance committee were able to rise from amid the stinking mountains of the dead and lead an attack against SS machine-guns. The mystery is that even *one* man should have retained sufficient remembrance of normal life to recognise man in his companions and in his own brutalised image. Only from such recognition can rebellion and that supreme deed of identity which is to give one's life for the survival of others—as the Treblinka committee did to a man—arise.

Certain Jewish mystics have said that Belsen and Treblinka embody a momentary eclipse or madness of God; others have spoken of God's especial, and therefore unfathomable, nearness to His chosen in the gas oven and at the whipping block. These are metaphors of reason when reason suffers despair or a hope more grievous than despair. What the documents tell us is that in the dark of God's absence, certain men, buried alive, buried by that silence of Christianity and western civilisation which makes all who were indifferent accomplices to the Nazis, rose and destroyed their parcel of hell. For all its unpleasant stylistic virtuosity, for all its contrivances and, perhaps, inaccuracies, *Treblinka* gives us some understanding of how this came about. The charge that J.-F. Steiner has somehow humiliated the Jews by showing them through the eyes of German and Ukrainian torturers, and that his account of the initial paralysis of Jews at Treblinka contributes to a racist myth of Jewish passivity, seems to me unfounded. It overlooks his primary intent which is to imagine for himself and for us the unimaginable, to speak where only silence or the Kaddish for the unnumbered dead have a natural place.

BUT ENOUGH of the debate. These books and the documents that have survived are not for "review." Not unless "review" signifies, as perhaps it should in these instances, a "seeing-again," over and over. As in some Borges fable, the only completely decent "review" of the Warsaw Diary or of Elie Wiesel's *Night* would be to re-copy the book, line by line, pausing at the names of the dead and the names of the children as the orthodox scribe pauses, when re-copying the Bible, at the hallowed name of God. Until we knew many of the words by *heart* (knowledge deeper than mind) and could repeat a few at the break of morning to remind ourselves that we live *after,* that the end of the day may bring inhuman trial or a remembrance stranger than death.

In the Warsaw ghetto a child wrote in its diary: "I am hungry, I am cold; when I grow up I want to be a German, and then I shall no longer be hungry, and no longer cold." And now I want to write that sentence again: "I am hungry, I am cold; when I grow up I want to be a German, and then I shall no longer be hungry, and no longer cold." And say it many times over, in prayer for the child, in prayer for myself. Because when that sentence was written I was fed, beyond my need, and slept warm, and was silent.

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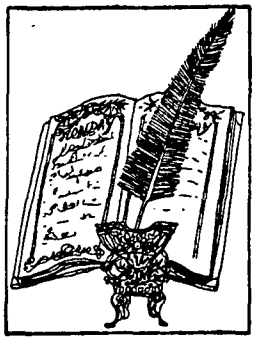

Column

PROFESSOR GALBRAITH, in his Reith lectures, has recently emphasised the decisive part played by the State, and by public investment, in the economic life of all advanced industrial countries; and at the same time he has pointed out how much this conflicts with accepted myths and superstitions about the working of the capitalist system.

One might find a similar contrast between belief in the "academic freedom" enjoyed by universities and their growing dependence on the state for the funds required to finance the research which is held to be one of their chief glories. Perhaps such dependence is inevitable in the field of the physical sciences, because of the huge investment in equipment and manpower which they require. But we may not realise how much it is beginning to affect other fields of learning also.

In a recent article in the American journal, *The Public Interest*, Professor Robert Nisbet provides a marvellous, if startling, example of co-operation between academic learning and the State, and of the somewhat bizarre results it may have. His story relates to the ill-fated Project *Camelot* which was not, as one might imagine, a missile system, but a programme of research in depth into situations, distributed throughout the world, which might one day, by reason of public unrest, insurrection, subversion or what not, call for intervention by the U.S. Army. The project, which in itself throws a fascinating light on how the United States interprets its newly acquired responsibilities as a great imperial power, was sponsored by the Department of the Army, which allocated to it the sum of $6,000,000. As Professor Nisbet says, "this made *Camelot* probably the most richly endowed single project in the history of the behavioural sciences."

The planning of the project, and the administration of its funds, was entrusted to SORO, American University's Special Operations Research Office, an organisation founded several years before the birth of *Camelot* in 1963 for the express purpose of conducting social science research by the Army, and SORO recruited large numbers of eminent social scientists and sociologists from universities throughout the U.S.A., academic Knights of the Pentagon, sworn to the service of America's appointment with destiny.

Camelot was now under way. But alas (or perhaps not: who knows?) not for long. One of *Camelot*'s many consultants, an assistant professor of anthropology of Chilean extraction, thought that he might make use of a personal visit to Chile (and cover part of his costs) to discover how his fellow sociologists in Chile would react to the idea of a programme of research by the U.S. Army into the conditions of social unrest, insurgency, and the means of counter-insurgency in foreign countries. Their reaction was sharp: they did not like the idea at all. They felt that *Camelot* was a reconnaissance in force by an advance guard of behavioural scientists who might later be followed by tanks and flame throwers, and they leaked what they knew of the project to the left-wing press. There was public uproar; the Chilean Chamber of Deputies appointed a select committee to enquire into the affair; the American Ambassador, incensed by the Army's intrusion into the field of diplomacy, protested to Secretary of State Dean Rusk; Rusk went to LBJ, and LBJ went to Secretary of Defence McNamara, who promptly dropped *Camelot* like a hot potato. A Presidential directive was issued prohibiting Government-sponsored foreign area research that might adversely affect U.S. foreign relations.

SO THAT WAS THE END of the military-sociological dream out of which *Camelot*, like some new myth of the quest for the Holy Grail of American security, had been born. Or not quite the end. For the Chilean committee issued a remarkably temperate but highly informative report on the affair, and the project also became the subject of hearings by the House Subcommittee on International Organisation and Movements which also issued a report, highly flattering to the social scientists engaged in *Camelot* though critical of the use made of them by the Department of the Army. "Let it be trumpeted far and wide," says Professor Nisbet, "the Federal Government, starting with the Subcommittee whose job it was to look into *Camelot*'s coffin, and going all the way across town to Secretaries Rusk and McNamara, loves the behavioural sciences. . . ."

The bare facts revealed by the two reports are in themselves curious enough; but they also throw some odd sidelights on the whole operation. The social scientists recruited for *Camelot* were, says Professor Nisbet, "on the liberal-left of the political spectrum and it is not likely that there was a single supporter of the Viet Nam war among them. Across the Styx, the shadow of Plato and all his descendants down to C. Wright Mills must have danced in joy at the sight of this final ascent of the pure in heart to the very citadel of modern power." Yet these

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modern Sir Galahads of the social sciences seemed to have had no hesitation about feeding from the hand of the Pentagon, which they normally regard as the very heart of the American power structure; nor does it seem to have occurred to them to wonder whether it is really the task of universities, and of university research, to provide a cover for a project designed to furnish the know-how for possible military intervention on foreign soil. Perhaps they thought that an endowment of $6,000,000 was so flattering a recognition of the value of their own particular fields of research, that no one could possibly doubt the motives that lay behind it. After all, to the pure all things are pure, even when they are unmistakably not.

Camelot also had its ironies. Chile, which was the cause of all the trouble, was *not* among its targets (though other South American countries were). And one of the lessons drawn by the House Subcommittee from its hearings was that it is time for the State Department to make more use of the social sciences in the formulation of foreign policy and to profit by the example of the Department of the Army. Why, Dean Rusk was asked, did the State Department spend only pennies on such research, where the Army spent millions? He preferred not to reply, except to suggest that research "might be better left to private agencies." And indeed, by the Subcommittee's standards, the guilt of the State Department is clear. According to official estimates, in the fiscal year 1966 it spent only paltry thousands on social science research. The Army spent over twelve million. And who knows what glorious projects—*Roncesvalles* or *Glastonbury* perhaps—are covered by this vast expenditure on the task of making the rough places smooth for the U.S. Army.

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THIS month's *Encounter* has a number of articles which are concerned with recent events in Germany. Both John Mander and Anatole Shrub agree that the success of Herr von Thaden's National Democratic Party in the *Land* elections in Bavaria and Hesse do not justify the almost hysterical comment they have provoked in the British press and on television, which would justify one in thinking that every citizen of the German Federal Republic carried a swastika in his brief-case. Yet both also betray an uneasy feeling, which many people share both here and in Germany, that West Germany has somehow reached a crisis in her affairs and that she may not be entirely well equipped to solve it.

Why should this feeling be so prevalent? For on the surface at least there is very little to justify it. It is true, of course, that the bloom has faded from the *Wirtschaftswunder*, but Germany's economic difficulties, compared with our own for instance, seem very minor ones; though we should remember that even the slightest threat of a recession provokes quite excessive alarm in a people which has seen its entire accumulation of capital wiped out twice in under forty years by defeat in war and by inflation. It is true also that for West Germany the political situation has lost the beautiful simplicities of the age of Adenauer, but again one might have thought that the formation of the Grand Coalition should have given her a government possessed of such an overwhelming majority that she could look forward to any of the uncertainties of the future with confidence.

Why then should people here feel uneasy, so that even an aimiable if misguided Junker like Herr von Thadden can make them tremble, as if he were an Austrian house-painter in disguise? And why should people in Germany feel that, while the Grand Coalition may tide them over their present troubles, if it fails, as it must in the long run, they will already have exhausted the possibilities of a democratic constitution? The answer, I think, is that today, for the first time, West Germans are being asked to make genuine choices and decisions for themselves and that neither they, nor even their friends, have any confidence that they will make them wisely. Nor is this surprising. At the present time many ancient and venerable institutions, which have provided the rigid and immovable framework of West German politics since the foundation of the Federal Republic, are due either for the rubbish heap or for radical transformation; the cold war, NATO, the European Economic Community, American relations with Eastern Europe, and even such fringe phenomena as the British Commonwealth and Britain's special relationship with the United States. Above all, the United States is now committed to a policy of *détente* with the Soviet Union which may demand of West Germany the sacrifice of many of the principles and prejudices which formed the Holy Writ of the Adenauer era.

For so fluid and rapidly developing a world, West Germany feels herself ill-prepared, and perhaps this feeling is not altogether wrong. After all, the Adenauer era, and its continuation under Erhard, is the only history the Federal Republic possesses. Everything else has had to be consigned to oblivion as a sad story of crime and punishment, and if now even the great grandfather-figure of Adenauer is to be discredited as a guide to the future, in what and whom are the Germans to place their trust?

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It is therefore not to be wondered at if an air of crisis pervades West German affairs, if a time has now come when, as Dr. Schroeder said some years ago, "many withered leaves will fall and the storm will rage mightily through the German house." Dr. Schroeder's words were then premature and may still be premature. But this is certainly a time when West Germany will require of her friends all the sympathy and understanding they can give, rather than hysterical and ill-founded apprehensions.

I once walked beside the Wannsee with a German friend who suddenly struck the ground with his stick and cried, "There's Prussia for you!—built on sand!" He was soon proved right and Prussia has been destroyed. There are many today who feel that, despite its material prosperity and the imposing constitutional framework of its politics, West Germany also is built upon equally unstable foundations. It is this feeling, rather than any particular political or economic difficulties, which brings a kind of chill into the air of West Germany today.

R

Castaway

Out at sea, out of sight
of city or island, where waves
lap like tiles on a roof
reared over earth, there eyes
see nothing to see, there ears
wave-wasted, have nothing to hear.
Only the sea of the blood
that sings forever behind
the ear and the eye, that recites
the syllables of spirit, now
makes itself heard or seen.
Old ocean parches the hide,
withers hands and fingers
and invites the drying flippers
to spread like fans, the fins
to gather into a tail,
and, smooth as a seal, the trunk
without so much as a whisper
to thrum its way to the bottom.
Only if heels, horniest
and hoofiest end of the body,
can keep their longing for land
may the mariner preserve
his true landworthiness;
kick them up, dig them in,
remembering earth to the last
where, alone, water has meaning.

Earth is always most
itself at the edge of the sea
where, rising at last from the salt,
Odysseus clambered the rocks
and, drinking deep of the spring,
his muscles wracked and torn,
shielded his salt hide
with a fresh green branch, and lay
beneath its shade to sleep.

Peter Davison

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Albert Camus

By Maurice Cranston

WHEN ALBERT CAMUS was killed at the age of forty-six, it was natural to feel, with the shock of the news, that here was a writer cut down in mid-career, his work only half accomplished. But reading his books again, knowing that there is no more to come, one has the quite different impression of an *œuvre* that is remarkably finished, rounded, complete. In his notebooks[1] Camus himself speaks of death "giving a form" to life and to love by transforming both "into destiny", and death, in a way, has given to Camus' own work a form that was not evident before. It was, admittedly, becoming clear enough in his lifetime that Camus was not just an *écrivain engagé* in the fashionable sense, or even an "existentialist philosopher-novelist" (he insisted that he was not an existentialist). His claim was to be an artist. But he was also a moralist—not a moral philosopher, that is, but a moralist in the tradition of Montaigne and Pascal and Rousseau. Now that we have perforce to see his work as a totality, we can begin to discern what his place in that tradition might be.

There is another short significant entry in Camus' notebook: "The ethic of the classical French moralists (with the one exception of Corneille) is critical and negative. That of 20th-century moralists, on the contrary, is positive: it defines *ways of life*." This is one of the reasons, no doubt, why we today are more conscious than were our ancestors that the moralist is a man as well as a writer. Poetry can be isolated from the poet, and philosophy from the philosopher, but the moralist's voice is personal; his credentials, so to speak, are what he is. The first thing we want to know about a man who "defines a way of life" is how he lives himself.

Of Albert Camus it must be said at once that his life was, if nothing else, a remarkable triumph over adversity. He looked not at all like a man who had known hard times, who had been born very poor and been throughout his life repeatedly ill. He had, on the contrary, the proud and easy manner of one accustomed to advantages. Camus not only believed in happiness, venturing to speak a word—*le bonheur*—that had almost fallen from use among French intellectuals of his generation, but he looked happy. In a collection of reminiscences, published in 1964,[2] a compositor who worked on *Paris-soir* when Camus was the editorial secretary during its melancholy months of exile in Clermont-Ferrand in 1940, recalled that whenever Camus came into the printing works *"on a vu d'emblée un rayon de soleil."*

There is another key word: *le soleil*. For Camus, the sun and happiness went together. "When I come to look for what is fundamental in myself, I find a taste for happiness," Camus once told an interviewer. "At the heart of my work there is an invincible sun."[3] And in the speech he made when he received the Nobel Prize in 1957, Camus said: "I have never been able to forget the sunlight, the delight in life, the freedom in which I grew up."[4] The hardest years of his life had been spent in Algeria, and there, he felt, everything was transmuted by a warm climate. In the cold, dark North, he imagined that adversity might be unendurable; in the Mediterranean sun, it was not only bearable, but it could be made, as he himself undoubtedly made it, a school of stoic wisdom.

THE PARENTS OF Albert Camus were working-class French Algerians, his father a cellarman in the wine trade, his mother, whose family came from Majorca, a domestic servant

[1] *Carnets: janvier 1942–mars 1951* (Gallimard, 1964). See also the excerpts in ENCOUNTER, March 1965.

[2] *Camus* (Collection Génies et Réalités) (Hachette, Paris, 1964).

[3] *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (May 10th, 1951).

[4] Quoted in *Resistance, Rebellion and Death.* (Translated Justin O'Brien; Hamish Hamilton, 1961).

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of humble status. His father was killed on the Marne in October, 1914, when Camus was eleven months old. His mother, illiterate and pious, brought up Camus and his elder brother on her earnings as a charwoman. They lived near Algiers in the plebeian suburb of Belcourt, where a family of five—the boys, the mother, the grandmother, and a feeble uncle—was crowded into narrow quarters. But if it was a family that "lacked almost everything," it was also, Camus remembered, one that "envied almost nothing.... Poverty was never a misfortune for me, for it was flooded with light."[5] A bursary enabled Camus to go at the age of ten to the *lycée* of Algiers. Scholarship boys in those days were expected to be more industrious than others, and Camus, as a working-class child in a self-consciously middle-class school, early acquired the habits of hard work. He was fortunate in his teachers. Even as a little boy at the council school in Belcourt, he had been specially coached for the bursary by a teacher named Louis Germain; and when at the age of seventeen Camus entered the *"Premières Lettres supérieures"* he became the pupil of an outstanding French-Algerian professor who was also a writer, Jean Grenier. Camus aspired to become, like Grenier, a philosophy don, and went so far in this direction as to write a dissertation on Hellenism and Christianity in the writings of Plotinus and St. Augustine. This hope was thwarted. Early in his undergraduate career, Camus was stricken with pulmonary tuberculosis, a consequence of early malnutrition. The illness was serious, and at one point he was told he was going to die. In the event, he recovered, but he was twice rejected on medical grounds from the *agrégation*, the competitive examination which opens the door to the French teaching profession.

Camus had character enough to make the best of his disappointment. He had already started to work his way through college in the American style, and he continued to earn his living as, among other things, a government clerk, a salesman, a meteorological official, and an actor. It was not until he was twenty-five that he found a more or less permanent niche in journalism. He was to have several recurrences of the disease of his lungs, but his general physique was good. He was an excellent swimmer and an enthusiastic footballer. He kept goal for his university's XI, the Racing Université d'Alger. The team was the one form of collective to which his intensely individualistic nature responded. He sometimes said that football had given him his first lessons in ethics. His upbringing was Christian; but Christianity, which he had seen as his selfish grandmother's substitute for earthly satisfactions, he could never believe to be true. Reason and all his experience proclaimed to him that the God of love did not exist. At the same time he found that life was intensely worth living.

HE WAS, as he afterwards thought of himself, a natural pagan. Indeed, as a youth, he enjoyed life too much to think about it; his response to the world was not one that needed to express itself in words. An uncle of his, a butcher of literary tastes and staunch Voltairean views, tried to interest him in the early writings of André Gide, and lent him a treasured copy of *Les Nourritures terrestres*. But somehow the nephew was not compelled by an author who, however impressive his command of language, nevertheless imparted to his pantheism a faint air of *fin de siècle* corruption; in such lyricism about Mediterranean beauty there was a hint of inauthenticity, a suggestion that the sun and sea and sand were not what the rich Northern pederast was really there for. Falseness was something to which Camus was always acutely sensitive. He handed the book back without enthusiasm. Long afterwards he said of this first encounter with Gide, *"Le rendez-vous était manqué."*[6]

The inspiration that Gide might have given Camus came instead from Jean Grenier, and from a little-known novel which Grenier lent him, *La Douleur* by André de Richaud. This book described a world which Camus recognised as his own; the world of nature and of suffering, of "a mother, poverty, and blue skies." As Camus afterwards testified, "this novel opened up for me the world of creativity." It gave him the wish to write such a book himself. The actual model for Camus' first book, however, was a collection of essays by Jean Grenier, *Les Îles*, published in 1933, when Camus was twenty. As a stylist Grenier offered perhaps too cerebral and donnish an example for a man of Camus' more spontaneous and instinctive nature. But as a philosopher, Grenier did much to sharpen Camus' awareness of the moral aspects of human experience. The visible world was magnificent, yes, and the joy of youth intense; but life was full of injustice and evil. The universe was blind, senseless, and indifferent to human welfare. Grenier thus inspired Camus' belief in what he spoke of as *l'absurde*.

Camus' first book, *L'Envers et l'endroit*, was published in Algiers when the author was

[5] Quoted in *Albert Camus* by Germaine Brée (Columbia University Press, 1964).

[6] Later, Camus was to appreciate the work of Gide more, and to become one of his friends. See "Rencontres avec André Gide" in *Hommage à André Gide* (1951).

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twenty-three. He came to be dissatisfied with it as a work of art, and discouraged the reprinting of it, but he could still say many years later,

> For myself, I know that my source is in *L'Envers et l'endroit*, in that world of poverty and light which I inhabited for so long; the memory of it still protects me from two dangers that beset every artist—resentment and self-satisfaction.... As for life itself, I know no more than what is said, very clumsily in that book.

THE CONTRAST BETWEEN the joy of living in the physical world and the metaphysical *absurdité*, or irrationality, of the universe is the common theme of the five essays which make up *L'Envers et l'endroit*. One of these essays deals with a journey Camus made to Prague; and he compares the feeling of estrangement which he has in that cold "Northern" city, where he knows neither the language nor the people, to the feeling of harmony with the external world which he experiences in North Africa. But this feeling of harmony is not one of identification; and Camus draws out a further contrast between the humanised Nature of Tuscany (another place he visits) and Nature in the altogether more powerful, elemental, savage form which he knows in his own country. Even so, Italy belongs to the South, and the author is happy there; and he stresses the fact that the joy of Italy is a sensuous one. What could Italy offer a disembodied spirit? How could a soul live with no eyes to see Vicenza, no hands to touch the grapes, and "no skin to feel the caress of the night on the road from Monte Berica to the Villa Valmarana"? The book is a form, so to speak, of "autobiographical travel writing" in which the author tries to explain how the experience of travel has uprooted him, made him shed his unreflective attitudes, and helped him to understand that the way to overcome despair is to pit one's own love of life against the indifference of the universe.

CAMUS' SECOND BOOK, *Noces*, was published (again in Algiers) in 1938, when the author was twenty-five. It is more assured and accomplished than his first. There is less emphasis on the metaphysical void, and more on the joy of living. The book is full of praises for Algeria and the Algerian people. Camus writes of his walking among the ruins of Tipasa, "treading the fragrant herbs underfoot, caressing the stones ... opening my eyes and my heart to the unbearable grandeur of a sky radiant with heat." Later, in the cool shadows he abandons himself "to the happy lassitude of my union with the world." Such an abundance of joy in life makes him feel that "happiness itself is a duty."

"Light," "youth," "the sun," "the earth," "the sea": these are the recurrent images; the style is vivid and compelling, but it is not the kind of writing that lends itself to translation:

> *Une matinée liquide se leva, éblouissante sur la mer pure. Du ciel, frais comme un œil, lavé et relavé par les eaux, réduit par ces lessives successives à sa trame la plus fine et la plus claire, descendait une lumière vibrante qui donnait à chaque maison, à chaque arbre, un dessin sensible, une nouveauté émerveillée. La terre, au matin du monde, a dû surgir dans une lumière semblable.*[7]

These books should not be set aside as mere writings of youth. The theme of "happiness as a duty" is one which never ceased to concern him, and he continued to write essays which celebrate the joy of man's physical contact with the natural world. A selection of these later essays written between 1939 and 1953 was published in his book *L'Été*, and all bear witness to the continuity of his thought and feeling. He certainly did not "turn aside," as it is often said, from these preoccupations to politics because of the war. Indeed, at the age of twenty-one (having already contracted a short-lived first marriage), Camus actually joined the Communist Party. He left it twelve months later when, as a result of a direction from Moscow, the party-line changed, and ceased for a time to support the claims of the Arabs in Algeria. Camus was also active in these early days in the left-wing *Maison de Culture* in Algiers. One of his chief interests then was the theatre, and he helped to found two companies with a

[7] *Noces* (Charlot, Algiers, 1938).

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"social" orientation, the *Théâtre du Travail*, and afterwards the *Théâtre de l'Équipe*. For the first of these companies Camus wrote, nominally in collaboration with others as a collective enterprise, but in fact with little help, a left-wing political play, *La Révolte dans les Asturies*. This play was banned from the Algerian stage for political reasons, but published in book form in 1935. It also appears in Camus' collected works as the first of the five plays written during his literary career, all of them, except the unsuccessful *Le Malentendu*, political or at any rate "ethico-political."

It was his interest in politics which prompted Camus to turn from the theatre to journalism. The opportunity to make his name in this field came in 1938 when Pascal Pia decided to set up in Algiers a radical newspaper to compete with the powerful and reactionary *Écho d'Alger*. This was the *Alger-républicain*, and Pia offered Camus a job as reporter and editorial writer. The work was not well-paid, but it enabled Camus to write what he wanted to write. He did a certain amount of literary and dramatic criticism, but his most important contributions were on social problems in Algeria. Camus' articles drew attention to the poverty of the Arab population, to the disadvantages under which they laboured as second-class citizens, and he reported in detail on various cases of injustice and inequity. His *"Enquête en Kabylie"* was a memorable and thoroughly documented study of maladministration. But while everything he wrote was critical of the French government, he was never anti-French; he did not trade in the *clichés* of nationalism and revolution; he did not look for any sweeping or total answer to Algeria's complex problems. His appeal was wholly realistic; his articles were addressed to particular abuses which needed a remedy and specific evils which cried out for reform. This attitude to politics was, once he had left the Communist Party, characteristic of Camus all his life.

Among the book reviews which Camus wrote for the *Alger-républicain* was one, published in October 1938, of Sartre's first novel, *La Nausée*. This review gives a good inkling both of what was later to unite, and of what was later to divide these two writers. Where Sartre's novel depicted the universe as irrational, meaningless, purposeless and Godless, Camus felt it touched the truth. The rejection of the Cartesian-Christian cosmology was wholly in accord with Camus' own attitude. But where Sartre's hero, Roquentin, not only asserts this metaphysical *absurdité*, but reacts with disgust and sickness against the physical world, Camus is at variance with Sartre. The physical world nauseates Roquentin because it is "viscous," "slimy," "oozing," "soft." He hates the daylight and the sun and the heat. Roquentin tells himself: "I shall do nothing good except perhaps after nightfall—because of the sun." He yearns for the relief of darkness; and when it comes, he says: "I am content—the cold is so pure, the night is so pure." *Purity*—that is what Roquentin cares about; and Camus recognised in Sartre the true voice of the Northern puritan, of the metaphysician *manqué*, something directly opposed to the Mediterranean sensibility which he himself was trying to articulate.

Camus once explained that his essay, *Le Mythe de Sisyphe*, commonly regarded as an "existentialist tract," was in fact written *"contre les existentialistes,"* and it should be read as an answer to, among other things, *La Nausée*. Camus wrote *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* between 1938 and 1941. It is a book with a sensational beginning. "There is only one truly serious philosophical reform: suicide." This puts us in mind of one of Proudhon's opening salvoes: it makes us sit up. Camus explains that he is not going to develop an argument demonstrating the irrationality of the universe; he takes that *absurdité* as a starting-point. His problem is not metaphysical, but moral. His problem is: if the universe has no meaning, how can a man's life have any meaning? And if a life has no meaning, why should one not end it? This is what makes suicide the only *problème philosophique vraiment sérieux*.

The answer that Camus suggests is that each man can give life a meaning by giving his own life a meaning. There is no justification for suicide, either in the physical or the philosophical form. "Philosophical suicide" is Camus' striking way of describing the response of such existentialists as Kierkegaard who react to the irrationality of the universe by a "leap into faith." The man who commits physical suicide destroys his own body; the man who retreats to religion does the same violence to his own mind or reason. But the difficulty is, of course, just how is one to give one's own life a meaning? The lesson of *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* is that one should live intensely, drinking the cup of experience to the full, *"vivre le plus."* Moreover, one must do this knowing that life, as such, has no ultimate purpose. The limited purpose it has is man-given not God-given. So we must never expect too much. This is where Sisyphus fits into the picture; he keeps pushing the same stone up the same hill, but he knows what he is doing, and finds what joy there is to be found in it. The last words of Camus' essay are as memorable as the first: "We must imagine Sisyphus happy."

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Thus the view of life which Camus develops on the basis of *l'absurde* is one that revives the thought of various moralists of the ancient—and, as we ought perhaps to add, of the Mediterranean—world: stoicism, Epicureanism, Cyrenaicism, all of which taught in their different ways that "happiness is a duty." But plainly happiness is not the only moral value which is honoured in *Le Mythe de Sisyphe*. There is also, for example, *lucidity* (the need to see clearly, especially oneself and one's predicament) and a virtue which goes with lucidity, *authenticity* or sincerity, the need to be true to one's affirmations, to act as one believes. (For what else is moral belief?) On these two last principles, Camus' views were strikingly in harmony with those of Sartre. Hence when Camus developed the themes of lucidity and authenticity in a book he wrote at about the same time as *Le Mythe de Sisyphe*, namely, his first novel, *L'Étranger* (*The Outsider*), it is not surprising that that novel should have been received, as it was, by Sartre with acclamation.

MEURSAULT, the hero of *L'Étranger*, is not a man who has learned to *"vivre le plus"*; he is bored, passive, slack; in the heat of the Algerian sun, he drifts rather than acts, and fate seems to dominate his life. He is seen by the author as a very *ordinary* man; Camus once explained in a newspaper interview: "The men in Algeria live like my hero, in an absolutely simple manner. Naturally you can understand Meursault, but an Algerian can understand him more easily and deeply." Meursault, however, has one supreme virtue, honesty. He does not pretend to feel what he does not feel, or to believe what he does not believe. Part of the irony of the tale lies in the fact that Meursault's honesty is his undoing. On the day the story begins, Meursault learns that his mother has died. He feels no great grief, and shows none; he smokes and sleeps through the vigil, and the day after the funeral he meets a girl and goes to a comic film. Later Meursault gets involved in a brush with some Arabs; an Arab pulls out a knife, "the sunlight flashed on the steel"; Meursault happens, by chance, to have a revolver, and the trigger "gives way under his fingers." There is uncertainty here about the deliberateness of the shooting, but when Mersault is charged, he makes no conventional plea of self-defence or accident. He says he killed the man "because of the sun," and in the course of the trial, witnesses are called to say how callously he had behaved at his mother's funeral. Meursault is regarded by the shocked bourgeois judges as an obvious "born criminal" and he is condemned to the guillotine. Then in the death cell, Meursault comes to life; when the chaplain offers him salvation in the world to come, Meursault answers, with passion, that this world is the only place where happiness can be known. In prison, he tells the chaplain, he has learned to find joy in the intensity of experience. Even if his cell had been as small as a tree-trunk, Meursault says he would have found a reason for living, looking through an opening and waiting for the birds to pass, or watching the changing shapes of the clouds in the sky.

L'Étranger was an immediate success when it was first published in Occupied France in 1942. It was Camus' first book to be brought out in Paris, and it gave him his national reputation. Sartre, already well known, was one of the book's most forceful and effective champions.[8] And like Sartre's own writing, *L'Étranger* seemed to speak directly to the iconoclastic mood which was prevalent in France in those years. Both writers were concerned to go into and through and beyond despair to some positive affirmation; in Hegelian terms, to negate the negation.

In an entry in his notebook Camus explains that "the subject of *L'Étranger* is mistrust of formal virtue." He adds: "Everything I have ever thought or written has to do with this mistrust." But he speaks of the danger to which this attitude is prone: "People who have felt this mistrust in themselves have gone on to suspect *any* declared virtue, and then it is only a step to suspecting *genuine* virtue."

LONG BEFORE *L'Étranger* and *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* were published Camus had come to feel that "genuine virtue" entailed something more than lucidity and authenticity and "living to the full." It required a positive effort and even sacrifice to diminish the amount of injustice and oppression and violence in the world. This line of thinking, which had prompted his political activity, was one about which, in 1942 and 1943, when *L'Étranger* and *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* were published, Camus was compelled to keep silent. But by that time he was already a member of the Resistance.

Shortly before the war began, his newspaper, the *Alger-républicain*, had been changed into the evening *Soir-républicain*, and Camus appointed editor. The army rejected him on medical grounds (he had had to go to the Savoy Alps for more treatment in 1938), but his life as an editor was made intolerable by the military censors. Finally, the Governor-General of Algeria was so incensed by Camus' uncooperative attitude that he suppressed the *Soir-républicain* by a decree dated 10 January 1940, and "advised" Camus to leave Algiers. Camus

[8] See Sartre's review in *Cahiers du Sud* (February, 1943).

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found a job in Paris on the *Paris-soir*, but rather than write for a controlled press, he took on the purely administrative duties of "editorial secretary." After a few months with this paper, first in Paris then in Unoccupied France, Camus returned to North Africa—not to Algiers, where he was still *persona non grata*, but to Oran (his second wife, Francine, was an *Oranaise*). He worked there as a teacher for a time in a private school patronised by the Jewish community. In the summer another haemoptysis forced him to go once more to France for treatment, which he received at Le Chambon-sur-Lignon. When he was well enough, he joined a Resistance movement operating in the region of Lyons and St.-Étienne. Camus was always extremely reticent and modest about his career in the Resistance, but he is known to have taken part in several hazardous enterprises, including the production of the clandestine newspaper *Combat*. He was once arrested by the Gestapo with proofs of *Combat* in his possession, but contrived to bluff his way out of the situation. In 1943, he was sent as representative of his Resistance group to Paris, where he also found a job (which he kept for the rest of his life) as a reader with the publisher Gallimard.

The line of thought which carried Camus into the Resistance may be discerned in a play he wrote as early as 1938, although it was not performed until the end of the war: *Caligula*. The theme of this play was suggested to Camus by the famous remark of Dostoevsky that "if God does not exist, everything is permitted." Camus felt passionately that this was not true: God does not exist; and everything is *not* permitted. His *Caligula* is based on the record of Suetonius; he is a man who believes that "everything is permitted": an emperor who rules cruelly, capriciously, destructively. He is not an unreflective man; he follows his destructive policy even though he sees it will bring about his own destruction in the end. He has a certain "lucidity" and "authenticity." But Caligula is not the hero of the play. The voice of the author is heard in those who oppose him, especially in Cherea. And their point of view is simple: there is no way of *proving* by rational argument that Caligula is wrong; he cannot be *refuted*. Nevertheless, he must be *resisted*.

So THE IDEA OF "resistance" figured in Camus' own thinking well before events in France made the word fashionable. And it was to remain a central concept in all his work. During the war, he wrote and first published clandestinely in 1943, a series of letters to a German friend who had become a Nazi. Camus explains in the fourth of these *Lettres à un ami allemand*, that he began from the same "philosophical starting-point" as his correspondent—a recognition of *l'absurde*. But whereas the German friend had gone on from this to nihilism, and from nihilism to a blind commitment to the irrational creed of Hitlerism, he, Camus, had found himself thrown back on "a fierce love of justice, which, when all was said and done, seemed to me as irrational as the most sudden passion." Camus continues:

> Where lay the difference? Simply that you readily accepted despair and I never yielded to it. Simply that you saw the injustice of our condition to the point of being willing to add to it, whereas it seemed to me that man must exalt justice in order to protest against eternal injustice, create happiness in order to protest against the universe of unhappiness. Because you turned your despair into intoxication, because you freed yourself from it by making a principle of it, you were willing to destroy man's works and to fight him in order to add to his basic misery. . . .
>
> I, on the contrary, chose justice in order to remain faithful to the world. I continue to believe that this world has no ultimate meaning. But I know that something in it has meaning and that is man, because he is the only creature to insist on having one. This world has at least the truth of man, and our task is to provide its justification against fate itself. And it has no justification but man; hence he must be saved if we want to save the idea we have of life.[9]

This excerpt, together with the evidence of his early play *Caligula* and the articles he wrote for the *Alger-républicain*, should be evidence enough to refute the commonly held view that Camus was originally a naïve Cyrenaicist, a mere champion of *vivre le plus*, until the experience of the Occupation "converted" him to political commitment; he was never "converted" —and this is one thing which distinguished him from such intellectuals as Sartre and Gide, who have the temperament of converts; Camus' attitude to moral and political questions was remarkably steady and consistent throughout his life. And it was always a main endeavour of Camus to avoid extremes. When he spoke about "Mediterranean wisdom" he meant something directedly opposed to what he called "Northern Germanic ideologies." In his notebooks he wrote:

> The whole effort of German thought has been to substitute for the notion of human nature that of the human situation, and thus to put history in place of God and modern tragedy in place of classical equilibrium. Contemporary existentialism pushes this effort even further and introduces into the idea of situation the same uncertainty as in that of nature. Nothing remains but movement. But like the Greeks, I believe in nature.

[9] *Resistance, Rebellion and Death*.

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In another entry Camus wrote:

> For the Greeks beauty is at the start. For a European it is an end scarcely ever reached. I am not modern.

MODERATION as a primary political virtue is the subject of Camus' most controversial book, *L'Homme révolté* (*The Rebel*). This was not published until 1951, but some of the ideas it contains were sketched in a little-known essay, *"Remarque sur la révolte,"* that Camus wrote in the war years for a collection edited by Jean Grenier.[10] This begins with a much-needed definition of what Camus meant by *l'homme révolté*. It is a curious thing about Camus, that despite his being one of the best prose stylists of his generation, he had a certain partiality for words which suggest something different from what he meant to say, and often, something more extreme. *"L'absurde"* is one such word; *"la révolte"* is another. *"La révolte"* is usually translated into English as "rebellion," and *"L'homme révolté"* as "the rebel," both terms commonly connected with the ideology of violent change. And this is precisely what Camus is *not* upholding. He writes at the beginning of his *"Remarque sur la révolte"*:

> What is an *homme révolté*? In the first place he is a man who says *no*. But in refusing, he does not renounce. He is also a man who says *yes*.

Camus goes on to give the example of a civil servant who complies with orders up to a certain point, and then refuses to obey. This refusal, says Camus, is not negative; for it affirms the man's belief in something which is sacred, inviolate; it reveals a point beyond which he will not go. The man who says *no* affirms his belief that certain things are wrong and his own refusal to do them; indeed his refusal to do them is inseparable from his belief that they are wrong. Camus is concerned with the question, "Can man alone, and without divine aid, create his own moral values?" The *homme révolté* is the man who answers "yes" to this question with his deeds as well as his words. So part, at least, of what Camus means by the *homme révolté* is simply "a man of principle," a man who bears witness to the reality of moral values by his conduct.

ON 21 AUGUST 1944, the day of the liberation of Paris, *Combat* appeared for the first time as an openly published newspaper in the capital; and Camus, already the outstanding contributor to its clandestine numbers, became the editor. These were the days of national unity, and Camus found himself not only a well-known intellectual, but a fashionable leader of opinion. In the months which followed the liberation, his editorials in *Combat* were buoyed up with left-wing enthusiasm, filled with calls for friendship for the Soviet Union, attacks on the industrial cartels in France, and pleas for a "working-class democracy." These editorials also called for stern measures against former collaborators, but Camus became increasingly disturbed at the growth of anti-fascist intolerance as a reaction to fascist intolerance. "One result of the war and Resistance," he said in an interview in 1957, "was the temptation of hatred. To see your beloved friends and relations killed is not a good schooling in magnanimity. But this temptation to hatred had to be overcome."

The years that followed the liberation were not easy for Camus. "They were marked," he afterwards said, "by the experience of a solitary struggle." He had friends, assuredly, but they went different ways from his. One such friend was Sartre. They met for the first time in 1944, and found they had much in common, but also many differences. As early as November 1945, Camus said in an interview: "Sartre and I are always astonished to see our names connected. We are even thinking of publishing an advertisement declaring that we have nothing in common and each refusing to honour the debts the other contracts!" However, it was the things which united them which seemed most important in the early years of the peace. Sartre himself was then passing through what might be called his "Kantian" phase, holding the views expressed in *L'Existentialism est un humanisme* (*Existentialism and Humanism*)—the lecture in which he argued that as men must "will freedom for freedom's sake," they "must will freedom for all," and that in legislating for oneself in moral conduct one is legislating for all humanity. However, Sartre soon repudiated the argument of this lecture as "a mistake," and moved rapidly towards his present creed of "existentialised Marxism"; more simply, in Simone de Beauvoir's words, Sartre "chose the U.S.S.R.," and having chosen the U.S.S.R., he became one of the most bitter critics of Camus, who continued to believe, as he always believed, in saying *no* to injustice, including the injustice of Stalin.

It was in these early post-war years that Camus wrote what is perhaps his best and most impressive novel, *La Peste* (*The Plague*). Here the theme is not merely resistance to injustice, but the setting of good against evil. *La Peste* is both a novel and an allegory, although Camus writes of it in his notebooks as "a pamphlet." Camus' plague is set in Oran. After a fairly

[10] *L'Existence* (Ed. Jean Grenier, Gallimard, 1945).

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leisurely description of the city, the action begins with a characteristically brilliant opening:

> On the morning of April the sixteenth, Dr. Bernard Rieux stepped out of his front door and stumbled on a dead rat in the middle of the landing.

When he comes home that evening the doctor sees a rat dying with blood streaming out of its mouth. To the reader these rats are, of course, the heralds of the plague. But Dr. Rieux does not think at once of this: "The burst of blood from the rat's mouth threw him back on his own anxious thoughts. His wife, who had been ill for a year, was to leave next morning for a sanatorium in the mountains."

The novel owes some of its success to the way in which the author relates public to private disasters. In one sense, the plague is an allegory of war; like the defeat of France in 1940, the plague brings at the same time public corruption and private grief, bereavements, separation, suffering. Dr. Rieux is a man who transcends his private grief by devotion to public duty. It is not that he is conventionally patriotic, still less has he any religious faith. His devotion is to a certain image he has of man. He is a humanist of what we might call the "Camusian" kind. He is confronted in the story by a humanist of another sort, more extreme, more *exalté*, more Tolstoyan —a "lay saint" named Tarrou.

Tarrou represents a point of view for which Camus had a great respect, belief in total non-violence, of turning the other cheek and answering evil only with good. Tarrou, in the novel, comes to Oran to be close to that human suffering which he has made it his business in life to relieve. Organising "sanitary squads" to help combat the plague, he meets and makes friends with Dr. Rieux. One evening Tarrou tells the doctor his life story. He is the son of a Public Prosecutor, originally destined for the law himself. One day when he was seventeen he attended a murder trial, and gazing at the shrunken figure of the prisoner, for whom his father was demanding a death sentence, young Tarrou had suddenly revolted against the practice of answering murder with murder, and against the kind of society which relied on the death penalty. Thus Tarrou had become an agitator against the bourgeoisie, an extremist of the Left. Then he had seen a deviationist shot by a firing squad, and came to realise that he was upholding the very evil he was supposed to be fighting. So Tarrou had abandoned the militant left and become a champion of "constructive pacifism": he will now support no one who uses violence, and what strength he has he will use to relieve suffering.

Although this is a point of view which Camus respected, it was not one he could share. There is a notable conversation in the book between Tarrou and Dr. Rieux, in which the doctor's voice is discernibly that of Camus:

> "In the end," said Tarrou with simplicity, "what interests me is to know how one could become a saint."
>
> "But," said Rieux, "you don't believe in God."
>
> "Precisely. Could one be a saint, without God? That is the only concrete problem that matters to me today."
>
> "Perhaps," said the doctor. "But you know I myself feel more solidarity with people who are defeated by life, than I do with saints. I have no taste, I suppose, for heroism or for holiness. What interests me is being a man."
>
> "Well, yes," said Tarrou. "We are looking for the same thing. Only I am less ambitious."
>
> Rieux thought that Tarrou was speaking lightly, and he looked up at him. In the dim light of the evening, he saw a face that was both serious and melancholy.

Elsewhere in the novel there is a conversation between Dr. Rieux and Father Paneloux, an exponent of the Christian, or at any rate the Augustinian view that the plague is an evil sent by God to punish sinners. Paneloux tries to persuade Dr. Rieux that they are both working for man's salvation. "Salvation is too big a word for me," the doctor says, "I don't aim so high. What I am concerned with is a man's health." On another occasion he says: "The best way to struggle against the plague is by being honest." And once more, talking about his work for victims of the plague, Dr. Rieux protests: "There is no question of heroism in all this, it's just a matter of common decency."

This emphasis on "common decency" is important. As Professor Philip Thody has shrewdly said, Camus "had the feelings of the common man and the mind of an intellectual."[11] But while Camus believed in a kind of virtue which was ordinary, in every man's reach—in honesty, fairness, magnanimity, tolerance, and the doing of one's duty—he did not imagine this was an easy thing to believe in. It is Tarrou, who believes in sainthood, who says to Rieux: "I am less ambitious."

IN 1947, when the newspaper *Combat* was being subjected to various political and commercial pressures, Camus withdrew from its staff. But he did not, in any sense, withdraw from politics. He made several appeals on behalf of political prisoners—including Communist prisoners in Greece and Nationalist prisoners in Tunisia; he supported Garry Davis' campaign

[11] *Albert Camus, 1913–1960* (Hamish Hamilton, 1961).

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for world citizenship; he wrote, with Arthur Koestler, a superb pamphlet against the death penalty, *Réflexions sur la guillotine*. He attracted particular attention when he denounced the Stalinist terror in Russia, but he was equally unequivocal in his denunciation of Franco's régime in Spain. When Franco's Spain was admitted to UNESCO, Camus resigned from its committees; his play *L'État de siège* (*State of Siege*) was set in Spain, and was clearly directed against dictatorship in that country. In an open letter to Gabriel Marcel who had criticised him for attacking Spain in this play, Camus wrote: "No one in good faith can fail to see that my play defends the individual, the flesh in its noblest aspects—in short, human love—against the abstractions and terrors of the totalitarian state, whether Russian, German, or Spanish."

If his attitude to Spain offended the Right, it was his denunciation of tyranny in Russia which alienated the Left. But this estrangement was not merely a difference of attitude to the Soviet Union. It was a moral difference. The fellow-travellers held that "dirty hands" were inevitable in politics. Camus denied that there could be one moral law in private life and another in public life. The same principles must govern both. This led to a direct collision with Sartre. For Sartre, as he put it, was trying to teach the Left to "answer violence with violence," while Camus held that the only violence that was permissible in politics was "the force that is needed to suppress violence."

The full extent of Camus' estrangement from the Left became apparent in 1951, when he published *L'Homme Révolté*. This is a systematic statement of his case against political violence, or what Camus calls *crimes de logique*. Just as in *Le Mythe de Sisyphe*, he argued that there was no valid rational way to justify suicide, so in *L'Homme Révolté*, he holds that there is no sound philosophical argument to justify "the necessary murder," crimes, such as acts of revolutionary violence, which are committed on principle. The teaching of *L'Homme Révolté* is that one should beware of ideological extremism, and seek to improve the condition of man's life on earth by measured, practical, and gradual reform. The book is a plea for moderation, or *la mesure*.

To the charge that such a method is ineffective in politics, Camus replies that on the contrary "it is the *only* method that is efficacious today." There are, he suggests, "two sorts of efficaciousness: that of the typhoon and that of the dew." In politics only the latter is really efficacious. Extremism is merely efficient: it can seize and even keep power; but it destroys creative life.

> To kill freedom in order to establish the reign of justice comes to the same as resuscitating the idea of grace without divine intercession and of restoring by a mystifying reaction the mystical body in its basest elements. Even when justice is not realised, freedom preserves the power to protest and guarantees human communication. Justice in a silent world, justice enslaved and mute, destroys mutual complicity and finally can no longer be justice. The revolution of the twentieth century has arbitrarily separated, for over-ambitious ends of conquest, two inseparable ideas. Absolute freedom mocks at justice. Absolute justice denies freedom. To be fruitful, the two ideas must find their limit in one another.[12]

Again, Camus argues that absolute non-violence is impossible just as absolute freedom is impossible: force is needed to combat violence; but the *homme révolté* will take up arms "only for institutions which limit violence, not for those which codify it." As for the plea that the "end justifies the means," Camus replies that it is means which will justify the end. To sacrifice oneself is to confer a certain dignity on the end (this is why Camus admired Gandhi's technique of non-violent resistance in India); to sacrifice others for a noble ideal is to rob that ideal of its nobility.

IT WAS ALREADY CLEAR from his brief sketch of 1944, *Remarque sur la révolte*, that Camus did not mean by an *"homme révolté"* what we should ordinarily call a rebel: here he makes it even clearer that his theory of *la révolte* is directly opposed to one of revolution. Camus places the revolutionary ideologies of the modern world in the tradition of 19th-century nihilism. They seek to annihilate the real in order to actualise the ideal. And this he sees as totally opposed to a genuine theory of *la révolte*. For a theory of *la révolte* aims to modify, to correct, to reform the real. And manifestly one cannot reform what one annihilates. Revolution, as Camus sees it, is thus essentially destructive, while *la révolte* preserves in order to improve. This is the basis of the charge that Camus' theory is "conservative"; in the sense that Camus insists that you cannot change if you annihilate, the word is perhaps permissible; but the central point is a call for change, for change in the name of freedom and justice. He also writes in favour of forms of trade union socialism which accept the necessity of toleration and *la mesure*.

In *Les Temps Modernes* in May 1952, there appeared a bitter attack on *L'Homme Révolté* by Francis Jeanson, the most militantly Left of Sartre's disciples. Jeanson accused Camus of

[12] *The Rebel* (Trans. by Anthony Bower; Hamish Hamilton, 1953, and Penguin Books, 1962).

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a quietism which played into the hands of the *bourgeoisie*, and thus being "objectively" reactionary. In opposing revolutionary violence, Camus was, according to Jeanson, like the Hegelian "Beautiful Soul" which wanted to be uncontaminated by physical reality. As for Camus' reference to the typhoon and the dew, Jeanson asked who would not prefer the dew, but what was the good of the dew *against* a typhoon —or the violence of capitalism? "To our incorrigibly bourgeois eyes," Jeanson wrote, "it is very possible that capitalism has a less 'terrifying' face than Stalinism, but what kind of face does it present to a miner or a state employee victimised for striking, or to a Madagascan tortured by the (French) police, to a Vietnamese 'cleaned up' by napalm, or a Tunisian 'nabbed' by the Foreign Legion?"

This attack prompted Camus to write, at Sartre's invitation, an open letter to the Editor of *Les Temps Modernes*, but in the same number Jeanson returned to the attack on Camus for his "anti-communism," arguing that while it was impossible to speak simply of Stalinism, Stalinism must nevertheless be respected because it commanded the support of the French working-class and because it represented a necessary stage on the way to authentic revolution. Sartre gave Jeanson his complete support, and in a magisterial letter to Camus, Sartre declared: "Our friendship was not easy, but I shall regret it. If you break it now, then no doubt it had to be broken. A lot of things united us; a few divided us. But those few were already too many." (*Les Temps Modernes*, August 1952.)

In the course of *L'Homme Révolté*, Camus makes repeated claims for his theory of *la mesure* being *méditerranéenne*, he talks a great deal about *la pensée solaire* and of the South being opposed to the dark Germanic ideologies of the North:

> The history of the First International, when German socialism ceaselessly fought against the libertarian thought of the French, the Spanish and the Italian, is the struggle of German ideology against the Mediterranean mind. The masses against the State, concrete society against absolutist society, measured freedom against rational tyranny, finally altruistic individualism against the colonisation of the masses, are thus contradictions which express, once again, the endless opposition of moderation to excess which has animated the history of the occident since the time of the ancient world.

In thus claiming moderation to the "Southern," Camus has been reproached, with some reason, for failing to appreciate the strong element of moderation in the Anglo-Saxon democratic tradition, which is undoubtedly "Northern." This is perhaps the more odd in view of Camus' great interest in English and American literature, and his particular debts to Defoe and Melville.[13] The truth may be that the Anglo-Saxon democratic tradition is, from Camus' point of view, too pragmatic and anti-philosophical, and also too closely linked with Puritanism. The liberalism of Camus, if liberalism it is to be called,[14] is essentially anti-puritan. For Camus, however much he may have reason to emphasise his belief in the principles of justice, liberty, duty, and *la mesure*, never ceased to believe also in the more pagan ideal of "living to the full." The last novel he published is a piercingly ironical study of a certain Puritan type which Camus detested and dreaded, the "judge-penitent."

La chute (*The Fall*) is, like *L'Étranger*, a short narrative told in the first person. Its central character has the Biblical sounding name of Jean-Baptiste Clamence (the language and idioms of religion are used with great effect throughout the book). Clamence is self-exiled in the dark, damp Northern city of Amsterdam, where he sits in a café on the Zeedijk, waiting for anyone who will listen to his confessions and confess in turn to him. He is, as he explains, a judge-penitent; he judges himself when he has confessed and he will judge others when they confess. His story is that he was once a lawyer in Paris, living well, enjoying success with women and so forth, until one day he heard a girl's cry coming from the Seine; he did nothing to help her, and since then he has been tormented by guilt. This knowledge of his own guilt enables him to understand others. He is an expert on the guilty conscience. He relishes in turn the sensation of his own sinful nature and that of "a charming repentance."

By a number of subtle strokes, Camus brings out the intolerable narcissism and bogusness of Clamence; in his bedroom he has a stolen picture by Van Eyck, "The Just Judges," and he dreams of the day when a detective will

[13] It is also worth mentioning that the two best books about Camus' work are by English critics, Philip Thody's *Albert Camus 1913–1960* (Hamish Hamilton, 1961), and John Cruickshank's *Albert Camus and the Literature of Revolt* (Oxford University Press, 1959).

[14] There are points of resemblance between Camus' political thought and that of Sir Karl Popper who belongs to the Kantian liberal tradition, not to that of Anglo-Saxon empirical social-democracy. There are many interesting parallels to be discerned between *L'Homme Révolté* and both *The Open Society* and *The Poverty of Historicism* of Popper. Philip Thody tells me that Camus possessed a copy of *The Open Society*.

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arrest him and put him in prison. He wants his punishment, just as he wants others to be punished. Or does he? The novel ends with the words: "Now it is too late. It will always be too late. Fortunately." Camus was thinking a great deal at the time he wrote this book about the type of guilt-ridden bourgeois intellectual which was very prominent in St.-Germain-des-Prés, the kind of man whose guilt comes out in a generalised hatred for existing society, and who, wanting punishment for himself, would bring punishment on the whole nation. It would be fanciful to see in Jean-Baptiste Clamence any lineaments of Jean-Paul Sartre, but Camus' anti-hero is in many ways, the typical Sartrian hero. Germaine Brée has spotted an interesting parallel between Clamence and Sartre's "Saint Genet." She writes:

> In 1952 Sartre had published his extensive psycho-analysis of Jean Genet, *Saint Genet, Actor and Martyr*. "Actor and Martyr"—the words fit Jean-Baptiste Clamence perfectly. A thief and jail-bird, and a writer to boot, Genet, Sartre suggested, is a kind of scapegoat, virtually thrown out of the city walls with the secret evils of society magically heaped upon him, a thoroughly Sartrean interpretation. He became thereby in Sartre's eye "one of the heroes of our time," in fact an image and symbol of what we are fated to be, denizens of an impotent society, incapable of "the leap" that would put us on the right side of history. Clamence's hollow voice seems curiously to echo Sartre's, as Camus leaves him, in his rhetorically built up "cell of little ease," on the brink of a leap he will never take, free to accumulate a sterile guilt with which he inoculates others.

There is a significant use of the expression "judge-penitent" in an essay Camus wrote (with Sartre in mind) in April 1958, on the Algerian question:

> If some Frenchmen consider that, as a result of its colonising, France (and France alone among so many pure and holy nations) is in a state of sin historically, they do not have to point to the French in Algeria as scapegoats ("Go ahead and die; that's what we deserve!"); they must offer up themselves in expiation. As far as I am concerned, it seems to me revolting to beat one's *mea culpa*, as our judge-penitents do, on someone else's breast. . . .[15]

La Chute has been variously interpreted, and perhaps more often misinterpreted, for irony is a dangerous device; and it is not easy to see how far the ambiguity is used to soften the harshness of the book. Jean Bloch-Michel has revealed an earlier version of *La Chute* in which Clamence, like Meursault in *L'Étranger*, awakened in the last few pages to a new kind of articulateness; but in the final version Clamence remains—as we feel he should—a prisoner of his own rhetoric.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION in Algeria, which had been of minimal interest to metropolitan Frenchmen (including the Left) in the 1930s, when Camus was working for the *Alger-républicain*, became in the 1950s a question which overshadowed all others. Feelings became intense and extreme. Nationalist sentiment was captured by the Left-wing F.L.N.; and the reaction was an ever more violent movement for *Algérie française*. Camus continued to plead for moderation. He did not want to see the Left-wing Arab nationalists impose their will by terrorism in Algeria or the French administration upheld by counter-terrorism. He hoped for reconciliation between all the races in Algeria, and for a programme of reconstruction in association with the French economy. In a broadcast on Radio Algiers in 1956 he made an eloquent appeal for a "truce" in what had already become a bloody civil war.

When this plea was ignored, Camus made no more political speeches on the Algerian question. He was in many ways a disappointed man. To most of the French Left, who had not only come out on the side of the F.L.N., but were even advocating desertion from the French Army in Algeria (and, in certain cases, actively helping the Arab terrorists), the name of Albert Camus became anathema, particularly when he refused to sign various protests which were got up against the French Army's atrocities in Algeria, because the authors of these protests refused at the same time to condemn the F.L.N. atrocities. Camus wrote:

> When violence answers violence in a growing frenzy that makes the simple language of reason impossible, the role of intellectuals cannot be, as we read every day, to excuse from a distance one of the violences and condemn the other.

Camus also said: "It seemed to me both indecent and harmful to protest against tortures in the company of those who readily accepted Melouza or the mutilation of European children; just as it seemed to me harmful and indecent to condemn terrorism in the company of those who are not bothered by torture."

The antipathy of the "committed" French Left intellectuals did not perhaps, by this time, greatly wound Camus; but he was dismayed by the hardening of people's feelings in Algeria, where both Arabs and French were dehumanised by the competing ideologies of nationalism and colonialism. Some of this sorrow can be detected in the last book of fiction he published before his death, *L'Exile et le*

[15] "Preface to Algerian Reports," quoted in *Resistance, Rebellion and Death*.

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royaume (*Exile and the Kingdom*). Because it is a group of stories, and not a novel, this book has never had the attention which has been given to Camus' larger works, though I myself suspect that it may prove to be one of the most enduring. The prose style is of the highest order. The slight immaturity of the earliest work is gone, and the intricacy of the writing in *La Chute* is abandoned in favour of a simpler and more direct idiom. There is one story in *L'Exile et le royaume* which might be read as an allegory of the author's own relationship with his native country. It is called *L'Hôte* and the hero is a French Algerian schoolmaster in a mountain village.

One day the local gendarme brings an Arab prisoner to the schoolmaster, orders him to take charge of the man, and escort him the next morning to the nearest prison. Although the prisoner is a murderer—not a political assassin—the schoolmaster cannot bear the thought of being a jailer. So next day he takes the Arab towards the nearest cross-roads. He points the way towards the prison and the way towards a nomad's encampment, where the man could shelter from the police. He gives the Arab food and leaves him. Later he looks over his shoulder to see how the man is faring, and observes him walking, not towards the nomads, but towards the prison. And this is not the final irony. When the schoolmaster gets back to school, he sees that some Arabs have chalked on his blackboard: "You have handed over our brother. You will pay for this."

EXPERIENCE HAD DONE MUCH to instruct Camus in the irony of life. Indeed, if he had had any religious sentiments, they would probably have been those of Thomas Hardy, believing in a Providence that sheltered the wicked and punished the innocent. There was even an irony in the circumstances of Camus' death. On 4 January 1960, having bought himself a railway ticket for Paris, he accepted a lift from his publisher, Michel Gallimard; for no apparent reason, the car swerved off the road and hit a tree; they were both killed.

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THEATRE

The Play as Fable

By John Weightman

FOR SEVERAL months now I have been struggling intermittently with the translation of a book by Claude Lévi-Strauss, *Le Cru et le Cuit*, which is a structuralist interpretation of some of the myths of the South American Indians. The eminent French anthropologist is so good at proving that different folk-tales are variations on basic themes involving polar opposites—the hard and the soft, the fresh and the rotten, the mortal and the immortal, etc.—and that the same material is being endlessly rehandled by various tribes or groups of tribes, that I am beginning to be obsessed by his way of thinking and to see the whole of life and literature, even in Western Europe, in these terms. Two things which appear to be different are often the inverted images of each other. Something that strikes one at first sight as being very individual may turn out to be the *n*th variation on an ancient theme. The power of the collective imagination is so strong that particular artists, like particular folk-tales, often seem to exist, not for an intrinsic reason, but to complete the general pattern of possibilities at a given time. If a theme is "strong" in one quarter, it tends to be "weak" in another; an omission may be as significant as an inclusion; what is coded in oral or tactile terms in one context may be given a colour-coding or a taste-coding in another.

The theatre especially may lend itself to this kind of interpretation, since it is a half-spontaneous, half-synthetic folk-product, and a much more gregarious and primitive medium than most forms of art. I do not simply mean that there are tribes in the theatre, clans to the North of the river and clans to the South, with much painting of faces and flaunting of penial sheaths. The plays themselves, for the most part, are hardly more individualised than fables. This is more immediately obvious when we are dealing with the past. I spent a lot of time last year reading 19th-century French bourgeois drama, and I must say that most of the plays seemed to have been written by the same faceless author, who was ringing the changes on the average sensibility of his class and his period and, in particular, combining the contradictions of his social context in such a way as to make them reassuringly acceptable for the duration of the play. A play may be actually composed by one man, but it often has a collective air about it, as if that man were a medium transmitting the pattern of conventions of a limited society. No doubt the same thing is observable during certain periods of the English theatre. The butler heaves to through the French windows, the maid answers the telephone, and "Who's for tennis?" rings out the merry cry.

To use Lévi-Strauss' terms, plays exist in series, and what one has to try to understand is the basic impulse behind each series and its direct and indirect manifestations. There may be interference between one series and another. Since we live in progressive time rather than cyclical time like the savages, succeeding series may overlap, with strange, anachronistic effects. But the most curious thing, perhaps, is that a good play practically never occurs on its own; it seems to be an optimum arrangement of elements that are already in the public domain. It may come at the beginning, the middle or the end of a series and, as in the case of native myths, there may be no means of deciding whether we can single out a parent work or whether we are dealing with several spontaneous expressions of the same tendency. To quote two further French examples: Racine was near the beginning of his series and all that came after him for a century was null and void; Beaumarchais occurred at the end of a long phase of the pícaro-clever valet-harlequin series and carried it to perfection.

RECENTLY, I HAVE NOTICED two themes that some disciple of Lévi-Strauss might set to work on. One is homosexuality, which seems to be comparatively new in the English theatre, although it has occurred from time to time in

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contemporary French drama. The other is alienation, which has been with us on the present-day French and English stages since Caligula and Jimmy Porter began insulting God as Father-Image and bullying their women.

IT IS RATHER surprising that homosexuality, after being such a popular theme in novels, films and public discussion, should have taken so long to reach the English theatre, where it is in fact endemic. In the last few months, there have been three plays specifically on the subject: *The Killing of Sister George* by Frank Marcus, *Staircase* by Charles Dyer, and *When Did You Last See My Mother?* by Christopher Hampton. The first two are "well-made" plays, in which the mixture of genuine perceptiveness with theatrical convention is skilfully managed; the third is a very honest work, I should say, but technically uncertain towards the end. There have also been two plays that skirt around the subject: Noël Coward's *A Song At Twilight*, on which I animadverted at length in a previous ENCOUNTER, and *The Odd Couple*, which deals with divorcés living together and falling into a parody of the husband-and-wife relationship; it is not much more than a collection of gags, and is only half redeemed by the excellence of Victor Spinetti's performance as the neurotic, and therefore female, male. For good measure, we should perhaps add Danny La Rue's transvestite frolic, *Come Spy With Me*, (written by Bryan Blackburn) about which I can imagine Lévi-Strauss waxing very subtle. Danny La Rue is a sort of inverted pantomime dame, *i.e.* a man is playing a woman, as in traditional pantomime, but instead of being comically ugly, he is comically alluring in the style of a rather old-fashioned glamour-girl. He is a kind of prettier Mae West, firing off smutty jokes so broad as to be almost innocent. I suppose that this androgynous brassiness, which combines a caricature of sex-appeal with the immediate male response to it, is meant to satisfy male narcissism or self-applauding phallicism; it is cheery stuff for the tumescent troops, in other words a semi-homosexual holiday for heterosexuals. My wife loathed it, but I found it fascinating in some unfathomable way. Perhaps the fact that Danny La Rue looks and sounds more like a large ventriloquist's doll than a real person is part of the explanation.

Come Spy With Me, *The Odd Couple*, and *A Song At Twilight* refer modishly to homosexuality, but do not deal with it and so are marginal or "weak." The other three are the "strong" central works, and they are uncannily alike. They are sour comedies which allow three actors—Paul Scofield, Beryl Reid, and Victor Henry—to give virtuoso performances of a subtly nasty quality, on the verge of tragedy but never quite settling into it. In each, there is one character, the "male," who does most of the talking, is always striking postures and is constantly abusing the "female." If this is a realistic feature taken from life, one has to conclude that nagging is much more consistent and violent in homosexual relationships than it is normally in heterosexual ones. Possibly it has to be, through the need to create that polarity which is present by definition when the partners belong to different sexes. The suspicion may then cross our structuralist minds that an ostensibly heterosexual play, in which nagging seems to have exceptional importance—there is one obvious example—may be a transposed expression of a homosexual sensibility.

THE BASIC MESSAGE of these three plays, as regards the quality of homosexual love, is very bleak. The relationship is, in each case, profoundly unsatisfactory. The middle-aged men in *Staircase* detest each other and are bound together only by the fact that they have no one else to turn to. The two women in *The Killing of Sister George* enjoy moments of fun, but their partnership is also on the rocks. The young man in *When Did You?* does not actually start his relationship because of a complicated system of repressions, but the end of the play seems to suggest that if it does now begin, it is doomed to failure. In each instance, the "male" character wilfully destroys the marriage and is morally unreliable. Nor is there any indication that the unreliability is due to the social stigma attaching to homosexuality; it is inherent in the erotic relationship itself. It would be interesting to know if this is actually the case, or whether the three authors have respected some unwritten rule that homosexuality may now be talked about, but that it should not be shown to be happy, just as adultery was dealt with endlessly in 19th-century drama and usually shown to be punished. It seems to me, from observation, that there are happy and durable homosexual relationships, yet these three English playwrights reproduce, in their slightly different ways, the unstable subject/object antagonism which is such a feature of the psychological pattern of Jean Genet's plays and novels. However, Genet's lack of adaptation to "normal" life goes much further than mere homosexuality.

GENET IS, in fact, the supreme example of alienation, and this leads me on to the second theme. The aggressive young homosexual monologuist in *When Did You?* talks part of the time like the Osborne/Amis *révolté*, of

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whom Osborne and Amis have produced several versions, and who joins hands across the Channel with the Existentialist Outsider. This is probably at the moment the most widespread of all dramatic characters. Never a week passes but he turns up again in some television play. We have seen him on the stage recently in *A Bond Honoured* (Anglo-Spanish) and in *Tango* (Polish). He has had some success recently in the cinema as natural man driven mad by civilisation in *Morgan*, and he occurs again as the slightly deranged bastard in David Mercer's new play, *Belcher's Luck*.

However, in spite of his contemporary prevalence, I don't think he is a modern invention; he is a recent variation on a permanent Western character. He is the isolated consciousness who has fallen foul of existence, and there is no more universal type, from classical antiquity down to modern times. His basic feature is that he cannot understand why things are as they are, and his complaint may stem from a number of causes that are not clearly distinguished and that he himself confuses with each other. Sometimes, he is, or thinks himself to be, a social misfit (bastard, servant, slave, provincial, scholarship boy). He may have father-trouble, mother-trouble, uncle-trouble, sex-trouble, God-trouble.[1] I confess I am getting a little weary of listening to him railing against human Daddy and divine Daddy, as if nobody had ever done it before, but I suppose there has to be a first time for everyone. And it may be, of course, that this is the basic literary subject.

Belcher's Luck is a weird mixture, as if the young, alienated, sexually ambiguous monologuist had wandered out of *When Did You?* on to the set of some abandoned production of *The Cherry Orchard* or of a dramatisation of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. In the declining great house is an ineffectual Christian gentleman who, all his life, has been little more than an appendage to his hard-drinking, much-copulating manservant, Belcher. Belcher's bastard son is really burdened with two fathers: Belcher himself, unredeemed, witless natural man, and the Christian gentleman, whose religion and scruples represent civilisation at its most negative. Who will inherit the estate? The bastard doesn't want it, because he has opted out of society. Along comes a cool-as-ice upper-class niece who tricks Belcher into murdering his master, then drives him out and lives on in the great house with the bastard, keeping him beside her as a kind of impotent caricature of manhood, a blatherer without sex, a pet, a deranged fool.

THE ONLY TELLING PARTS of all this, I think—*i.e.*, the only bits that don't sound borrowed but actually felt—are the speeches by the young bastard in which he complains, Job-like or Hamlet-like, about the absurdity of existence. He has one especially brilliant outburst in which he meditates on the absurdity of spermatozoon meeting ovary. As I listened to this, I was reminded of something else. Where recently had I heard a similar note of total rejection, of nihilistic rhetoric, of utter, gleeful alienation?

In Genet's *Les Paravents*, of course, where, under the guise of dealing with relationships between the French and the Algerians during the Algerian War, Genet expounds his view of the ultimate worthlessness of everybody, in a blend of sumptuous eloquence and violent obscenity. Whereas extreme alienation in Mercer's hero takes the form of ridiculing the process of conception, in Genet it leads to a preoccupation with death. One condemns the movement out of non-being into life, the other is obsessed with the exit back from life into non-being. The difference is, that Genet, being alienation personified, is far more systematic in his symbolic destructiveness, so that the Comédie Française, that citadel of organised culture, resounded with maniacal cries and outrageous statement. One of Genet's beautiful young soldiers is killed while defecating, and describes the process in exquisite detail on his arrival in the world of shadows. Another, after dying, is saluted by a chorus of wind-breaking from his patriotic companions, who thus claim to give him a final taste of truly French air.

These scatological extremes are, incidentally, not unlike some of the episodes in the South American myths described by Lévi-Strauss. The deliberate and poetic obscenity of the *avant-garde* seems to have come full circle back to the neutral obscenity of the pre-historic. The savages invented myths of origin to explain how things came into being, and very unexpected some of those myths are. Since our sensory language is limited, it is no doubt inevitable that the modern myths of refusal should use elements of the same code.

[1] Job, Prometheus, and Hamlet come in here, and the attitudes and imagery connected with them have been used again and again by the more modern exponents. Job has sat on many middens, a lot of them located, it would seem, in the Midlands; Prometheus has been gnawed at by different vultures, but homosexual guilt has recently been one of the most voracious; Hamlet has declaimed "To be or not to be" in excellent French prose.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Music by Muzak

"JUST LEMME hear some more of that rock-'n'-roll music, Any old way you choose it," sing the Beatles. In fact there is neither rock-'n'-roll beat nor choice in the music with the biggest audience of all. If one definition of pop music is that which reaches the greatest number of ears, the Liverpool sound and rhythm-and-blues, Tamla Motown and soul, city-billy and protest, and all their later Top Ten modifications, are swamped into insignificance by Muzak.

Muzak is the dreamy drizzle you are vaguely conscious of in assembly plant or cocktail bar. Like the ethereal lilt from the pipes on the doves' tails in Shangri-La, it drifts from the air upon you as you cross a hotel lobby and ambushes you again in the lift. It will probably be subliminally hovering above you in the dentist's chair, at the restaurant table, at the factory bench, in the executive suite, in the supermarket, in a bank's vaults, in a zoo reptile house, in the beauty parlour. If you were privileged to fly in a space capsule, cruise in a nuclear submarine, or attend a Pentagon strategic conference, Muzak would be there murmuring into your brain cells. You are now likely to emerge from the womb into a Muzak environment, for many a labour room is wired-up, and as likely to be shot into the crematorium's final annihilating flames to a requiem of Muzak Honey-Rich Strings oozing *Unforgettable*. If you are so moved in the vicinity of Waterloo Station, you will go to the lavatory to Muzak.

Muzak now seeps vapour-like through almost every cranny of urban life. It is the twilight-sleep gas that pervades the atmosphere wherever human beings congregate. It is a plasma of pacification, administered by drip transfusion from concealed grilles. The distinguishing characteristic of Muzak is its indistinguishability: it is seldom possible to remember the tune that creamy ensemble was playing five seconds ago, which floated on the periphery of familiarity, for it is boned, predigested melodious pap, processed to slide down without gulp or taste, and canned for consumption everywhere.

From the endlessly unspooling 550,000 miles of magnetic tape, it is absorbed by sixty million people a day in America alone, its birthplace, and by twice as many again throughout Europe and Asia. The U.S.S.R. is being equipped with its own system. The franchise company in Britain, Planned Music Ltd.—a wholly-owned subsidiary of A.T.V.—already has a 3,000-mile cable network reaching two million listeners a day. But "listener" is a discordant word, for the fundamental idea is that the brain-washed millions do not *listen* to Muzak: they hear it and are blandished by it. It is *Brave New World* spell-binding for our electronic age; sorcery spooned out of *Moon River*, mass mesmerism by *Mary Poppins*.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, the Muzak men themselves don't see their product in quite that light, or at least describe it in those terms. Yet they are surprisingly candid about their aims and achievements, which are paraded with an innocent ardour. In the New York headquarters on Park Avenue South, in a custom-tailored Muzak heaven (silky indirect lighting, apricot walls, frondy tendrils, ceramic lamps, and, natch, the faint purl of a mellifluous *pot-pourri*, as pastel-shaded and blank as the walls) I got the straight pitch.

"Muzak is music to be heard but not listened to," explained a young executive. "Once you're conscious of it there's something wrong. No, I wouldn't agree that it's soporific. On the contrary, it's euphoric. It creates a feeling of well-being where people work in conditions of stress or monotony. Muzak gives workers a cohesive feeling of belonging. They share the mood created by Muzak, whether it's in a hospital or a foundry, but it also gives a good sense of privacy and separation. There's now this total environment concept—ergonomics—which figures out how to provide people with the right functional furniture, atmosphere, spatial lighting and colour climate, and Muzak is architected in, just as routine as air-conditioning.

"Every big building going up in New York has the Muzak system as a basic requisite. No community in the United States of more than fifty thousand population is now without Muzak. This is scientifically programmed background music. But what we're really marketing is a technique for motivating people in boring or tense situations. We put a smile on the face; we pick up morale; we improve efficiency."

A member of the sales staff had just been dealing with a finicky customer, who, finding that Hawaiian medleys hadn't stimulated appetites with South Sea island magic, had asked for a replacement of standard Muzak in his café—and was now "as happy as a clam." Standing in the transmission studio, beside banks of huge reels silently unwinding their eight hours of happiness into the ether, the sales director explained that if a hitch occurred the computerised control threw the automation into an emergency programme. "So really," he added with serene satisfaction, "nothing can stop Muzak."

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Don O'Neill, the programme chief who organises the fortnightly recording sessions with the fifty-five arranger-conductors and the groups ranging from sextets to orchestras thirty-strong, talked of the art of tempering Muzak to exact requirements. "It stresses melody and simplicity," he said. "It has no tricks or colour. Of course, carried to an extreme this could be uninteresting, vapid, without character. Programmes aren't designed for entertainment, but to eliminate monotony and boredom. You couldn't do that if the music itself was boring, so we try to find a line between that and music that dominates or distracts.

"No crescendos, no runs from pianissimo to fortissimo—that would interfere with the worker's concentration on his task. Nor must it be too loud. A lot of brass is used, but we score it to be non-intrusive, discreet, with mutes or delicate playing, so that we get the tonal quality without the powerful impact. We never put on voices. That doesn't go over too well. They stop to listen. We couldn't use the Rolling Stones or Elvis Presley."

Behind Mr. O'Neill hung large coloured graphs: the *Mood Stimulus Charts*. It should not be supposed that Muzak dribbles over infinite mud flats of sameness. It is far more subtly constructed, a mosaic dove-tailed from aerial reconnaissance of the human spirit. Mr. O'Neill guided me along the first diagram, a roller-coaster of the *Industrial Efficiency Curve*. The zig-zagging red line illustrated how the typical worker arrives at the factory in moderately chipper shape, to nose-dive into a steep slump around ten-thirty. As lunch-time approaches, his morale and output rev upward, a glow sustained until early afternoon. Then, wham again—down at about three-thirty into the deepest pit of lassitude and blues, with a distinct recovery as the clock nears knock-off time. Alongside, the *Muzak Stimulus Curve* disclosed how these treacherous human vagaries are manipulated and ironed out, so that each veer on the first chart is neatly complemented and counterbalanced. Between 8 *a.m.* and 9 *a.m.* the worker is gently bombarded with a Muzak that is "*Moderate:* to instil cheerful attitude at start of first half of workday." Between 9 *a.m.* and 10 *a.m.*: "*Moderate to bright:* to combat onset of potential tension." Between 10 *a.m.* and 11 *a.m.*: "*Bright:* to counter maximum potential tension at period of morning when most critical." Between noon and 1 *p.m.*: "*Mild and restful:* to provide midday relief." A similar cycle is dialled for the afternoon, except that the brightness is brighter.

In its pioneer infancy, Muzak made such blunders as programming Brazil with sambas and tangos, which proved too aggressively attention-bothering. Thereafter, the identical American-styled tapes were distributed globally: "All music is functional. There is no difference anywhere how people respond to Muzak." In the Muzak world the whole human race can be plugged into the same circuit. The circuit also pumps out silence. "Research studies reveal a law of diminishing returns," continued Mr. O'Neill. "You can play too much music. If you keep it going continuously it becomes part of the monotony of the job and production rates drop. We alternate fifteen minutes of music with a fifteen-minute interlude. This produces the effect of breaking-up the day. We sell silence."

Nor is the old record incessantly rehashed. Mr. O'Neill is in charge of the Muzak Tune Treasury, a ten million dollar punch-card library from which computers retrieve and juggle 365 programmes a year with no tune repeated more than once every nine days on any premises. "People don't really know they're hearing it, but they scream if it's turned off," Mr. O'Neill said with business-like wizardry.

Those upon whom Muzak has impinged will hazily recall that it calibrates from Victor Sylvester-ish buoyant to Melachrino-esque swoony, adjusted to whether it is intended for, say, high-school examination rooms or that Atlanta motel swimming pool with underwater Muzak, which leaves you with the desperate thought that you couldn't escape it even by drowning yourself. The menu is schemed out with astute relevance to its egress point. *Stormy Weather* and *I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance* are banned on airlines. Presumably *It Can't Be That Bad* and *Scarlet Ribbons* have been excised from the tapes for the Houston operating theatre where the Duke of Windsor had hum-along abdominal surgery, and *I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling* from the programmes for President Johnson's ranch. Certainly classical music has been altogether scrubbed. "I love Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms," said another Muzak man, "but I couldn't work to that stuff. Hindemith felt that music could be put to some everyday use but wasn't sure what it could be. Muzak did it. As a matter of fact, if we could invent a subsonic signal that could have the same influence over work-people that Muzak has, we'd broadcast that."

Frank though the spokesmen are, there is an even balder philosophy in Muzak's printed literature. This unashamedly exhorts the employer to boost his profits and stealthily soothe his staff. A Muzak booklet entitled *The Science of Music* says:

> Music arouses varied emotional and physical responses in people, both on a conscious and sub-

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conscious level. Muzak puts this powerful effect to work for business.... In the early 1930s Muzak psychologists and musicologists began harnessing the emotional power of music for the specific purpose of creating pleasant and profitable business environment. Unlike most other forms of music, music by Muzak was designed to be unobtrusive and to require no active listening. Years of research resulted in the present-day Muzak concept of "functional programming," a technique for motivating people with precisely timed and planned musical conditioning.... Transmitted via modern communications channels, music by Muzak is employed as a technique of realistic profit-minded management in outstanding businesses throughout the world.

It carries on:

Every year industry loses countless millions of productive hours to inefficiency, mistakes, and absenteeism, most of which start with boredom and monotony. Every year, thousands upon thousands of restaurants and stores fail to reach their potential sales level—because of customer tension and irritation from noise, crowds, long waits or cold atmosphere. Muzak creates an atmosphere beneficial to workers, and produces a sense of well-being among customers and patrons.... It puts people in a relaxed frame of mind and enhances their buying moods.... Accurate timing is crucial to the Muzak concept, for the music must always be in phase with the emotional needs of its audience. Muzak has invested millions of dollars for research into accurate, automatic, and foolproof timing methods.

Another promotional leaflet emphasises: "The very nature of functional background music requires that it is not a noticeable factor to those 'hearing' it. It follows that people do not realise the way music is used today or appreciate the size and scope of the industry at work behind the loudspeaker.... As each tune is played there is an increase in stimulus value, giving workers a psychological sense of moving forward—making work seem easier and time pass faster." *Can Music Increase the Efficiency of Your Office By Ten Per Cent?* asks one booklet. It describes how Muzak can "create a work mood." Pointing out that all the "ten best-managed companies" and "over eighty per cent of America's largest life insurance companies and banks" shimmer with Muzak, it declares: "When personnel become tense or feel frustrated, they develop an indifference which often results in costly errors, accidents, absenteeism, lateness and non-productive activities such as early departures, idle conversation and day-dreaming." Muzak "enhances a company's image, combats tension and fatigue with timed psychological lifts, and masks distracting machine noise, conversation or cold silence."

Testimonials are presented from realistic, profit-minded and silence-hating businessmen. Edward S. Godlewski, of the Levi Case Company, Schenectady, confides: "Our plant is as noisy as ever, but our employees don't realise it." Frank A. Gunther, of Radio Engineering Laboratories Inc., New York, reports: "Increased efficiency, fewer errors, eased tensions, happy, contented employees, and a reduction in absenteeism—a major profit factor." The Muzak Marketing Memos, for internal circulation among the sales force, yield some interesting attitudes: "Profit-minded hotel managers know Muzak warms a cold, impersonal atmosphere, keeps guests on the premises with money to spend. Check-out bills are fatter." A Memphis school principal finds Muzak has "pleasing effects on young children during the cafeteria period when they are somewhat uninhibited." One Marketing Memo introduces Irving Wexler, Miami Beach franchise vice-president, a completely "Muzakated" man. "He lives the product he sells. He believes in it. He has Music by Muzak in his home, in every room, and it plays twenty-four hours a day. 'I know Muzak has therapeutic, psychological value,' Irving says. 'We sleep with it on, watch television with it on. I never permit it to be shut off.'" Even Irving's "fiery red Thunderbird convertible" is on the beam. "Muzak programming is played continuously on the special automobile tuner."

Yet another Marketing Memo discusses TOGETHERNESS: THE BAD SIDE:

Proxemics, the study of human behaviour at varying degrees of proximity, gives Muzakmen another opportunity to show how Muzak programming has proved highly successful as the solution to problems caused by overcrowding or isolation in offices. The new science concerned with spatial relationships among office workers reveals clearly that employee performance can suffer if workers are packed too close together, or, conversely, if they are too widely separated or isolated. A crowded office atmosphere leads to worker tensions evidenced sooner or later in tardiness, early departures, absenteeism, idle chatter, water-cooler visits, rest-room lounging, protracted personal telephone calls and a high rate of turnover. Conversely, employees situated too far apart tend to develop feelings of loneliness, being lost.... Unobtrusive Muzak programming forms a kind of screen in the crowded atmosphere, separates workers with an invisible curtain of melody and reduces substantially feelings of fear and oppression.... Also it gives isolated employees a sense of belonging, a unified and cohesive feeling of working together, because background music by Muzak acts as an invisible but unifying force.

There is also a British publication entitled *Muzak In Industry*. Its glossy pages are lucent

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with smiling, contented hands. There are many quotes, straight from the fraternal factory floor: "Muzak takes your mind off your own personal worries." "When we had *Housewives' Choice* the women sang with the records and tended to skylark about. Muzak stopped that." "It seems to pass the time away. When the first quarter of an hour is over there is always the next one to look forward to."

However, this is all rah-rah-rah material for the front-line salesmen. Hard-core Muzak tactics can be tracked down in duller documents, such as *Effects of Muzak on Industrial Efficiency* and *Effects of Muzak on Office Personnel*. These are jingley with diagrams and mathematical equations: sections headed "Calculation of Significance of Performance Change in Test Department," "Manual Dexterity Speed Scores and Productivity Changes with Muzak," and "Percentage Increase Before Muzak and With Muzak." Even more fascinating is the *Vigilance With Background Music* report prepared by the Human Engineering Laboratories at the Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland. This instructs how to conduct music-while-you-press-the-button tests for missile system personnel. The examiner is advised to get it across this way:

> Alertness is very important in a lot of military situations—your life, and maybe your buddies' lives, too, can depend on how alert you are. The task you're to do is based on what the officer in charge of a missile site might have to do.... The colour of the light tells you what the target's identification is: green—friendly; yellow—unidentified; red—enemy. You press a key to tell the missile system what to do.

Then the examiner switches on Muzak.

It may come as a relief to the civilian population barred from this special Muzak intimacy to learn that the overwhelming majority of missile button-pressers approve of background music while responding alertly to the coloured flashes. In fact most said: "The music was really great." What worries me is the small, but possibly vital, percentage who sulked: "I didn't like the tunes." I hope they work out a programme that keeps them permanently pleased.

In point of fact, this recalcitrant minority isn't confined to Minutemen control centres. Muzak have a problem. There is a last ditch awkward squad who won't be human-engineered. Melvin Cohen, Muzak's research manager, concedes that there are "negative responses from three to five per cent of the population: elderly spinster ladies, just-plain-contrary people and individualists who won't accept any music that others have chosen for them...." One can see how infuriating they must be to Muzak. But my impression was that Muzak feel they can ride this small irritation: they *know* which is the winning side.

Kenneth Allsop

International Commentary

Germany & Her Eastern Neighbours

By Terence Prittie

Is West German foreign policy, in respect of relations with Eastern Europe, about to change? For 17 years it has been static, based on the inflexible laws of the so-called "Hallstein Doctrine" (no direct relations with East European countries which recognised the puppet East German régime). Then, last September, the West German Government sent its Minister of Economics, Karl Schmuecker, to Bucharest—a step which the West German press hailed as heralding the early establishment of full diplomatic relations with Rumania. The West German press, again, showed sympathy with President Johnson's proposal of October 7 of "bridge-building" between Eastern and Western Europe. Finally, on December 13, the new Federal Chancellor, Dr. Kurt Georg Kiesinger, suggested that the Hallstein Doctrine could perhaps be reinterpreted and that his government might find a formula for closer and better relations with, in particular, Poland and Czechoslovakia. This, too, could be a hint that West Germany will, in due course,

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seek to establish full diplomatic relations with these countries.

The majority view in West Germany as a whole is today probably in favour of establishing such relations with the least possible delay. But there are determined opponents of any sort of unconditional normalisation of relations with Germany's eastern neighbours. Chief among them, of course, are the leaders of the various refugee organisations, whose principal prior condition is recognition of the right of German "expellees" to return to their homes by the states which expelled them. But the refugee organisations have powerful backers in the political parties and in the West German Foreign Office, the *Auswaertiges Amt* where the "Hallstein Doctrine" was devised. These backers have framed the theory of the "Inner" and "Outer Ring" of Communist states. The "Inner" is generally classified as consisting of Poland and Czechoslovakia; the "Outer" of Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria. (Yugoslavia, because it is outside the Soviet orbit, and Albania, because it is in the Chinese, fall into a separate category.)

Relations with the "Outer Ring" states, so the theory goes, can be established at propitious moments. Time, in fact, is the only governing factor. Although thousands of Germans were expelled from these states after 1945, their numbers were infinitesimal by comparison with the ten to twelve million who lost their homes in Poland and Czechoslovakia. Germans who were ejected from the Banat and the Siebenbuergen in Rumania—or from the Puszta in Hungary—would scarcely consider a return to places so remote from their second homes in West Germany. Nor have the peoples of Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria the same terrible memories of the Nazis as have the Poles and Czechs. All three countries fought on Hitler's side and those of their citizens who suffered from Nazi persecution were mainly Jews, with a sprinkling of left-wing democrats and right-wing monarchists.

The position with regard to the "Inner Ring" states is clearly very different. Poles and Czechs are still brought up with a feeling of intense dislike, even hatred, of all things German. This feeling is focused on "capitalistic, militarist" West Germany. The East German régime and state are tolerated, with a certain contempt, only because they are securely under the Soviet thumb and because it is therefore politic to accept them as integral parts of the new, Soviet-dominated East European constellation. Real affection for them does not exist. How should it? Ulbricht and his lieutenants are marionettes, indelibly stamped with the Stalinist trade-mark. They comprise a foreign body anywhere outside the city-limits of Moscow.

Poland and Czechoslovakia—as the then Foreign Secretary, Mr Michael Stewart, discovered on his visits to Warsaw and Prague last year—still regard West Germany with fear and anger, which is only partly assumed. Today the fear is stimulated as much by skilful Communist propaganda as by memories of Nazi wartime atrocities. A great many Poles and Czechs really *do* believe that West Germany is run by ex-Nazi unteachables, that the *Bundeswehr* is a hotbed of Prussian-Junker militarism, that West Germany would be prepared to use force to annex the old, ex-German provinces beyond the Oder-Neisse Line as well as the Czech Sudetenland. An affair like the recent quarrel between the West German Minister of Defence and his Generals is eagerly seized upon as proof that the *Bundeswehr* is still run by men who have learnt nothing from the lessons of the past. An unguarded remark by a West German Minister on a refugee *Tag der Heimat* is interpreted as an advance notice of a new German *Drang nach Osten*. The moral drawn is that the Germans have not really changed at all; that, given American backing, they would seek to wrest back what they regard as theirs by right, with much else besides.

To this endemic fear is added a feeling of anger that the West Germans will not recognise facts and make the appropriate gestures of reconciliation. Here, both Czechoslovakia and Poland have a special ground for grievance. The Czechs and Slovaks feel that the West German government should, once and for all time, declare the 1938 Munich Agreement, which gave Hitler the Sudetenland, null and void. Any equivocation, as Prague sees it, can mean only one thing—that the West German government takes the claims of the Sudeten *Landmannschaft*, or provincial refugee association, seriously and envisages a mass-return of Sudeten Germans to their former homes. The specific Polish grievance is over the refusal of the West Germans to recognise the Oder-Neisse Line as Germany's permanent eastern frontier. Refusal to do so, according to the Polish government, must mean that the Germans hope to win back some or all of the territories east of the Oder-Neisse Line. Such a hope is a threat to the peace of Europe.

Before considering what the West Germans might do about these two complaints it would be as well to take a look at their own reasons for reluctance to do anything at all. As far as the Munich Agreement goes, the West German government admits that it is no longer in force but insists that it was, in 1938, a valid agreement, ostensibly freely negotiated by the four Great Powers of Western Europe. Under

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international law, then, it cannot be declared to have had no validity, ever. Nor, the West Germans argue, is it necessary to do this. The Czechs should merely rely on their good faith and on their declared intention never to use force to win back lost territories.

The West German view on the Oder-Neisse Line is equally straightforward. It is based on the Potsdam Agreement of 1945—signed by the Soviet Union—which laid down that Germany's eastern frontiers could only be fixed by a final German Peace Treaty. The West German government has argued that, for two reasons, it would be unwise to accept the Oder-Neisse Line —however sure it is that it cannot now be revised—before negotiations for a Peace Treaty. (*1*) Prior recognition would reduce the interest of Eastern Europe in finally clearing up the German Question. (*2*) It would prejudice the course of the negotiations; for recognition of the Oder-Neisse Line is "a card," however small, which can be played by the West in order to win concessions from the East.

There is no space here to discuss the legalistic implications of the West German arguments. Exponents of international law are always able to argue themselves silly, without tangible result. Nor are they ever truly satisfied. Their arguments are too often designed to lead up to corollaries which are incapable of implementation. It is therefore more productive to examine the Czech and Polish grievances in a *political* light—always remembering that these grievances are principally instrumental in maintaining a state of tension between West Germany and the two states of the communist "Inner Ring."

1. First, the question of the Munich Agreement. In the past, the West Germans have maintained that this agreement could not be regarded as "non existent" but only as no longer valid. The latest German statements are still along the same lines. But the West Germans have themselves made out an overall "case," that the Nazi régime was never the legal government of the German people. It seized power by illegal means —the organisation of systematic street-fighting, the creation of a state of civil war, the pressurising of political parties in order to secure the passage of the 1933 Enabling Act which gave Hitler the powers of a dictator, the forcible exclusion during the passage of the Act of *Reichstag* deputies, the abrogation of civil liberties and of sections of the constitution. The Nazi régime, so the West German argument runs, came to power lacking the support of the majority of the German nation.

It follows that an "illegal régime" signed the Munich Agreement on behalf of Germany. Legalistically, this may not affect its validity. But what about morally, and politically? What is there to prevent a West German government today from saying that, morally and politically as well as constitutionally, the Munich Agreement could never have been signed on behalf of the German nation and that therefore the German nation today should readily accept that the Munich Agreement was, and is, null and void? And a rider could be added, that the Munich Agreement was followed by Hitler's rape of the Czechoslovak state, an act for which the German people can only feel disgust and shame.

The controversy about the Munich Agreement is, indeed, a controversy about a nullity. It is surprising that a sufficient number of West Germans have not realised that their government should now do what it can to straighten things out.

2. The question of the Oder-Neisse Line is rather more complex. For the Potsdam Agreement is still binding and valid. But here, too, a formula could be found—were the West Germans only aware that it would be in their own interest to find it and to take the initiative in putting it before the countries vitally affected (Poland and the Potsdam signatories). The formula should be—given a German Peace Treaty, all existing frontiers, including the Oder-Neisse Line, would automatically be accepted on behalf of the 53 million inhabitants of West Germany.

This formula is fair to everyone. Some years ago, two West German politicians—Heinrich von Brentano of the Christian Democratic Party, and the Social Democrat Carlo Schmid—made almost simultaneous suggestions that, if Germany were "reunified in freedom," then the present Eastern Frontier could be recognised. The Soviet Union and Poland both immediately denounced this as an intended "horse-trade"; it sought to place NATO forces on the Oder and so threaten the stability of the Communist satellite states. One can see their point of view. The Oder-Neisse Line was an unalterable fact, but the future terms of existence of Germany as a whole were still in the melting-pot. Such a "horse-trade" made no sense to the Soviet bloc.

Significantly, Brentano and Schmid were denounced with at least as much venom by their fellow-countrymen in West Germany. Dr. Adenauer's pipe-dream of "negotiating from a position of strength" was still, at the time, regarded as the apogee of diplomatic wisdom. Why, then, surrender claims to the lost provinces of Pomerania, Silesia, and East and West Prussia? Sooner or later, the Western Powers, by a convincing display of superior force, were going to force the Russians to clear out of Germany. The lost provinces might be re-won, on the recoil. Brentano was forced to eat his words

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publicly; Schmid was merely induced into a continuing, discreet silence.

THE REASON FOR Brentano's retraction and Schmid's silence was so obvious that it need not be laboured. The sole contenders in post-war Germany for political power have been the Christian and Social Democrats. Each party enjoys the support of a large number of refugees. Neither party can afford to lose this support, for that would mean for certain an indefinite sojourn in the wilderness of parliamentary opposition. Lip-service has to be paid to the "Refugees Charter," which admittedly eschews the use of force but which proclaims "the inalienable right of every refugee to his old home." And the political parties have, willy nilly, manoeuvred themselves into the position of having to reject the Oder-Neisse Line for fear of losing the invaluable increment of a section of the large refugee vote.

Here, a word is necessary about the feelings of the refugees, or "expellees," themselves. A few years ago their press service, in Goettingen, published the result of a referendum. It showed that roughly three out of four members of the refugee organisations would return to their old homes—or if they had been born in West Germany, to the homes of their parents—if they were given the logical possibility of doing so. The children of refugees, it was maintained, were as keen as their elders to "go home," to places which they had never even seen.

Was there any relevance in these alleged answers to this hypothetical question? I doubt it. Refugees from the "lost eastern provinces" with whom I have spoken over the years have, in spite of their sentimental attachment to the *alte Heimat*, demonstrated little hope of ever returning there, and not much desire to do so. Their views have suggested that both hope and desire live only in the hearts of the *"Berufsfluechtlinge"* (the professional refugees) who have made "the Return" both the base and apex of their political activity. These were the people who, for long years, churned out stories of the depopulation, debilitation, and desolation of the former German provinces—stories which had a large element of truth twenty years ago but which have become wildly out of date. The truth is that the Poles have filled up those former German provinces and given them a standard of living at least as high as in the rest of Poland. Today the German language has vanished everywhere, save in a few Silesian coal-pits. The Tannenberg Memorial stands in gloomy isolation by the Masurian swamps, and only Clausewitz's ghost may stalk down the tree-lined walks of Breslau's (Wroclaw's) South Cemetery.

ANY GERMANIC "Return" is now out of the question, and the West Germans can at last afford to recognise the fact. They should realise another relevant verity. Good relations with Poland and Czechoslovakia are as much to their interest as to that of the Poles and Czechs. So far they have stubbornly refused to understand this. Dr. Adenauer minted the theory that any step towards relaxation of tension in Central Europe must be matched with a parallel or complementary step towards German reunification. Any normalisation of relations with Germany's eastern neighbours would fall under the heading of a relaxation of tension. After Adenauer, Ludwig Erhard was unwilling to modify this policy and reiterated fear of Communist aggression. No German government is likely to welcome American and British ideas on reducing NATO force-levels, in spite of the increasingly normal situation in Central Europe.

The West Germans find it hard to understand that Adenauer's theory of "maintained tension" lost whatever validity it ever possessed when the East European countries began to emancipate themselves from total Soviet direction and control. Yet there can be little question today that relaxation of tension in Central Europe is an end in itself, and a means of working towards the sort of situation in which the reunification of Germany could become a practical proposition. This, too, the West German leaders have not properly understood.

And how can they be made to understand? Who should advise them? Not the Americans, for the moment. President Johnson's "Peaceful Engagement" speech, and his call for a "gradual and balanced" reduction of armed forces in Central Europe, show that American thinking on the subject of the East-West confrontation in Europe is at last on the move. But American thinking will need time for adjustment, before further exploration. Who else could help, now? Not the French, who are too self-seeking, nor the British, who are diplomatically too supine. And certainly not press critics, in Britain and elsewhere, who lose no opportunity to lampoon and lambaste the Bonn Government.

There should be a better way of helping the Germans: perhaps by sympathising with them in their predicament before pointing a possible way out of it. Why should one not understand the German expellees? They have lost not only their homes, but Prussia—with its sense of space and its peculiar sense of mission, and with its solid traditions of absolute loyalty, honesty, piety, and courage. Such traditions become slightly but sadly diluted in the mundane, materialistic atmosphere of the Federal German Republic. Why, for that matter, should one not sympathise with the Bonn government? Its task

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of working for German reunification requires the patience of Job, the persistence of Robert the Bruce, the courage of Coeur de Lion, and the finesse of Talleyrand. The reunification of Germany is of itself a sound and sensible aim, for only its achievement can finally end tension in a divided Europe. The governments of the Western Powers are committed to furthering this aim; but their citizens are strangely forgetful.

Certainly, one can offer every support to men like Willy Brandt, former Lord Mayor of Berlin and now Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Herbert Wehner, the new Minister for All-German Affairs. They want to promote further détente in Central Europe and the wishes of their Social Democratic party were implicit in the German Government's policy statement of December 13. In it, the new Chancellor, Dr. Kiesinger, accepted the need for closer relations with Poland and Czechoslovakia. Brandt and Wehner intend to do what Adenauer and his party have set their faces against for so long—circulate fresh ideas for a further normalisation of the situation in Central Europe.

To SUM UP: the West German Government, justly believing that it represents the whole German people, should try to remove the immediately visible obstacles which bar the way to better relations with Poland and Czechoslovakia. This means that West Germany, in her own interest, should wholeheartedly reject the Munich Agreement and wholeheartedly accept the Oder-Neisse Line. Even after that, progress towards a real and full normalisation of relations with Poland and Czechoslovakia will be slow. But West Germany, having reached a historical water-shed and with a variety of valleys winding into the misty distance, must make her choice of routes herself. Those of us who wish to see a future Germany, united and free, can do no more than probe and prompt, gently, compassionately, patiently, persistently. There is nothing to be gained by trying to coerce the Germans, by complaining querulously or "giving them hell." They are our allies, and we must wish them well; but they need some help on their way.

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English as an America

By Anthony Burgess

TERMS like "The American Language" or "The Australian Language" or, for that matter (and we may expect this soon) "The Rhodesian Language" have more to do with politics than linguistics. When colonies turn themselves into sovereign powers, it is natural that they should wish to confer a national status on their versions of the mother tongue. But a national language is not like a constitution: it cannot be fabricated. Crown a dialect and decorate it with flags, and it still remains a dialect. English as spoken by the Tamils of India has drifted further from metropolitan English than the language of either Milwaukee or Alice Springs, but nobody hails the emergence of a new tongue; one is inclined rather to talk disparagingly of a perverted English. Preston (Lancs.) has locutions like *"Oo's getten eed-warch"* and *"Art wichet?"*, which are phonetically and morphologically remote from anything we hear in London, but "The Preston (Lancs.) Language" is an absurd concept. To stress minor differences between U.K. English and U.S.A. or Australasian English, elevating these into signals of radical divergence, is the task of the patriot rather than the dialectologist.

The irony is that the writers of books on the liberated daughters of the tyrannical mother tongue are rarely qualified to deal with that aspect of language where the differences really show. I receive letters from America, and only the address and stamp indicate that I am being written to in The American Language. Admittedly, a polite correspondent will temper his usage to my British taste, perhaps taking a cosmopolitan's pleasure in avoiding *gotten* or *atop* or *sidewalk*; I will perhaps reciprocate by deliberately (with the same pleasure) employing these forms. What we do is to meet in the same linguistic area, and this has more to do with the Queen's English than with that putative American Language. The true difference comes out when I meet my correspondent: my phonemes and intonations are not the same as his. There is also the matter of slang, but the transatlantic two-way traffic is pretty vigorous, and he will be as inclined to say "It's not cricket" as I will be to talk about taking a rain-check. In terms of educated usage (as opposed to *phones*, which is what American linguists call the sounds we make) there seems to be a genuine Anglo-American community.

IS IT THEN NECESSARY to produce a book like the late Wilson Follett's *Modern American Usage*[1] when we (meaning members of the Anglo-American community) already have Fowler? Apparently yes, since where British and American speakers and writers diverge is chiefly in the forms their solecisms take. What Follett and his successors are doing is precisely what Fowler did—to promote a clear, dignified, unambitious expository standard of English which has little to do with art but much to do with journalism. They are as stringent as Fowler, though more rational and less pig-headed. What many readers of the book may feel, however, is that there is a purging from the language of those elements which make it American, an elimination of American herbs (pronounced *erbs*) from the joint cuisine.

Take the split infinitive, for instance. One had always assumed that the British used it guiltily and the Americans with glee. Follett invokes two British pundits—Shaw and Fowler—in its defence and says: "It should be used when it is expressive and well led up to." That goes for the whole language community: Americans can lay no special claim. Follett finds it rare in speech: "the voice supplies the stress needed by the unsplit form or conceals by a pause the awkwardness of the adverb placed before or after it." I doubt the accuracy of that, and I don't like the whimsy of this:

> It is in written work that splitting is called for, and desk sets should include small hatchets of silver or gold for the purpose.

[1] *Modern American Usage*. By WILSON FOLLETT. Edited and completed by JACQUES BARZUN and others. Hill and Wang, $7.50.

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We need examples, not hatchets. And we ought to be told why a double standard may be assumed for usage, as well as why the stream of English has always rejected the form. Comparing it to consecutive fifths in harmony won't do. Consecutive fifths implied bitonality before music was ready for it: they weren't an irrational bugbear. The rhythm of Germanic languages has never been able to take easily to the split infinitive: *schnell zu gehen* admits the buffer of a mere synsemanteme (or mortar word) between two autosemantemes (or brick words); *zu schnell gehen* is clotted; *zu gehen schnell* opposes the tendency of subordinate verb-forms to move to the end of the phrase. Something of this still adheres to English.

Of course, none of that kind of Emily Post stuff really matters: do what you like with words so long as you're intelligible. The ear is the best guide, whether in speaking or writing. But there was always something charming about the opposition of British non-splitting prissiness ("definitely to do something") to American what-the-hell punch ("to definitely do something"). It's a pity *Modern American Usage* is so woolly about it. It's not so woolly about another traditional solecism which, having early gained general currency in America, has now received the blessing of a British public utility: "Due to snow on the line trains will be running late." Follett and his successors (who include not only Jacques Barzun but Phyllis McGinley and Lionel Trilling) say: "Can someone complain that *due to worry* he sleeps badly? The answer of everyone who cares about workmanship is a flat no." I fail to see what workmanship has to do with it. If we can make one conjunctive phrase do the work of two, we have made some progress along the track of formal economy. The great thing about English has always been its tendency to enlarge the lexicon but at the same time jettison dead structural wood.

IF, FROM THIS EXAMPLE, the reader gains the impression that *Modern American Usage* is somewhat conservative and pedantic (rather like Fowler, but not quite so dogmatic: the tone is rather of donnish regret), then he will not be far wrong. Thus, the back formation *enthuse* is less acceptable than its fellows *reminisce*, *donate*, and *convalesce* probably because "no verb lurks in its past history, whereas Latin verbs do exist for the other three." But *enthuse* is a useful form, and this question of history is bunk. So *bant*, a back formation from *Banting*, had a shakier grammatical provenance, but the instinct that made it was sound. To take over the name of the first great reducer as a gerund or present participle was both economical and witty, but—on the usual ground of "rationality" (which really plays little part in linguistic processes)—the purists had to disapprove.

Modern American Usage disapproves of so much that one is impelled to a kind of vicarious defiance: if Americans are not to say "I figure he is likely to get the appointment" (they should use *suppose* instead), let us say it for them. Then there is this term *togetherness*, which is called a "dreadful word." It first appeared, apparently, in Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet* in 1923—"a publisher's dream of the inspirational gift book—a work for which limp leather would have to be invented had it not existed"—and its *locus classicus* remains the statement "Let there be spaces in your togetherness." Now it seems to me that summary condemnation is not enough. I dislike the word as much as anyone, but I want to know why. Morphologically, it's as legitimate a formation as anything in the long roll of German *zusammen* compounds; evidently, to judge from its excessive popularity, it fulfilled a semantic need. But perhaps the "sensible men" of Follett's article on the word were revolted by the sheer existence of that need; there are some things (and marital togetherness is one of them) that must either never reach the verbal surface or be cocooned in some such Latinate generality as *sodality* or hybrid like *companionship*. *Togetherness*—a pure Teuton—gets too close to unveiling intimacies.

One cannot quarrel with Follett or Barzun or anyone when the charge is sounded against "the general diffuseness of aim that is weakening many words." It is obviously healthier to prefer the concreteness of "The readers of this magazine are adults" to the abstract "The readership . . . is adult." And the barbarians or *barbaroi* or babblers ("the same imitative word is related to Babel, the well-known institution which today would be called a General Confusion Center") have doubtless to be put down. Out, then, with the tautology of *guidance counselor* (whose inventor "had barbarism in him by birthright") and the dollie-fringed *fun activities* and the bureaucratic *leisure-time preoccupations*. But turn everything over carefully before consigning it to (or putting it in) the dustbin (or refuse container): don't just take the word of the Follett academy that this or that is junk.

For these people have no more authority to legislate for usage than you or I or anyone. Hemingway, a great writer, talked about "writing good." How finicking are the rules of "correctness" of the Fowlerians and Follettists when seen in relation to the *insouciance* of literary artists, or that mysterious general will which drives the language community at large

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to determine the forms and sounds and structures of the future. If we go to Fowler or Follett for guidance, it should be guidance in the narrow zone of linguistic etiquette, on which—in our superstitious way—we are always ready to be instructed, as in the movements of a religious ritual. But all the fulmination, scorn, querulousness and cold reason of the pundits can do nothing to stop the current of language from going its own way.

MODERN AMERICAN USAGE promotes, with Bostonian rigour, the virtues of the Queen's English. A dictionary which purports to be of the "English language" turns out to be very American.[2] American in its generosity as well as in the angle of approach to the total vocabulary which our Atlantic communities share.

We're given more than we want—atlas, gazetteer, summary of world history, Declaration of Independence, and—more defensible, as genuinely lexical superfetations—concise French, Spanish, Italian, and German dictionaries. Great names as well as baptismal ones peer from among the common nouns (I'll come to this in a moment). The unwillingness to distinguish between the functions of a dictionary and an encyclopaedia, common as late as Dr. Johnson and justified by Noah Webster in terms of the pioneering urge to educate the Union, becomes somewhat embarrassing here. If there was space to spare it should have been planted with Onions—I mean an etymological lust seeking (like the recent fine *Oxford Etymological Dictionary*) the deepest possible penetration. Take *shit*, for example, which only goes back in Random House to Old English *scitan* (a long *i* giving *shite*) and *scite* (dung) and *scitte* (diarrhœa). C. T. Onions makes poetry out of it by suggesting that we end up with Indo-European **skheid-* (split, divide) and consider, on the way, the etymology of *schism*. And, while I have the two books open before me, let me grumble at the Random House pronunciation guide, which is as old-fashioned as old Webster—all loops and diacritics. The Oxford Dictionary uses the International Phonetic Alphabet in its broad form, the only system of sound-indication which (broad or narrow) the 1960s should be willing to accept.

My choice of *shit* as a first sample doesn't spring from scatomania or scatophilia (words which Random House doesn't give, preferring to hand you the do-it-yourself pieces *scato-* and *-mania*—though not *-philia*—and let you make

[2] *The Random House Dictionary of the English Language*. Editor in Chief: JESS STEIN. Random House (New York), $25.00.

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up your own learned terms); I have an old habit of testing a dictionary through its treatment of borderline taboo words. It dates from childhood, when I was delighted to find *bum* (appropriately) in my school Chambers and from then on approached dictionaries with the exhilaration proper to banned books. *Fuck* and *cunt* are not in Random House, but *cunnelingus* is. For *arse* we are directed to *ass* and there given:

> 1. *Slang*. the buttocks. 2. *Slang* (*vulgar*). rectum. 3. *Slang* (*vulgar*). coitus; a woman considered as an object of coitus.

And then a pretty full etymology, going back—through Middle English *ars, ers*—to Old English *aers, ears,* and finding cognateness in Greek *orrhos*. Very strangely, the Modern English form, which has a long and honourable ancestry, is not given at all. Follett gives no guide to Americans on the use of the term, but I feel sure that he would have recommended the British form. *Arse* is in Ben Jonson and *Hudibras* and Urquhart's Rabelais, but *ass* is in *Last Exit to Brooklyn* and *An American Dream*.

A REALLY AMERICAN dictionary then, on this count, and, if we look further, American in its occasional inaccuracies over British idioms. The American use of *cup of tea*—as in "Chemistry, not art, is my cup of tea"—is surely the British use; I have not yet met—despite the dictionary's assurance that these are Britishisms—either "He has a sad life, but that's his cup of tea" or "The investment seems secure, but be careful of that cup of tea." And certain relics of the British Empire do badly. A *stinger* is "a highball of whiskey and soda," but only because the Malay word for a half (in this context a half measure of whisky) is *stĕngah*: STING + -ER doesn't come into it. Onions is right in making *tiffin* a light midday meal in India; Random House are wrong in generalising it into "British."

On the other hand they are with-it, switched on to the contemporary scene and so on. A *rocker* is "(in Britain) a teenager who is devoted to motorcycling, typically wears a leather jacket, tight pants, and boots, and strives to attain a tough, unsentimental personality." Etymology? *Mod* is:

> a teenager who strives to attain a sophisticated, aloof personality and affects an ultramodern version of Edwardian dress and manners.

Every dictionary that strives to attain up-to-dateness must pay the penalty of soon seeming out-of-date. Were phenomena so transient worth recording? A *Teddy boy* was "a rebellious British youth affecting the dress of the reign of Edward VII." He could, from that, be a sort of Shelley, full of high ideals. How waxwork they all look set there (along with the *stilyagi*). Dictionaries always cleanse and statify things (*statify* is not given): where are the razors and boots? The *Beat Generation* is, I think, well defined:

> members of the generation that came of age after World War II who, supposedly as a result of disillusionment stemming from the Cold War, espouse mystical detachment and relaxation of social and sexual tensions.

Beatles and their derivatives are not to be found. *Jazz* is presented at some length, but its origins are left to Raven I. McDavid Jr.'s introductory article on *Usage, Dialects, and Functional Varieties*: "a Southern term meaning to copulate."

As for the proper names which are sprinkled among the common ones, their choice seems pretty arbitrary, especially when they are the names of writers. I don't object to the only two literary Burgesses being Frank Gelett and Thornton Waldo, but, if Louis Golding is to be admitted, William should be too; the whole Waugh family is there, but not Anthony Powell; Kingsley Amis, but neither Iris Murdoch nor Muriel Spark. Vladimir Vladimirovich Nabokov (a complicated symbology brought to the phonetic representation of his name) is not credited with the introduction of *nymphet* ("2. a sexually attractive young girl"; etymology—Middle French *nymphette*), and *Lolita* is merely a "girl's given name, form of *Charlotte* or *Dolores*." Now, in a dictionary as up-to-date as this, *Lolita* ought to be given common-noun status ("That kid's a real Lolita") like *Pooh-Bah* ("a person who holds several positions, esp. ones which give him bureaucratic importance").

BUT NO MORE carping, or very little more. This is expert lexicography which neglects no aspect of the contemporary scene, synthetising the functions of many of the special dictionaries. As a compulsive dictionary-reader I welcome it, but I'm dubious about its usurping the lectern in my workroom occupied by the 1926 Webster.

I cannot like, however much I may admire, a dictionary that cuts itself off so thoroughly from literature. Random House define *sprung rhythm* and list Gerard Manley among the Hopkinses (though there's no cross-reference, no indication that GMH invented the term); they tell us what a sonnet is; a huge library-list can be plummed out. But no literary citations illustrate usage; one misses the blank-verse lines and heroic couplets that humanise Webster.

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This is a hard, efficient, utilitarian dictionary, short-haired and contact-lensed. It is undoubtedly what the age demands. But Johnson's quirky pioneering masterpiece should be kept near to it, just to remind us that there was once a time when a man could contain a language. Present-day English exists somewhere *out there*: a foreign country with familiar features, a sort of America. One's hopelessness about ever knowing it all is, of course, a reflection of one's resigned ignorance in the face of so many of its referents. Accept the big sleep, then, noting that the final Random House entry is ZZZ ("used to represent the sound of a person snoring").

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This view of the relationship between fiction and metaphor is provocative, and provides an almost perfect description of the aspirations and the quality of feeling of Patrick White's new novel,[1] which is unusually and explicitly urgent with the need to "seize the stuff of life and communicate it *totally*." It presents a deliberately "unified vision of life" and the surface of the prose, the dialogue, the action, are bristling with metaphoric intention. Descriptions of people and objects are sharp with the intense related significance of religion or mania. It is both brilliant and very disturbing.

Its first two epigraphs are:

> *"There is another world but it is in this one."*
> *—Paul Eluard.*
> *"It is not outside, it is inside: wholly within."*
> *—Meister Eckhart.*

[1] *The Solid Mandala.* By PATRICK WHITE. Eyre & Spottiswoode, 25s.

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Patrick White's encasing outer world, one side of the metaphor, is the cultural and spiritual desert of Terminus Road in his own mythical suburb of Sarsaparilla. The "inner" world of total significance is explored by his hero, Arthur Brown (idiot, saintly fool, potential genius) who has a moment of illumination on discovering the encyclopaedia definition of *mandula*.

> The Mandala is a symbol of totality. It is believed to be the "dwelling of the god." Its protective circle is a pattern of order superimposed on psychic chaos. Sometimes its geometric form is seen as a vision (either waking or in a dream) or danced.

Arthur's consciousness of the mandala is meant to be the force which is at work to redeem the "psychic chaos" of Sarsaparilla. What I want to suggest initially is that the almost frenetic formal insistence of the novel makes it clear that it is in fact Patrick White's aesthetic consciousness which is the "protective circle" and "pattern of order" which are to purify place and people. This, as in many other formally brilliant modern novels with primitive heroes instinctively in touch with the sources of life, sets up a series of conflicting responses in the reader of which the author seems unaware. I want to come back to this point.

The exclusive relationship of the aged twins, Waldo and Arthur Brown, is the main totality in the book—the two feed together, sleep in the same bed, have little outside contact beyond their ageing dogs, Scruffy and Runt. The obscurely sexual nature of the relationship is given in a slow series of revelations and hints. Waldo works in a library and has literary ambitions. Arthur's "vocation" is making bread, milking cows, delivering flour. Waldo is temperamentally suspicious—one of the most satisfactory achievements of the novel is the presentation of his absurd, insanely dignified rejection, with pointlessly clever jokes, of any friendly advance from outside. Arthur responds to everyone and everything with an embarrassing sloppy spontaneity. At the beginning Waldo is trying to rid himself of Arthur by dragging him out on long walks. At the end Waldo dies under Arthur's hands in an incident whose full nature is left to the imagination.

The two together represent a "mandala" in that they are, like the Chinese Yin and Yang, or the philosopher's stone, the conjunction of opposites—darkness and light, male and female, earth and sky, being and non-being, love and hate. They do not, as the blurb suggests, simply represent the vulgar modern distinction (which has had a weakening effect on the novel) between the intellect which murders to dissect and that unthinking love which sees into the heart of things. Intellectually, too, Arthur is alive and Waldo is dead. Waldo's writing consists of collections of quotations, ideas for books. Finding Tennyson's *"In my dry brain my spirit soon/Down-deepening from swoon to swoon/Faints like a dazzled morning moon"* he gets, at second-hand, "an orgasm in dry places, a delicious guilt of the intellect, the vicarious sensuality of literature." But the idiot Arthur, besides possessing a capacity for automatic mathematics (a sign of genius and insight into the true "order" of things) writes good primitive poetry (but does not over-value it) and reads and understands not dry Tennyson but the *Bhagavad-Gita* and the *Brothers Karamazov*. Arthur's words and his orgasm are both real.

> For the Books became his second obsession. To storm his way, however late, however dark the obscurer corners of his mind. So he sat twirling the solid mandala, and by shuffling the words together he made many if not all of the permutations of sense. Admittedly, in flashes of desperation crushed grass and his own palpitating lump of flesh convinced him more.

It is Waldo's literary terror of Arthur's final poem that makes him burn his own papers and precipitates the crisis.

Patrick White does make his characters idiosyncratic as well as typical. With the minor characters he often succeeds. The Browns' parents, and the Jewish parents of Dulcie Feinstein, whom both boys love in their way, are European *déracinés* and represent rationalist revolts against forms of life or belief which were for their own ancestors mandalas. Mrs. Brown was born into the order of the English aristocracy, met her husband at a Fabian meeting, and married on principle. George Brown, a lame bank-clerk, rejected his parents' Baptism, and makes pathetic attempts to replace it with "culture" (he has a Greek pediment built on to their brown board house). Mr. Feinstein rejects Judaism as superstitition and wears a prayer-cap to keep him warm. For their Australian children the problem is to find a way of living which will restore a sense of fullness. Dulcie does this by marrying and living within the old Jewish family rituals. Arthur has inherited the live qualities of both his parents: his mother's love of dancing, his father's "kindness" for which (through Arthur's eyes) she married him. Waldo is left with his mother's English "keeping oneself to oneself," a barren version of her social dignity, and his father's dry cultural aspirations and defensive jokes. But the parents, presented with startling but

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convincing differences through the eyes of both sons, transcend their cultural symbolism. Anne Brown's descent into dignified tippling is real. So is Waldo's horrified vision of his father, caged "in the tearing silence of the brown bank." And Waldo's rejection of the living sympathy of Dulcie's family with meaningless catch-phrases, "what you would have expected" "one of those women," works beautifully and simultaneously at the dramatic level, at the level of cultural symbolism and at the level where he and Arthur represent life and rejection of life.

ARTHUR'S OBSESSION with the mandala thus represents a search for form and meaning in a world where the old forms are desiccated or rejected. As a child he is taken to see *Götterdämmerung* and the theme of dead or dying gods and the consequent deification of man (a main preoccupation of *Voss*) underpins the novel. The solid mandalas are glass taws which Arthur carries in his pocket—symbols of the world within the world because they are concrete but can be seen through. Like other symbols which have given their names to books (*The Golden Bowl, The Bell*) they cannot quite bear their significance. Arthur gives two away—to Dulcie and Mrs. Poulter—in moments of shared vision which are weakly presented and overstrained (like the shared visions of the chariot in *Riders in the Chariot*). Arthur is himself the god whose dwelling is the mandala; at the end he wishes he could "reveal himself ensphered in glass." Dulcie asks, "Are you the instrument we think you are?" His vision sees mandalas in everything, which accounts for some of the "bristling" effect in the prose—the sun, a wheel tree, wheels of trains, the dogs "licking the perfection of their round blue balls." Dulcie's Star of David is "another mandala" and there is one in the pattern of the rugs sold by her husband. And the idea leads to the ironic verbal wit of Mr. Brown's lame reply to Arthur's request for a definition of "totality."

> "It means," he said, "that which is a whole," adding "Spelt with a *w*—naturally." Then Arthur realised Dad would never know.

But the mandala is also the philosopher's stone, the "great work" of alchemy. One symbol for the conjunction of opposites in the stone was the "hermetic androgyne," the hermaphrodite who is in magic "the symbol of the beginning or completion of an evolutionary cycle." Each

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brother is seen as an hermaphrodite. Arthur discovers "a message in some book."

> As the shadow continually follows the body of one who walks in the sun, so our hermaphroditic Adam, though he appears in the form of a male, nevertheless always carries about with him Eve, or his wife, hidden in his body.

Arthur has three Eves—Dulcie, Mrs. Poulter, and Waldo, to each of whom, in the marble he reserves for them, he is united. But Waldo's androgynous nature, like everything else about him, is ingrown and destructive. His projected, unwritten novel is called *Tiresias A Youngish Man,* and there is a frightening, superbly tragi-comic scene, where he observes himself in a mirror dressed up in his mother's old evening dress; Arthur, seeing it, recalls the night of the *Götterdämmerung*.

> The wreath of roses... made a frame for Waldo in the blue dress. If they had been less intimate, if Arthur had not experienced already some such translation in himself of his brother's personality, then he might have suffered a greater shock, from Waldo's white plucked arms and the shattering torrent of glass beads.... As Waldo squinted between the slats of the fan. Or stroked his bit of a raggedy moustache. All the family were gathered in the glass: Dad and Mother, Cousin Mollie, Uncle Charlie and Adelaide, all huddled in the darkened box waiting to see not only what might offer itself for the killing but how their own blood would run. Oh, he might have cried, if he hadn't laughed, through the beads and roses at himself in Waldo's blue dress. Bursting out of it. His breasts were itching.

Waldo, on this occasion, sees himself as Memory "in radiance and splendour."

Arthur is a sun-god figure—his flaming hair and vision of light are insisted on. Waldo is the black sun, the *sol niger* of alchemy. According to the alchemists a black, dangerous and sterile "parody" of the elemental union of male and female could be produced. Now (to simplify a complicated magical process) the hermaphrodite must be destroyed in order to be re-born, purified. "The hermaphrodite, like a dead man in the darkness, needs Fire." The purifying process produces the pure, total substance, the elixir, the stone. Symbols of this include a child bearing a cross in a circle, a dying King, a crucified serpent. I have gone into this because I don't think Waldo's grisly death can be understood except as a symbolic purification of Arthur.

ALLIED TO THIS ARCANE hermaphroditic image is the image of the suffering and rising Christ. The novel refers repeatedly to the suffering Christ of *The Brothers Karamazov*. For Arthur blood and words are part of a whole process of life, or should be. For Waldo they are not. Thus Arthur tells Waldo, who is trying to turn him out of the public library, where his presence is embarrassing, with "raw bleeding remarks... like handfuls of flesh" that they are "selfish narcissyists" and "afraid of the blood and the nails which as far as I can see is what everyone is afraid of but wants, and what Dostoevsky is partly going on about." (Waldo remembers this scene differently; his memory has an excellent shutter system, excellently evoked.) Arthur's sense of life can embrace tragedy. Waldo's cannot. In an early episode Waldo writes a ghoulish but unrealised school composition about a child-murderer collecting basins of blood; Arthur's realistic imagination supplies the correction. "The kids he was murdering would have been kicking too hard." Waldo plans to write a tragedy to act under the pediment. Arthur does enact a tragedy, of a cow that miscarries, bellowing and roaring, and with it, "the tragedy of all interminably bleeding breeding cows." Meat, like circles, prickles with significance. When the brothers are preparing "mutton flaps" "the skewers threatened to pierce their hands": when Waldo burns his works his tragedies don't bleed, they are "words and ideas skewered to paper," a parody of a crucifixion. The poem that upsets Waldo is about blood.

> *my heart is bleeding for the Viviseckshunist*
> *Cordelia is bleeding for her father's life*
> *All Marys in the end bleed*
> *but do not complane because they know*
> *they cannot have it any other way*

Arthur is seen constantly as a creature flowing with milk, blood and honey: "there were glossy mornings when he was bleeding, trickling through the mouth."

Arthur's love is "all the bread and milk in the world" which "flowed out of Arthur's mouth on to Waldo's lips. He felt vaguely he should resist such stale ineffectual pap." So later Waldo, stuffing mutton, reflects:

> At least they had the meat in common. While the skewers threatened to pierce their hands. If Arthur made no other attempt to convert Waldo to the love he preached it was perhaps because love in the end becomes an abstraction like anything else. From meat to Bonox in several acts. Anyway, brown.

Here the difference in significance of Brown for the brothers is touched on. For Arthur it is the earth; for Waldo, dried meat, abstract love.

The significant scenes which bring together Arthur's symbolic functions are the day when he dances the mandala for Mrs. Poulter and the day when he returns to her for his apotheosis after Waldo's death. Mrs. Poulter is

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a symbol of deprived womanhood—her husband rejects her sensuality, her child was born dead, her relationship with Arthur must cease, for the sake of Sarsaparilla propriety. She lives by an unthinking Christianity.

> "I couldn't exist without Our Lord."
> "Could he exist without *you*?" It seemed [to Arthur] reasonable to enquire.

On a walk they take Arthur is inspired to dance the mandala.

> He danced the dance of himself. Half clumsy, half electric. He danced the gods dying on a field of crimson velvet, against the discords of human voices. Even in the absence of gods his life, or dance, was always prayerful.

He dances Dulcie's children, Mrs. Poulter's unborn child, and Waldo's dryness and ends explicitly as Christ.

> Till in the centre of their mandala he danced the passion of all their lives, the blood running out of the backs of his hands, water out of the hole in his ribs....

The final section of the book is called *Mrs. Poulter and the Zeitgeist*. Here Patrick White attempts to universalise the theme of suffering. Mrs. Poulter, to avoid the squealing of slaughtered pigs, shuts herself in to watch on the television slaughter in Viet Nam. She, like Arthur, accepts tragedy. "So, if men could only live normal by butchery she accepted it." It is she who discovers Waldo's body, mutilated by dogs, and it makes real for her all other suffering and destroys her separate God.

> She would not believe. That is, she believed in *everything* now under the bruised and bursting sky. Not to say *heaven*.... All the films, all the telly, all the black and white of the papers was turning real as the great clouds, the great tanks ground up groaning over Sarsaparilla.... Hope was faint. She knew now. The flat faces of all those Chinese guerillas or Indonesians, it was the same thing, dragged out across the dreadful screen. All those Jews in ovens, that was long ago, but still burning.... Little girls held to the ground. The bleeding wombs of almost all women....
>
> And He released His hands from the nails. And fell down, in a thwack of canvas, a cloud of dust. It was not Arthur. Arthur would never ever have done that. He was not God. Arthur was a man.

God dies and becomes human: Waldo burned away, and the abstraction he stands for, the world becomes "wholly within" and suffering is pure suffering and real. The novel ends with the union of Mrs. Poulter and Arthur before

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he is taken to the asylum. An alchemic image of the *magnum mysterium* is a child bearing a cross in a circle. Waldo, who said "Miscarriages are more than real, I know that" had once given Mrs. Poulter a large plastic doll, which for a time she obsessively dressed and undressed. This dead homunculus is now replaced by the living Arthur. She tells him, "My darling, my curly pig, there is an end to blood and squealing if we can only remember how." And "Since her Lord and master Jesus had destroyed himself that same day she had been given this man-child as token of everlasting life." The unfulfilled woman and the "old boy" make at the end of the book the last mandala, a human *pietà*. "In her wrinkling misery for a moment she was pretty certain she saw their two faces becoming one in the centre of that glass eye which Arthur sat holding in his hand."

I HAVE CHOSEN to emphasise the mythic structure at the expense of illustrating the density of the novel and have in a way done it an injustice. What I want to suggest, finally, is that in *The Solid Mandala* as in all White's other works, there is a sense of strain, an attempt to conjure with literary images an experience unrealised dramatically. Waldo's death is not a tragedy, because however many images of tragedy there are in the novel (and however potentially tragic Waldo's mean withdrawal from life makes *him*), *Arthur* is really alive only at the symbolic level.

Patrick White cannot resist the mythically brilliant touch of making Arthur in the library discover "in an old book" Venus' remark "I generate light and darkness is not of my nature; there is therefore nothing better or more venerable than the conjunction of myself with my brother." But this detracts from Arthur's reality. Smelly old men in libraries are not significant because they discover symbolic truths of such startling aptness. Arthur as saintly fool and Arthur as intellectual cohere *only* at the mythic level, and this sacrifice of verisimilitude to meaning erodes the whole image of suffering. Arthur's "crime" is ultimately disproportionate to its meaning. At the realistic level Patrick White does not seem interested in the fact that there is a case against Arthur for destroying his brother. He is seen completely without irony, a shambling Christ. There is no real irony either in the image of this as the only kind of genius available to Sarsaparilla.

In fact the true subject of the book is not fratricide and this is why it so ill bears comparisons which have been made with *Karamazov*. There the parricide is real and primary. The real, and apparently inevitable subject, as with so many symbolist novels, is the *artist's* search for meaning in a demythologised world. Dostoevsky believed in Christ. Patrick White believes in man and sees man, finally, as an artist. Many symbolist novels attempt to use literary images as primitive man used magic symbols—"to gain control over the sources of life" (Yeats). Arthur does represent blood-consciousness, instinct, and he is an idiot because idiots or savages or children are our modern images for this super- (or sub-) intellectual insight for which we hunger with such an uncritical nostalgia. Arthur is "constantly dragging Waldo back behind the line where knowledge didn't protect." But an author cannot have it both ways and this is partly a sentimentalisation, like the underground purification of Henderson the Rain King by contact with the animal life of lions (though that is seen with humour). In both cases the artist becomes more than ever intellectual and self-conscious as he exhibits his hero's *mana* increasing as he surpasses these qualities. The question which then arises is what kind of response do these writers hope to arouse in us by conjuring with totemistic or cabbalistic images we do not "believe"? Do they hope to stir a blood memory or a ripple in the collective unconscious? Or

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to arouse intellectual admiration for their prestidigitatory power? The second is the likelier response; but it is one which does tend to preclude the deeper concern aroused by Dostoevsky.

"A novel is an extended metaphor." Yes, but unless the metaphor is frankly allegorical and the novel makes no pretence at realism, careful critical thought must be given to what the form of the metaphor does to the life it images. *Pincher Martin* which attempts no more than allegory is formally more satisfactory than the potentially more interesting *Free Fall* which—like *Henderson,* like *The Solid Mandala*—tries to work too consistently on two fronts at once. Iris Murdoch once wrote in these pages ("Against Dryness," ENCOUNTER, January 1961) that

> since reality is incomplete, art must not be too afraid of incompleteness. Literature must always represent a battle between real people and images; and what it requires now is a much stronger and more complex conception of the former.

The Solid Mandala in the last resort sacrifices people to images and at that level disappoints. This is the paradox of much modern literature which uses its images to make precisely the point that people come first.

A. S. Byatt

French-Speaking God

The Reactionary Revolution: The Catholic Revival in French Literature 1870–1914. By RICHARD GRIFFITHS. *Constable,* 50s.

AT A TIME when some kinds of progressive Christianity are much absorbed by the question of how little anyone need believe in order to be called a Christian—as indicated, for instance, in the bleak title of a recent American publication, *The Gospel of Christian Atheism* —Mr. Griffiths' book is a fascinating study of an opposite extreme. Towards the end of the last century several of the subtlest literary intelligences in France embraced Catholicism with such zeal that their appetite for belief found no limits; basic doctrinal positions and private or eccentric fringe devotions were mingled with indiscriminate fervour, and a wide range of political, social and cultural attitudes—many of which would now be regarded even by conservative Catholics as sadly reactionary—were upheld as an essential part of Catholicism. Mr. Griffiths gives a full account of four of these writers—J. K. Huysmans, Léon Bloy, Charles Péguy, and Paul Claudel—plus a number of minor converts; he is copiously informative about the intellectual and religious climate in which they flourished, and probes into some very odd corners, such as the dabblings in occultism and Satanism which preceded Huysmans' conversion. His book is so absorbing, and such a genuine contribution to knowledge—at least, for English readers—that it can be warmly welcomed. Yet, in a number of ways, it could have been better.

Mr. Griffiths makes it clear at the beginning that he is not going to provide studies in depth of the authors he is interested in; he arranges his book by topics, treating successively such things as religious anti-intellectualism, a stress on violence, occultism, the cult of vicarious suffering, hatred of modern society, nostalgia for the Middle Ages, assertive patriotism, and social authoritarianism. The discussion of these questions is consistently interesting: they all reflect, though with differences of emphasis from one author to another, the dominant preoccupations of *fin de siècle* French Catholicism. But by fragmenting his treatment of Bloy, Huysmans, Claudel, and Péguy in this way, Mr. Griffiths has tended to stress their similarities at the cost of their differences, and to blur the distinction between these writers and the various lesser figures who shared their preoccupations but are of no literary consequence. These, of course, are the dangers necessarily inherent in treating literature as material for the history of ideas; the most telling ideas are often most illuminatingly present in inferior works, and purely literary criteria are forgotten in the excitement of the chase. Mr. Griffiths' book sent me back to Conor Cruise O'Brien's *Maria Cross,* first published in 1953, and in particular to the essays on Bloy, Péguy, and Claudel; as a critic, it seems to me, O'Brien has the edge on Mr. Griffiths; impressionistic though he is, he gets to the heart of his subjects more immediately and memorably than Mr. Griffiths. Perhaps the kindest relative judgment would be to say that O'Brien's literary criticism can still usefully complement Griffiths' intellectual history.

I HESITATE to criticise a man for not writing some other book than the one he actually wanted to write; nevertheless, I think it is a pity that Mr. Griffiths didn't give us a series of linked biographical and critical studies of his major authors, with less space devoted to the minor figures, instead of organising his material under categories. One critic, I see, has compared *The Reactionary Revolution* to *The Romantic Agony.* This is quite a suggestive comparison, but it works rather to Mr. Griffiths' disadvan-

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tage; Mario Praz's work obtained part, at least, of its extraordinary distinction from the author's own ambiguous involvement with the material, where obscure kinds of excitement could be discerned under the surface censoriousness. It is precisely this involvement that turns history or criticism into literature, and which Mr. Griffiths very largely lacks; he is judicious, impartial, informed, and at the same time sympathetic; all admirable qualities, and yet somehow not quite adequate to the grotesquely imposing figures, and the bizarre milieu, that he is writing about. One might have expected just a little of their violence to have rubbed off on to him.

Certain difficulties may arise, I think, from Mr. Griffiths' own position in relation to Catholicism: he describes himself as an extremely sympathetic outsider. A less sympathetic non-Catholic might have produced a sharper account, whereas a theologically informed Catholic would have had a greater degree of inwardness with the religious aspects of the material, and would have more effectively placed Bloy, Huysmans, and the rest. Mr. Griffiths is certainly aware that at any one time Catholicism will have its liberal, moderate and conservative components, but he is still inclined to regard "Catholicism" as something both homogeneous and monolithic. The crucial point about the French *fin de siècle* Catholic writers, which I don't think he emphasises enough, is that they came to maturity, and into the Church, at a time when Catholic theology and intellectual life generally were at a very low ebb; this suited their anti-intellectualist bias—they were quite cool about the revival of Thomism by Leo XIII—but it meant that their standards of judgment were very erratic and they were prepared to submit to some pretty odd religious guidance.

Huysmans was a case in point; for several years he was devoted to his spiritual mentor, the Abbé Boullan, and was very shocked when he discovered how far Boullan—who was finally unfrocked—was involved in occultist perversions of religion. The doctrine of vicarious suffering was one to which all these writers were attached, and which easily led to heterodox conclusions. From the orthodox notion that a saintly person could pray to undergo the sufferings of others, it was a fairly short step to thinking that he might undergo their temptations in their place, and then, finally, to the thoroughly heretical conclusion that he might even take on the guilt for the sins of others. The theological vacuum in which they wrote meant that they were necessarily inclined to fall for superstitious or eccentric devotions, which they did not distinguish from central truths,

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and that they regarded the Church in the quasi-political terms of "Citadel Catholicism," waging a continual battle against such external foes as Protestants, Jews, Freemasons, atheists, scientists, and so on. This concept of Catholicism dies hard, though it has scarcely survived the Second Vatican Council.

If one regards Huysmans, Bloy, Claudel and Péguy less as imaginative writers than as exemplars of a particular kind of Catholicism, then, from this point in time, they seem extraordinarily remote. And yet it is striking how many of their characteristic attitudes have been apparent in a suitably diluted form, in the mental climate of twentieth-century English Catholicism; I am thinking particularly of their nostalgia for the Middle Ages and the feudal ideal, their social authoritarianism, and the constant emphasis on the embattled exclusiveness of the visible Church. (The Anglo-French Hilaire Belloc was evidently a key figure here.)

In the final chapter of his book Mr. Griffiths has some interesting paragraphs about Graham Greene, whose "Catholic" novels—two of which have epigraphs from Péguy and Bloy—reflect in a very pure form some of the major spiritual preoccupations of the French Catholics; in Mr. Griffiths' words: "he often seems, as they did, to be stressing all those aspects of Catholic faith which are most difficult for an outsider to accept." And, like them, Greene sometimes takes the doctrine of vicarious suffering to extravagant lengths. His most recent novels, however, suggest that he has now finished with this phase of his career.

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FOR THE MODERN CATHOLIC, still living in the aftermath of the Vatican Council, the study of these Frenchmen can provide some curious challenges. What, for instance, is a genuine conversion? Consider the author of *A Rebours* and *Là-bas*; Catholicism seemed, for him, to have a largely aesthetic appeal, a haven of rest and peace from an unsympathetic world. The peculiarities of his temperament provoked Huysmans to a cult of suffering that could only be described as neurotic. Such a conversion, one might reasonably conclude, was not quite the real thing, too theatrical to be authentic. And yet when Huysmans was dying in agony from cancer of the mouth he refused all pain-killing drugs, saying that he wanted to offer his sufferings for others: in the face of such determination, the flip stock-response of "masochist" hardly seems adequate. (On his death-bed Huysmans also combined the saintly and the dandyish by writing out the invitation to his own funeral, with a blank space for the date.) Were these men, for all their strange and sometimes repellent opinions, less good Catholics than the enlightened post-Conciliar layman of today, with his sound theological understanding? Almost certainly not, allowing for the limitations of the cultural climate in which they lived. And yet if we conclude that we have the advantage over them, in possessing the whole truth without irrelevant cultural and social accretions, are we not being dangerously presumptuous? In every age religion necessarily becomes interwoven with current cultural assumptions; it is merely our distance in time, and the real theological changes that have taken place, that enable us to see this so clearly of Mr. Griffiths' authors.

In some fields, beyond doubt, their assumptions seem incredible. The veneration of war, for instance, and the claim that there was something peculiarly Christian about the life of the soldier, since it involved dedication to a cause, submission to authority, and a willingness for self-sacrifice. In practical terms, this meant that a good Catholic had to be an anti-Dreyfusard (in contrast to Leo XIII, who seems to have been on Dreyfus' side; but this pontiff was not at all popular with French Catholics). Closely related was the chauvinism that took very literally the claim that France was the Eldest Daughter of the Church. Claudel wrote in his war play *La Nuit de Noël* (*1914*):

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. . . It is God himself whom we are defending, even those who do not know his name.

For each people is born for itself, but France is born for the whole universe, so that she may bring it joy!

It is not only her body which she defends, it is her soul which belongs to the whole universe, it is not only her life which she defends, but the word of God to the whole universe, which is eternal joy in eternal freedom!

And if she must fall silent, and *if God must cease speaking French*, she knows that on that day it would be better for her to be dead!

Such confidence is more likely to strike us as scandalous rather than inspiring; inevitably one wants to ask, if this is what the French Catholics were defending, then what were the German Catholics doing? All the same, there are other areas in which their intransigence might still have some lessons for us. I am thinking of their furious impatience with the established social order, an impatience that led Claudel, in his early days, to feel a certain sympathy for the anarchists who were letting off bombs all over Paris. Doubtless they were too easily led to a taste for negation and destructiveness for its own sake—most apparent in Bloy—and their conservatism meant that they could not put forward concrete proposals for social change. Nevertheless, their refusal to compromise, for all its extravagance, is more salutary than the rather starry-eyed acceptance of Modern Man by some contemporary Christian writers, whose idealisation of the secular order means, in effect, the apotheosis of the social status quo.

The writers of the French Catholic Revival were indeed a rum collection; but it is one of the virtues of Mr. Griffiths' book that he makes them seem sufficiently alive to avoid being prematurely dumped into the dust-bin of history. Among other things, he raises some central questions about the relation of religion and culture; and he shows that Catholicism is nothing if not catholic.

Bernard Bergonzi

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POINTS OF THE COMPASS

Letter from Munich

The Neo-Nazis

ARE THE NAZIS on their way back? Is that what the new NDP's small successes in Hesse, and now in Bavaria, must be taken to mean? The short answer must be: No, they were always there. Opinion pollsters have long agreed that there exists in West Germany a hard core—10 to 15 per cent—of extreme right-wing sentiment. If this sentiment has not found electoral expression up to now, it is for two reasons. The "national consensus" put together by Konrad Adenauer in the '50s was so strong (by 1960 the SPD itself had bowed to it), that opposition to it had come to seem quixotic, and anti-national as well—to oppose it was to oppose the Bonn state itself. Though several extreme right parties (the *Sozialistische Reichspartei*, the *Deutsche Partei*, the various, shifting refugee groupings) had made a bid for this vote, none had made a lasting mark. Some were banned, like Major Remer's *Sozialistische Reichspartei* in Lower Saxony; but most simply wasted away. They could not resist the pull of the national consensus embodied by the CDU/CSU and the smaller Free Democratic Party. The irreconcilables, refusing this consensus, preferred not to vote at all. What is astonishing is less that the NDP should now have broken through this barrier 21 years after the German collapse, but that the history of right-wing extremism in post-war Germany—compared with similar extremist movements in France, Italy, or even the United States—should have been so consistently inglorious.

Evidently, that is no longer so. Most West German observers believe that the *National-demokratische Partei* will repeat its success in next year's elections in Schleswig-Holstein, the Rhineland-Palatinate, and Lower Saxony. Schleswig-Holstein has more refugees from the East than any *Land* in Federal Germany; both Schleswig-Holstein and Lower Saxony had a strongly right-wing rural-Protestant vote before they became Nazi strongholds in the 1920s. A 10 to 15 per cent share of the vote and representation in the local *Landtag* no longer seems improbable. Many observers would go further. It is widely accepted that the NDP is here to stay, and that it can expect up to 12 per cent of the national vote in 1969 (the next Federal elections). Unless the electoral law is changed, this would give the NDP some fifty-seventy seats in the next *Bundestag*. If the electoral law is changed by the newly formed Grand Coalition—a move calculated to wipe out both Free and National Democrats—the NDP will probably not be represented at the national level, and realisation of this may prove a deterrent to those otherwise inclined to vote for it. Germany has never been a country for lost causes: God, it has always been assumed, is on the side of the big battalions. If the Wehner-Strauss axis shows a ruthless determination to root out the smaller opposition parties, it may be that Germans will respond by re-grouping, electorally, around the two great *Volksparteien* of right and left.

But it is far from certain that this will happen (the CDU might easily find itself reduced to a Catholic-rural party like the pre-war *Zentrum*); and if it does, it seems unlikely to take effect before 1973. By 1970, then, it could well be the case that the NDP will be represented both in the *Bundestag* and in the regional diets by vociferous and well-led minorities of between 7 to 15 per cent. How much will this matter? Many West German observers, one notes, are inclined to take the prospect lightly. The lunatic fringe has found its voice; but self-expression, therapeutically, is better than repression. In any case, the Germany of 1966 differs greatly from that of 1932. There is no mass unemployment; the strength of the *bürgerliche lager*, the middle class camp, is unbroken; and there is no plausible threat to Germany's security. The Grand Coalition possesses formidable political strength (what it will do with it is another matter) and can in no way be compared with the weak cabinets of the dying Weimar Republic. An additional factor, intangible but important, is the mood of the German people. There is some unrest, certainly, and a sense of insecurity. But there is no radicalisation, no will-to-revolution, such as existed before 1933 on both right and left. As so often in German history, the rule is: *Ruhe ist die erste Bürgerpflicht*. Whatever the doubts and discontents, this is not the moment for a new radical party of either right or left.

WITH MUCH OF THIS one is bound to agree: Bonn is not Weimar. But Germany's neighbours cannot be expected to take the phenomenon of revived right-wing extremism so lightly. True, any suggestion that "Nazism" is on the way back releases hysteria in certain quarters. Little attempt is made to distinguish between the

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relative dangers inherent in the "Nazi past" of a Kiesinger or a von Thadden, and in the non-Nazi past of a Franz Josef Strauss. If there are rational grounds for disquiet, they must be sought in the parallels between the crisis of confidence through which the Bonn republic is now passing, and the crisis of confidence that was the undoing of Weimar.

Here an historical excursus may be in order. How, in fact, did the Nazis raise their politically insignificant vote of 1928 to the 37% they achieved in 1932? Much play has been made in recent German analyses with the correspondence between today's areas of high NDP voting and the strong support such areas gave the Nazis before 1932. The correspondence is there, though hardly overwhelming. (Areas in Protestant Franconia, *e.g.* Bayreuth, which gave the Nazis a 40% vote in 1932 yielded the NDP 14% in the recent election, about twice the Bavarian average.) That the NDP did well in these areas is certainly significant. It shows, for one thing, how little post-war convulsions have altered Germany's political geography. But, granting such a pattern exists, the question is surely why the NDP *did not do better*. In Neu-Gablontz, for example, a Bavarian satellite-town built for Sudeten-German refugees, the NDP achieved a total of 14·9%. This figure seems less impressive when we consider that the former Refugee Party, which dropped to 2·7% last November, received 20% of the vote in 1962. It is evident that, though the NDP did well enough, the total extremist vote had *fallen* in the meantime, and the beneficiaries were the much-derided parties of the Bonn establishment.

The mechanism of the crucial breakthrough from the 10 to 15 per cent to the 40% mark achieved by the Nazis between 1928 and 1932 chances to be well documented. What happened was in essence simple, and remarkably consistent all over the *Reich*. Throughout, two voting blocks stood firm: the Catholic *Zentrum* and the working-class SPD and KPD.[1] Where, then, did the new Nazi votes come from? No doubt they came, in some degree, from young voters or previous non-voters. (This appears, incidentally, to be true of the NDP: the total poll went up 5% in the recent Bavarian election.) But most of them can have come from only one source: from the demoralised parties of the Protestant middle class or peasantry—in particular Hugenberg's *Deutschnationale Volkspartei*. Yet these parties represented the apparently solid middle ground on which Bismarck had once built his own "national consensus"—from which he had tried to exclude the German Catholics and Socialists. Between 1928 and 1932, then, these great *staatstragende parteien* underwent a spectacular collapse, enabling Hitler's NSDAP, which offered itself as the party of a new state, to sweep Protestant Germany.

INTERESTINGLY, THIS PICTURE does not correspond too well with some of the popular myths about the rise of Nazism. It is far from true, for example, that Bavaria was "a Nazi stronghold," or that Goebbels' genius for propaganda succeeded in "conquering Berlin" for the Nazis. The figures are instructive. The regions with the highest Nazi vote in July 1932 were Schleswig-Holstein (51%), East and South Hanover (49% and 46%), Liegnitz in Silesia (48%), and East Prussia (47%). All these areas were predominantly Protestant, and rural or petit bourgeois in social composition. Regions with an exceptionally low Nazi vote, on the other hand, were Lower Bavaria and Cologne-Aachen (20%), Westphalia North and South (25·7% and 27%), Berlin (24·6%), and Württemberg (30%). The conclusion seems plain enough: where Catholic or Socialist-Communist opposition was strong, or where a relatively stable middle class with liberal traditions survived (as in Württemberg), the Nazi advance was halted. Where none of these factors operated, the breakthrough to the 40-to-50 per cent mark succeeded.

WHAT LESSONS are there in this for the present day? Very striking, to the foreigner, must seem the contrast between the extremes of stability and instability in German politics. The Catholic peasant and townsman, whose father voted for the *Zentrum* or Bavarian People's Party in the 1920s (or, for that matter, in the 1890s), *still* votes for the CDU or the Bavarian CSU today. Equally, the industrial worker—in the absence of any left-wing alternative—still votes solidly for the SPD. From British press headlines on the morrow of the recent Bavarian elections—"NEW NAZI TRIUMPH!", "NEO-NAZIS ON THE MARCH!"—the innocent observer might have concluded that the NDP had gained not 7·8% of the vote, but a majority. Yet the actual result—49% for Strauss' CSU, 35% for the SPD—not only confirmed the overwhelming support of the average German for the two big parties in Bonn, but differed remarkably little from the voting pattern of pre-Nazi times. Even the Free Democrats, who fell foul of the 5% barrier, did not really lose ground significantly (5·9% to 4·5%) to the NDP; and in Hesse, two weeks before,

[1] There was, significantly, a process of radicalisation within the left-wing block, from SPD to KPD, but the *total* left-wing vote seldom dropped by more than 2 to 3 per cent. So much for the popular theory that mass unemployment underlay the swing to the Nazis.

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the SPD gained an absolute majority (the old refugee party, as in Bavaria, being the main sufferer). In the upshot, both elections may be said to have confirmed the support of over 90% of the German people for the present Bonn constellation.

But it was not Bavaria, as I have suggested, that proved the soft underbelly of German politics in 1932. The danger points lay in Protestant Schleswig-Holstein, Brunswick-Hanover, and the Rhenish Palatinate. It is in these areas that *Land* elections are due in the next six months. We can expect, no doubt, a fresh bunch of sensational headlines when the results come through. Much would seem to depend, if the past is any guide, on the ability of the bourgeois parties to hold the Protestant middle-class vote. On the whole it seems to me likely that Kiesinger's CDU will hold its vote, certainly in Southern and Central Germany, and probably in the North as well.

But its continued success would seem to be conditional on a number of factors. From a sociological point of view, it appears that both Catholicism and Social Democracy (some two thirds of the West German population, as against roughly half in the Weimar Republic) are able to offer their adherents a social structure sufficiently tight-knit to compensate, in times of crisis, for those national loyalties that Germany has in so many respects failed to develop. Since the consolidation of CDU/CSU power under Adenauer in the 1950s West Germans have not, on the whole, felt Germany to be in a state of crisis. Of course, national division was a fact and (as Hellmut Jaesrich has said) the great political topic about which they talked so much, thought so little, and could do even less. At least, Adenauer had re-established a strong central authority, restored German self-respect, and won friends abroad. Economically, for more than a decade under Ludwig Erhard, Germany was on the up and up; and the country was again a major continental military power. Why complain? Re-unification might be far away; but few Germans were willing to risk the new-found prosperity and stability of the *Bundesrepublik* in any foreign adventure. And the foreign observer was compelled to agree. Germany's post-war "return to normalcy" was indeed astonishing: twelve million embittered refugees had been reintegrated into society with a minimum of friction; the millions of ex-Nazis did not form a resentful, alienated, hard-core of resistance to the new state.

THESE WERE GREAT achievements, and it would be unjust to forget them. But one is inclined to take a more sceptical view in retrospect. For one thing, Bonn's authority was predicated to a dangerous degree on the personal authority of Konrad Adenauer, and on the continuing success of the *Wirtschaftswunder*. But neither, in the nature of things, was likely to prove permanent. And it is clear that the decline in Adenauer's authority which set in after 1959, and his subsequent replacement by the mild, unauthoritarian Professor Erhard, had psychological repercussions more serious than many of us thought at the time. True, Adenauer himself was in many respects much less the "strong man" than he appeared. His approach to internal politics, and in particular to political or economic lobbyists (whether big business, big labour, or the refugee organisations), was not unlike that of LBJ: his instinct was to conciliate and appease. In this he does not differ greatly from Ludwig Erhard or Erhard's successor Kurt Kiesinger: The German fanaticism is lacking; all, at bottom, are consensus men, *männer des ausgleichs*. But it is the image that counts: and the wheeler-dealer side of Adenauer was often concealed by the authoritarian Catholic-conservative mask. Under Adenauer the Germans felt (and liked to feel) the firm smack of government. Under Erhard reality broke through. It seemed that, in her economic and foreign policies, Germany was drifting badly, and that nobody in Bonn knew the answers.

SEEN FROM THIS perspective, the autumn crisis in Bonn—and maybe the rise of the NDP—have a certain inevitability. It is not really, of course, a matter of personality. The frustration Germany now feels in regard to her "national question" was bound to come to the surface the moment "containment plus" ceased to make sense, and conciliation—always urged by the Left, and now by the Allies—ran up against Communist intransigence. Economically, too, it was evident that the boom could not last forever; the nervousness of older Germans, with memories of two inflations, in the face of economic trouble should not have been hard to predict. Equally, it could be argued that the Federal Republic had had an easy time of it in the '50s, and that the true test of the new democracy would come when these crises came to the surface. They have now done so, and Bonn's reaction—the "Grand Coalition"—is undoubtedly welcomed by the man in the street. The new government is to some extent a government of national reconciliation. Kiesinger is an ex-Nazi, Brandt and Wehner "*Emigranten*" (the latter an ex-Communist into the bargain). The Catholic South Germans Kiesinger and Strauss are well balanced against the North

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German Protestants of CDU (Dr. Schroeder) and SPD.

But the German people, after all, did not vote for a Grand Coalition in 1965. They voted specifically *against* it, and for the person of Ludwig Erhard. Should some NPD orator now get up and denounce the Coalition as a piece of undemocratic horse-trading, stage-managed behind the scenes by *"die Herren Strauss und Wehner,"* it would be hard to say him nay. If the Coalition works, well and good: all will be forgiven. But the chances are that even if it is successful in overcoming the present financial crisis, as no doubt it will be, the solving of Germany's "national question" will prove beyond its powers. What then? My own view is that Germany's basic problem—re-unification—is of such a nature that all attempts to resolve it may lead only to greater frustration and irritation, both within Germany and abroad. The choice before Germany is now, as it has always been, either to lie low or to risk a deep European disorientation for the sake of the Bismarckian National ideal. In electing Erhard, as in electing Adenauer, the Germans expressed a clear wish for a "trouble-free" foreign policy. But they expected also, from Erhard, a trouble-free economic policy. It was Erhard's failure to provide this that proved his undoing.

Any government that sets out to tackle the German problem faces, then, a built-in dilemma. If it embraces an *"aktive ostpolitik"* it may run up against an intransigence which neither toughness nor conciliation has much hope of modifying. This may be too pessimistic. But there exists at least the possibility that the rejection of these eastern approaches will serve only to bring home to the West Germans how little they are loved, and how little their allies are prepared to do for them. This could quickly lead to the kind of "encirclement psychosis" familiar from Germany's past; and nothing could be better calculated to set the NDP's bandwagon rolling. On the other hand, if the new government does nothing, either because it is internally divided or because it prudently recognises that little can be done, it will be said to have "failed," and this too will be grist to the mill of an extra-Parliamentary right-radical opposition.

BUT IF THAT WERE ALL, the NDP would not have made the progress it has shown so far. That, certainly, was the opinion of Herr von Thadden, when I interviewed him recently.

I asked him what, in his opinion, was the reason for the failure of all extreme right parties in Germany since 1945. "They made the mistake," he replied, "of looking to the past." Von Thadden's analysis is, I think, correct; as is his conclusion that the only formula for success is to adapt to the conditions of political life in the Federal Republic in the '60s. How far von Thadden is sincere when he speaks of the need to "work within a democratic framework," or when he emphasises that "young Germans will not accept an anti-European nationalism," one cannot be sure. But, in a sense, it does not matter. For he is plainly right in seeing that the NDP can only be successful if it contrives to break out of the *"braune ecke"* (the brown corner), and appeal to the generation under forty-five to whom the most obvious fact about Nazism is that it *failed*. Studies have shown that this policy is paying off. The party now draws considerable support from the young, often disillusioned idealists who accept many of the *Bundesrepublik*'s achievements, but are disappointed at the failure to realise either European unity or German re-unification.

Significantly, too, the NDP has made considerable headway in the *Bundeswehr* (the old *Reichswehr*, we may remember, was one of the points of resistance to Nazism). The reason for this success appears to lie, not in any aggressive militarism, but in the widespread feeling among *Bundeswehr* members that they are being treated as second-class citizens—at bottom, a social resentment. To these young officers and NCOs the well-spoken Prussian *Panzeroffizier* von Thadden is an acceptable symbol of German nationalism as yesterday's vulgar Nazi could never be. To say that "the *Bundeswehr* is under Nazi influence" is plainly nonsense. No army has ever been so carefully hand-picked (by a *Bundestag* committee that included members of the Resistance) to exclude undesirable political influences. But it is clear that the NATO-*schwärmerei*, which was supposed to replace German patriotism in under-pinning the new army's morale, is wearing a little thin. With General de Gaulle for a neighbour that is perhaps hardly surprising. But it would surely be misleading to confound this rising German "Gaullism" with "neo-Nazism."

THE TRUTH IS, I think, that the NDP is a good deal less united and homogeneous than it claims. As Herr von Thadden remarked to me, "I have the feeling of being seated between the very young and the very old...." Much of its appeal is vague enough. It is against "indiscriminate" development aid. It is in favour of restoring the death penalty for crimes of violence against women, children, and taxi drivers. It is against the presence of foreign workers in Germany (a slogan that might well become popular if unemployment increases). It is against the flood of sex and violence (one party member

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I spoke to was particularly indignant about the *violence* in American westerns and war films). Significantly, these things are always cited by party officials as examples of "Americanisation." Much of this, of course, echoes Nazi propaganda in the 1930s. But, equally, much is part of the stock-in-trade of all extreme rightist groups, from California's Birchers to Tokyo's *Soka Gakkai*. The NDP is attempting to be all things to all men. When it comes to practical proposals, the message is studiously vague. The German army ought to be commanded by German generals; NATO is in need of reform; trials of war criminals should cease; "discrimination" against Germany has got to stop. But there is no suggestion that Germany should "go it alone" to seek a Rapallo-like settlement with the East at the expense of the West. (Though the anti-Communist note is remarkably subdued, perhaps because there is no legal Communist Party in West Germany; it appears that nationalistic animus is vented against America rather than against East Germany's captors.) This omission is, I think, significant. The party leadership knows that the *bundesbürger* of today, though he may enjoy hearing again old nationalistic slogans, is not eager to risk West Germany's relative stability and prosperity. I had the clear impression that Herr von Thadden is aware of this (whatever his private convictions may be), and knows that such a line would prove counter-productive for his party. That is, surely, a measure of the extent to which the NDP has adapted itself to the conditions of political life in the Bonn republic.

Certainly, it is possible that German commentators are being too complacent about the NDP's appearance on the scene. I have argued that its successes have been due to the party leadership's attempt to discover a "nationalism for the '60s"; and that the "neo-Nazi" label is to that extent misleading. It is a condition of the party's survival that it steer a middle course between the "brown" nationalism of those now in their fifties and sixties and the as-yet-unarticulated nationalism of those under thirty-five. But this is, I admit, an ambiguous judgment. Might not a "nationalism for the '60s," a virulent German Gaullism, turn out to be more dangerous—because more persuasive—than a forlorn attempt to revive the ghost of Adolf Hitler? That anti-Semitism should be out, and anti-Americanism in, may or may not represent an advance: it is certainly a sign of the times.

HAS THE NDP a future? It is still quite possible that it will be snuffed out by a revision of the electoral laws. But its success up till now raises questions that are inseparable from the problems facing the Federal Republic today. Much of its appeal is directed towards the crackpot fringe that exists no less (but perhaps no more) in Germany than, say, in California. (Can one not imagine, in different circumstances, the telegenic von Thadden running for Governor of that state?) But the core of the party's appeal must relate to the German problem itself; and here its propagandists are on firmer ground. For there *is* a German problem; and it is one to which neither Germany's allies, nor the parties in Bonn, have a ready solution. This being so, the fortunes of the NDP seem likely to wax and wane in proportion to the skill shown by the new coalition in confronting that problem. As long as the German people are persuaded that the Bonn parties are doing what can be done—as long, in other words, as the Grand Coalition is felt to embody the national consensus—the NDP will remain a fringe party of not-quite-respectable right-wing extremists. But should a sufficient number of German voters—in particular those who swung away from Weimar in the years 1928–32—come to feel that the Grand Coalition was not so grand after all, the outlook for Germany's second republic might be grim indeed.

John Mander

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Between Orthodoxy & Heresy

INSTITUTIONALISED Marxism has often been compared with the Established Churches and the Revisionists with the Heretics. Two important books published in Poland, one by Adam Schaff and the other by Leszek Kolakowski, throw the analogy into relief with a neatness that is high intellectual drama.

The young Marxist philosopher Leszek Kolakowski played a prominent part in the Polish revisionist movement in the 'fifties. But unlike some of his friends, he was never willing to leave the Communist Party, and he withdrew from direct political controversy when Gomulka condemned the revisionist movement which had nevertheless brought him to power. Only now, ten years after the "Polish October" has he been expelled from the Party: a "punishment" for the anniversary speech which he delivered to Warsaw students.

Leszek Kolakowski's interest in history dates from his student years, when he was a disciple of Tadeusz Kronski, a fascinating personality who nearly converted Czeslaw Milosz to Marxism and whose portrait can be found in *The Captive Mind*. Kronski was a "Hegelian Marxist," who despised "materialism" as much as he admired "dialectics," and his teaching in Stalinist Poland resembled somewhat that of a Marrano lecturing on theology in medieval Spain. In fact, Kronski took the first opportunity of denouncing (in 1956, shortly before his death) the "ruthless and brutal regression of Hegelianism in Marxist-Leninist thinking during the past years...." Kolakowski's "Lectures on Medieval Philosophy" in Kronski's seminar (published in 1956) are full of original ideas and bear the mark of solid erudition, but they are still conceived in the then obligatory style of sitting in stern judgment over the simple past. Indeed, a reassessment of his attitude to history was one of Kolakowski's first "revisionist" pronouncements. Marxist-Leninist historians, Kolakowski explained, were convinced that they were conversing directly with the great demiurge of History. But the demiurge turned out to be a mere figment of imagination, and their "scientific history" emerged as no more than a new form of secular eschatology. Thus Kolakowski was led to believe that the first duty of the historian—particularly if he claims to be a Marxist—is to disentangle myth and reality. He followed this course faithfully in his imaginative and tolerant study on Spinoza (*The Individual and Infinity: Freedom and antinomies of freedom in the philosophy of Spinoza,* Warsaw, PWN, 1958). Ever since, Kolakowski has been working on the heretical movements of the 17th century, and the large book called *The Religious Conscience and the Ecclesiastical Link* (Warsaw, PWN, 1965) is the fruit of several years meditation. It seems to me to be the best book he has written. He has made a formidable attempt to enrich the Marxist tradition by using the acquisitions of "structuralism" (for which he draws chiefly on Claude Lévi-Strauss) and the contributions of phenomenology and of Dilthey's ideas. The book will be of importance to the religious historian and the student of the 17th century, but it is just as absorbing to the reader primarily interested in the problems of our own time. There is nothing superficial about this "topicality"; he tells us that "a historical picture is alive if the questions round which the material is organised are alive (whether because they arise today in the same form or are translatable into contemporary questions)...." Thus he does not, under the pretext of writing history, offer us a mere allegory.

Possibly his most important point is the way in which heretical doctrines of non-denominational 17th-century Christians penetrated into the established churches themselves, sometimes in disguised form. In this connection Adam Schaff's recent book *Marxism and the Human Individual* (Warsaw, PWN, 1965) illustrates the living aspect of Kolakowski's theme. Schaff, doyen of Polish Marxist philosophers, was for many years the guardian of the strictest "institutionalised" orthodoxy. Though he is still a member of the Central Committee and loyally opposed the revisionists, for the past ten years or so from within the orthodox Communist fold he has made a substantial contribution towards broadening and humanising Marxism and liberating it from the dangers it has incurred for so long by reason of its "alienated institutionalised form."

ONE HOPES THAT Kolakowski's book will soon be translated, if only for its vivid presentation of the ideas and the personalities of the protagonists of "non-denominational" Christianity. I shall make no attempt to give a full summary of a huge work that runs to seven hundred pages and deals systematically with German revolutionary Anabaptists, Polish Anti-Trinitarians, Dutch Mennonites, Quakers, Castellio and Jakob Boehme, Pierre de Bérulle and Jean

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Joseph Surin, Quietism, Angelus Silesius, Antoinette Bourignon, Labadie, and so on and so forth. Instead, I shall confine myself to describing Kolakowski's ideal model for the understanding of this "Second Reformation" movement that implied an irreducible antagonism between the fundamental values of Christianity and the established churches: it was opposed alike to the Roman Catholic Church and to the reformed churches that derived from Luther or Calvin.

The Roman Church had developed the theory of *ex opere operato*, according to which the sacraments are valid and confer grace independently of the moral qualities of the priest (and even to a certain extent of the believer)—provided that they are carried out according to the prescriptions of canonical law and the outward rules of the liturgy. This theory makes it possible to reject in advance all criticism of the clerical caste, the latter being based on juridical and not moral principles. Thus it assures the immunity of the ecclesiastical apparatus from all potential criticism on the part of the flock. It also guarantees the latter the easiest possible access to grace by means of purely external acts, the sole condition being obedience.

The Reformation repudiated the theory of *ex opere operato* and erected in its place the principle of justification by faith and, afterwards, that of predestination and efficacious grace. In practice these principles led to the believer's assurance of salvation on the (sufficient) condition that from the theological point of view he was a believing member of his denominational church. The 17th-century reform movement, according to Kolakowski, was characterised by its simultaneous opposition to both the Catholic and the Protestant theories. In relation to the former, it denied the necessity of any outward cult for the securing of salvation. In relation to the latter, it denied the necessity of orthodoxy. "This double opposition," he writes, "was practically equivalent to a demand for the abolition of the churches in so far as they were visible organisations, the essential feature of a church as a social institution being the existence of a clerical caste, which in either case was deprived of its *raison d'être*."

Thus one sees why Kolakowski picked on this period of Christian heresies as the object of his studies. "My chief concern," he writes, "is not that they were heretics in fact, but that they were bound to be heretics. In other words, I consider not those ingredients in their ideas that put them outside the church by chance, but rather those that put them out of it inevitably, since they involved a basic rejection of the very idea of a church."

This, of course, refers to an ideal abstract model. In his book Kolakowski examines all forms of 17th-century non-denominational Christianity, from the most radical to those most inclined to compromise, the way they penetrated the churches, and the attempts made to assimilate them institutionally.

A quotation, particularly telling now, after his expulsion, clarifies Kolakowski's purpose and enables one to understand why he, the standard-bearer of Polish revisionism, apparently accepted party discipline in order to avoid finding himself outside the organisation which he still regarded as the embodiment of the revolutionary movement.

> From the historical point of view the endeavours of non-denominational Christianity present themselves to us as purely negative phenomena. Their existence is traceable only in relation to the organised religiosity against which they rose. The non-denominational Christians, being unable to transform the collective and hierarchical forms of religious life in their own way which would necessarily have meant (and in isolated cases did mean) an assimilation by them of the reified rational structure that conflicted with the very principle of their protest—were at most able to create pressure groups within or connected with ecclesiastical communities which forced on their opponents a neutralising assimilation of their ideas and a certain amount of modification of the organised religion. In short, non-denominational Christianity, if it had any significance in social life, was a negative force, influencing the successive reintegrations of positive Christianity but devoid of disintegrating effect in relation to the churches. If in favourable circumstances it became an effective reform movement, it could assert itself socially only by accepting the principle of organisation, that is, by means of a self-negation.

But Kolakowski's structural analysis goes beyond these analogies. The most enthralling aspect of his book is concerned with the conflict between the "religion of Grace" and that of "Law." In this conflict he sees one of the permanent "anthropological fundamentals." Believers in the "religion of Grace" set up "a model for life in which communication acquires an existential character," *i.e.*, that of a mutual openness with no intermediary, free of all calculation and hence of fear, judgment, envy, expectation, oppression. This version of Christianity, which was St. Paul's and the young Luther's and later Kierkegaard's, is the religious expression of the existential utopia which has recurred many times in history as an always hopeless attempt to eliminate social and organisational ties from life and replace them by personal ties." Kolakowski asks—without answering—the question "whether the propositions of contemporary existential pheno-

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menology should be regarded as an effort leading towards the laicisation, so to speak, of a theological infancy—or whether one should look in these earlier conflicts for a Christian, historical modification of questions which at their most genuine, fundamental level are indifferent in regard to theology and Christianity."

These questions "at their most genuine, fundamental level" are of course at the heart of the conflict between Kolakowski and Stalinism. There is no lack of analogy between his claims in relation to institutionalised Marxism for spontaneity, liberty, working-class democracy, and genuine internationalism and the opposition, as he conceives it, between the "religion of Grace" and the "religion of Law."

WITHIN MARXISM it is, of course, the young Marx who from this point of view stands for the "religion of Grace," while Stalin's totalitarian world could be regarded as a distorted form of the "religion of Law." It is thus significant that Adam Schaff, himself one of the guardians of the Marxist "law," should be "rediscovering" the importance of the young Marx.

It will be recalled that the Soviet editors of the new edition of the complete works of Marx and Engels, though it was begun after Stalin's death, did not dare include in it the writings of the young Marx. These were published in a separate volume that does not form part of the official edition. Schaff deplores this backwardness which he attributes to the strength of outworn prejudices. In the Stalin period, he writes, "the incorporation in Marxism of the humanism of the young Marx was just as impossible... as the working-class policy was impossible and unacceptable in the light of Socialist humanism and humanist Marxism."

Schaff's little book *Marxism and the Human Individual* is thus one of the first attempts to fill the gaps of "orthodox" Marxism in regard to the problems of what he calls, the "philosophy of man," and in particular that of the relations between the individual and society. The question of the relations between "base" and "superstructure" has for too long been treated by orthodox Marxism in a simplistic and mechanical fashion. Schaff now emphasises that to the fathers of Marxism "the relation between base and superstructure was not unilateral, that is, that there also existed the reverse influence of the superstructure on the movements of the base, and that changes at the base do not lead to changes in the superstructure *directly*, but through a series of intermediate links." Schaff takes advantage of this to introduce the ***human individual*** as intermediary between base and superstructure. Drawing on certain ideas of Erich Fromm, he tries to answer the question why the same causes produce different effects depending on the environment in which these causes act, and he puts forward the hypothesis "that there exists a social system of 'filters' functioning selectively and controlling the effects on the superstructure of stimuli coming from the base." He attributes these filters to the "character" of human individuals, conceived of as "the total of men's mental attitudes, their emotional dispositions, their tendency to accept certain systems of values, even including an irrational component of the human psyche (that cannot be rationally explained from the genetic viewpoint)." After thus reintegrating the human psyche into the classical framework of historical materialism, and deploring that "psychology is the Achilles' heel of Marxist sociology," he puts forward a Marxist interpretation of the personality. He says that, though Marxist theorists have never explicitly said so, Marxism implicitly agrees that "the human individual, as a unique and unrepeatable aggregate constitutes a value which also is unrepeatable and perishes with the death of that individual." Thus, "while rejecting the metaphysics of existentialism, Marxism does not deny the obvious fact which constitutes the subject-matter of the existential discourse."

IN FAIRNESS TO Schaff it should be stressed that even in the Stalinist years he helped to preserve certain original characteristics of Polish Marxism. Formal logic had such a high standard and reputation in pre-war Poland that Polish Marxist-Leninists could not quite bring themselves to dismiss it as a so-called metaphysical mode of thought. The tendency in that direction in Soviet Marxism was attributed to the Russians' poor knowledge of formal logic. Schaff pronounced himself at the time in favour of Plekhanov's "logical dualism"—the coexistence of formal and dialectical logic. In his excellent book on the development of philosophy and ideology in Poland after World War II, *Philosophy and Ideology* (Reidel, Dordrecht, 1963), Dr. Z. Jordan describes how Polish logicians and philosophers endeavoured to persuade Schaff

> to abandon the untenable view of "logical dualism" and to recognise that dialectics has nothing to lose and everything to gain by the acceptance of the principle of non-contradiction. Schaff was finally persuaded (1955) that Marxist-Leninist philosophy was misled by Hegel and mistook contraries for contradictories. A dialectical contradiction is not a logical contradiction and, consequently, formal logic must be recognised as the only universally valid logic....

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In his *Introduction to Marxist Theory* (1949), Schaff had already sketched out one of the main arguments of his last book, namely, that Marx and Engels never denied the reciprocal interactions between the economic basis and "the superstructure." Clearly, *Marxism and the Human Individual* reverts to a theme on which Schaff has meditated a long time. In the meantime, he has, characteristically, tried to reconcile Marxism with semantics (*Introduction to Semantics*, Warsaw, PWN, 1960), and although he quite reasonably criticised Jean-Paul Sartre's efforts to reconcile Existentialism with Marxism, he has, in his last book, at least admitted the validity of "existential discourse."

Thus some of the rungs of the theoretical ladder which Schaff contrives in *Marxism and the Human Individual* are already implicit in some of his earlier work. But the ladder leads him now to a thesis unrecognised by institutionalised Marxism—namely, that alienation continues to exist in Socialist countries. "One cannot, and certainly should not, deny the existence of various forms of alienation in these countries, though this is done even in works which claim to be scientific," he says. The first of the forms of alienation which persist in the Socialist system is the state, "which is an alienated force."

"The State as an instrument of coercion," he writes, "exists, not only as an outwards-directed, but also as an inwards-directed force. The answer to the question of this force's capacity for alienation is provided by the history of the period called that of the Cult of the Individual, and this is the case in all the Socialist countries. This was manifestly the history of a monstrous alienation, for forces created by man with the best will in the world and with the purest humanist intentions escaped from his hands and, like their enemy power, began annihilating and breaking its own creators. This problem is still awaiting sociological analysis, no Marxist having yet 'penetrated below the surface.'..."

Schaff also examines other forms of alienation that persist under Socialism, *e.g.*, alienation inherent in the character of work, the alienation of certain groups in Socialist society (in this connection he even quotes George Orwell's famous phrase about all animals being equal, but some more equal than others), and the alienation created by the introduction of mass culture. He proceeds then to tackle a particularly burning issue, that of racism and anti-Semitism.

"Knowing our countries and their history," he writes, "it would be difficult to believe that the phenomenon of anti-Semitism had suddenly disappeared from them. What is shocking is not the existence of the problem, but that nothing is done to combat it. That is why certain cosmetic attentions are displeasing, as when general principles are appealed to to show that the phenomenon, being impossible by definition under Socialism, cannot exist. The error consists in the fact that this conclusion does not by any means necessarily follow from the definition of Socialism (Communism is another matter), while a phenomenon cannot be concealed when it assumes often obvious forms. Such denials hardly do us honour, do not increase confidence in us, and certainly disarm us in the struggle for a just cause."

Schaff finds anti-Semitism among Communists especially shocking. "To be an internationalist it is not sufficient to declare solidarity with the Negroes, for as long as there is no Negro problem in our country this is an abstraction."[1]

At the time of Kolakowski's revisionist activity, Schaff often opposed him, politely but firmly. In his present predicament Kolakowski must have read his senior's book with satisfaction and sympathy. He must inevitably have been reminded of the fashion in which, according to his own great historical theme, the "religion of Grace," if it was unable to conquer, nevertheless made flexible and humanised the "religion of Law."

K. A. Jelenski

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[1] Adam Schaff's book has been sharply attacked in the Polish press, and one of the arguments used is a vigorous denial of any anti-Semitism in contemporary Poland, coupled with the curious assertion that exposing a "non-existent" anti-Semitism might give rise to it....

A discussion was organised by the cultural department of the Central Committee, and it was dominated by criticism of his book, *Marxism and the Human Individual*. This discussion, published later in a special issue of the Party's theoretical monthly, *Nowe Drogi* (December 1965), includes some self-confident and non-"self-critical" remarks by Adam Schaff:

"Comrade Starewicz and Comrade Werblan have used, as one of their polemical arguments, the question 'Who benefits by this?'.... If we left a free hand to interpreters of this question, it could kill every movement of independent thought, every initiative which might displease the person who asks this ritual question. Here is an example: Who benefited from the XXth Congress? Everything depends on the position taken. We know perfectly well the Chinese answer to this question. It is a question one could ask from every side. It is a simple game, which can lead to the excommunication of every opinion.... I would suggest that we avoid using similar methods of polemics...."

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LETTERS

Freud's "Wilson"

I WELCOME Freud's "Woodrow Wilson" not only because of its comic appeal, which is great, but because that surely must be the last rusty nail in the Viennese Quack's coffin.

VLADIMIR NABOKOV

Montreux,
Switzerland

"To Traduce or Transfigure"

I WISH TO SAY in defence of George Steiner, who had in fact made it quite clear that my versions of Mandelstamm were poetic re-statements, that the inaccuracies or deviations pointed out by Professor Avrahm Yarmolinsky [ENCOUNTER, November 1966] were not made by my Russian translator, Miss Olga Carlyle. She gave me an accurate account of the original, fully meeting the points made by Professor Yarmolinsky. The deviations are deliberate and my own.

ROBERT LOWELL

New York

Sociologese

PROFESSOR DAVID RIESMAN is no doubt right in suggesting that many critics of sociology are prompted by an obscurantist prejudice against systematic study of human affairs. But there are professional sociologists as well who are incensed by the jargon which they regard as a stunt: it enables a lot of people to make an easy living by posing as scientists, but makes sociology into a worse than useless, vision-distorting, and thought-inhibiting abracadabra.

There is sometimes a need for a new term (and in one of my books I have tried to specify the conditions which make a neologism justifiable); but it is quite clear that the fashionable sociological jargon consists almost entirely of distasteful and confusing verbal innovations which represent no new ideas whatsoever. To take the examples mentioned by Professor Riesman: "achievement orientation" simply means ambition; "need-achievement" means exactly the same, and can be re-written as "need to achieve." The only novelty here is disregard for one of the basic rules of English grammar. Whatever abilities or aesthetic sensibilities their inventors and users may have, they cannot lie in the fields of logic or literary skill.

On the other hand, there are some good terminological innovations. Although in my opinion Professor Riesman's works could profitably be condensed, I think that his "other-directed man" is a very good term because it points to an important phenomenon, cannot be replaced by any previously existing word, and (though vaguely self-explanatory) needs a fairly long statement to explain its meaning exactly.

S. L. ANDRESKI

University of Reading

"The Stammerer as Hero"

I FOUND the article "The Stammerer as Hero" by Philip French [ENCOUNTER, November] of great interest. Mr. French puts forward many theories, although some perhaps debatable, regarding the nature and causes of stammering.

There are, however, one or two points which I feel are worth mentioning. Firstly, the conjecture that Somerset Maugham probably suffered more than any other stammerer in the past twenty years. Certainly he did suffer; but speech therapists (and others) will be very aware of many stammerers who do not even have the relief of being able to express themselves so adequately in a written form as Maugham.

The theory of the shifted sinistral is one that is always put forward in relation to the causes of stammering. A recent survey (*The Syndrome of Stuttering*, Heinemann, 1965) into stammering children in Newcastle-upon-Tyne found no evidence to support the supposition that left-handedness or crossed-laterality is related to stammering. None of the 80 stammerers examined was a converted sinistral.

I think we should be clear what is meant when Mr. French speaks of "the claim of therapists who advertise their achievement in underground stations." Who are these "therapists"? They are people who have devised their own method for the treatment of stammering; perhaps they are even successful with some of their clients. They have not, however, undergone any special training which is recognised as one which qualifies them as being competent to deal with the problem of stammering. There are, of course, throughout the country numbers of qualified people such as psychiatrists and speech therapists who from day to day deal successfully with stammering. These people do not advertise themselves in underground stations.

I am sorry to hear that Mr. French's visit to a speech clinic did not meet with success. I should be intrigued to know what Mr. French means by "Cat-Mat" exercises. I have never encountered these in the treatment of stammering. Unfortunately we will never know what progress there might have been had Mr. French persevered with his treatment for longer than two months.

JACQUELINE STENGELHOFEN

College of Speech Therapists,
London

THERE IS NO substantial disagreement between myself and Miss Stengelhofen. A rather more careful reading of my article would have shown her this.

1. I did not say that Maugham suffered more from his stammer than anyone in the last twenty years. What I did say was that he, like Nye Bevan,

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was "made to suffer" more from the callous treatment of his mentors and school-fellows. There were of course occasions when I found myself the helpless butt of jokes by schoolmasters and NCOs, but the kind of deliberate persecution once experienced by stammerers is, I suggest, largely a thing of the past.

2. I went out of my way to say that I was *not* advancing any theories, old or new, about the origins of speech impediments. When I mentioned the shifted sinistral theory in relation to Bevan it was in the context of throwing doubt on what I considered a widespread myth.

3. In referring to the "claims of therapists who advertise their claims in underground stations" I was questioning the possibility that there could be more than "a few cases of completely successful cures." Of course I believe that stammerers should be treated by properly qualified therapists, and the sooner the better. In the event of one of my own children developing a stutter I'd make certain they received treatment. It seems to me, however, that a serious therapist would be not only unwise but irresponsible if he held out the prospect of a complete cure to an adult sufferer.

4. By "Cat-Mat exercises" I meant simple reading exercises. While these are of great benefit as a point of departure for the totally blocked people in whose company I found myself (and for whom I have the greatest sympathy) they were of little value in my own case. A quite remarkable form of therapy by the way is to write an article called "The Stammerer as Hero" for ENCOUNTER, but unfortunately I have exhausted the possibilities and thus denied this outlet to other sufferers.

PHILIP FRENCH

Kentish Town, London

Past ENCOUNTERS

THE RENASCENCE-HAUNTED *have a vision of a great past being translated physically into the material life of the present. They are for ever expecting genius, statues, frescoes, epics, defiant architecture, and sacrificial lives to transform the Modern City. They believe that there is a unity of life at all times which can (even if a miracle be necessary) flood the present with greatness. They themselves often have a renascence aura about their persons, shown, for instance, in the red beards of William Morris and D. H. Lawrence—their renascence badges.*

In one of his essays, Lawrence invokes a visionary scene of young men walking down Regent Street or Piccadilly, wearing trousers with one red and one blue leg, like the young Italians going through the streets of Florence in the 15th century.

STEPHEN SPENDER

IN THE ASIAN MIND *Mao Tse-tung had, and still has, much more the qualities of a fighter for national independence than those of the Communist. The Americans saw him only as a Communist. America's crude attempts to destroy him earn America dislike and distrust.*

America seemed to get deeper and deeper into sheer negative anti-Communism. Continued differences between America and Britain make it impossible to inspire Asia with any faith in the West. America, as the stronger power physically, has been inclined to believe that she could brush aside British arguments and objections without hurting herself. She is quite wrong. For sheer ineptitude in diplomacy, it would be impossible to excel the ill-considered comments made by American representatives. America never seems to learn from these mistakes. America responds by using the sort of language to her that one would expect from Communists but not from a leading nation of the Western world. It is not enough to have power: power must be used discreetly and understandingly.

If America recognised Communist China; if Communist China became a member of the United Nations; if some manifestly fair solution were found to the problem of Formosa, and if America did not try to achieve by force the unification of Korea—then the atmosphere would be radically changed. Then Asia would cease to make excuses for China and would not regard her comparatively successful resistance to Western arms as a triumph but as a potential threat to the independence of free Asian nations.

WOODROW WYATT

HAVE YOU SEEN *the German magazine* "Querschnitt"? *It's a very good modern-popular sort of magazine. I believe, if one were going to do anything new and popular today [1927], one would have to be quite bold, jump in with two feet, be unconventional, improper at times, print good nude pictures, and give the thing a* kick. *There's absolutely no public for merely "good" stuff: there really isn't. The public wants pictures, and bits of text. But* live *pictures. I'll send you a copy of* "Querschnitt." *The good Jehovah has got to be a bit of a devil if he's going to do anything today. You'd far more easily find artists and draughtsmen for a magazine, than writers. Then the text becomes subsidiary—all the better—and you can put in snappy things of all sorts.*

D. H. LAWRENCE

WHAT SEEMS TO ME *most noteworthy is the high seriousness with which the great majority of English people approach and regard marriage. Whether pre-marital experience is advocated or reprobated, the effect on the future marriage is the preponderating consideration. Secondly, the high valuation put on virginity for both sexes is remarkable and, I should suspect, specifically*

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Beardsley

PROFESSOR D. J. GORDON deserves our thanks for pointing out an important aspect of Beardsley's work [ENCOUNTER, October 1966], that point being that Beardsley pioneered in his willingness to use the new means of mass circulation to advance "the frontiers of the admissible." But that valuable insight is nearly vitiated by the morally superior tone he adopts throughout, a tone which implies that adolescent fantasies deserve nothing but contempt and that an art which is accused of being pornography thereby removes itself from serious consideration as anything other than a "period piece." To this morally superior tone Professor Gordon adds a number of questionable "readings" of Beardsley's drawings. For example, his insistence that "The Rape of the Lock" has nothing to do with Pope's version, quite misses the point that Beardsley hit upon a brilliant device when he reduced the actual violence to minuscule proportions and shoved it almost beyond the picture's boundaries. It always seemed to me that that, in reverse, was Pope's device too, that "rape" is far too strong a word if that action is put in proper perspective. Again, "The Mysterious Rose Garden" has been more convincingly read before now not as the Annunciation but as the coming of puberty to a girl, her tempter being a combination of biology, experience, and the devil. Is there evidence that Beardsley intended to call this picture "The Annunciation"? And if he so intended, why didn't he? Professor Gordon himself has indicated that the artist was not shy about blasphemy.

A final point should be made regarding the supposed absence of "development" in Beardsley's

English. Thirdly, it is interesting to note that what might be dubbed the hypochondriacal attitude towards sexual activity has apparently achieved very little currency. This hypochondriacal view, derived from assorted popularisations and vulgarisations of psychology and psychiatry, connects sexual activity with physical and mental health, so that abstinence becomes, as it were, a rather more dangerous type of constipation, and sexual activity a kind of prophylaxis. In some other societies, this view would appear to be very widely held.

GEOFFREY GORER

THE WEST *should be ready to take advantage of any Russo-Chinese rift if it occurs, but to base policy on such a hope would be like relying on luck in football pools for a means of livelihood.*

G. F. HUDSON

AN OLD EASTERN EUROPEAN *proverb says that when a mischievous fool throws a stone into your garden ten wise men have to work hard to remove it. I may not have removed the stone from my garden, but I have perhaps sufficiently shown up the hand that has thrown it.*

I hope, Sir, that you will excuse my complete frankness. I have found encouragement for it in your editorial statement that ENCOUNTER *aims "not at the slurring over of differences of opinion but rather at the uninhibited exploration of them."*

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

IN CRITICISM, *the question of the work of art keeps coming up, and what can being revolutionary tell about a work of art? Only that it is radical, not radical enough, or too radical. If there is to be art criticism, there must be some kind of tradition, and the fact that the only valid tradition of 20th century art is that of overthrowing tradition makes attempts at art criticism intrinsically comical. You get revolutionary traditionalists who lean back conservatively on being revolutionary and even attack anything new on ground that it is not revolutionary enough.*

"My aim," announces Sir Herbert Read, "has been to represent a consistently revolutionary attitude." This statement itself illustrates the comedy. Is it revolutionary to have a revolutionary attitude?

Neither revolutionary art nor revolutionary criticism can get out of it: revolutionary art is a contradiction in terms. Art is still art in being against art. So long as the stability of the emotions, of society, of knowledge is destroyed daily, the life of the art of our times lies in the vitality of this contradiction, and revolutionary art and revolutionary art and criticism must embrace its absurdities.

HAROLD ROSENBERG

IF I WAS TAKEN *by any single political experience in the Far East it was the universalism of the Communist creed. It has apparently a force and an appeal which goes far beyond any of the particularist elements which may have originally inspired and shaped it. What could its impact be if it were, as Toynbee has insisted, a Christian heresy?*

Tomorrow afternoon when a young student of the Imperial University—or the son of a business man in Osake, or a worker in Kobe—walks into his local book-store, he may find a copy of Marx and Engels' "Communist Manifesto" *and Lenin's* "State and Revolution," *and then a small light will go on in the back of his brain, and he will suddenly have seen the real meaning of history and the true purpose of his own life.*

MELVIN J. LASKY

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Paris

MARAT-X? *The descendants of the Marquis de Sade have obtained an injunction against the use of the name of their legal—and presumed—ancestor (with these eighteenth-century characters you can't be too careful what you say in genealogical matters) in the title of the Peter Weiss play alongside that of Marat.*

The Marquis, unjustly it appears, does not enjoy the best of reputations and now surely the descendants of Marat, if he had any, are likely to make similar objections so that the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt will be reduced to showing the title of Peter Weiss' play on their posters and programmes as X and Y.

Let us hope that there is not an X family who have a horror of mathematics, or a Mr. Y who cannot stand the Greeks. LE MONDE

Paris

WHEN *the Paris Court, at the behest of the de Sade heirs, ruled that the name "Sade" must be dropped, the theatre changed the advertisements and programmes to read "Marat-X." Now that the Court of Appeals has reversed the decision, the question is whether it should be changed back again, and at whose expense.*

N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

Paris

TWENTY-TWO *members of the French Academy have damned the word "mini." They belong to the committee which produces the review* Defence of the French Language. *In the latest edition they growl that creators of mini-words are catering for the mini-brains who form the majority of their public. Though the "mini-jupe" (skirt) was slow to catch on here, the word itself spawned a heap of others.*

People with mini-budgets now take mini-vacances (holidays) and shop for mini-prix bargains. Françoise Hardy, the singer, modelled a new dress with hope that "mini-Parisiennes" would like it. Another singer, Jacques Dutronc, has made a hit record based entirely on mini-words.

The protest stems from deeper roots. Many French purists, reputedly including a very exalted man indeed, are protesting about the amount of "Franglais" creeping into the language. DAILY MAIL

London

PROFESSOR J. K. GALBRAITH, *who wrote a best seller with the uncompromising title "The Great Crash," thinks we are making the wrong use of English. Britain, he said at a press conference in London over the week-end, should not have chosen "hard, nasty terms," like "price fixing" and "wage freeze." In the U.S. they called the same sort of thing "a system of guidepoints or guidelines." He added: "Though they are subject to price control and regulation, it is so nice and gentle that they don't recognise it. This is the difference between using the English language as a club, and using it as a method of persuasion."* THE GUARDIAN

Paris

IN *the panelled, Jacobean-atmosphered courtroom at the Palais de Justice they have worked through 35 sessions and five weeks, waiting for the truth to manifest itself in the matter of Mehdi Ben Barka.*

One cannot pretend that the affair is a simple one. It is a rambling Zola novel, a political crime scenario which makes the Kennedy mystery look like a one-act play.

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

New York

LAST JUNE *Clyde Haberman, a campus correspondent at New York's City College, inserted a mock award into the long list of commencement awards he sent to the* N.Y. Times, *Haberman's prank: the "Brett Award to the student who has worked hardest under a great handicap —Jake Barnes." Though it was a college-humour reference to the wounded hero of Hemingway's* The Sun Also Rises, *no one at the* Times *caught it, and the item ran in all editions. When it was found out, the 21-year-old Haberman was told: "You will never be able to write for this newspaper again," and he was made to sit right down and type out his resignation from the* Times. NEWSWEEK

Westminster

IN THE HEATED *moments which preceded tonight's division in the Commons, the nickel silver tongue of Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, winding up for the Government, slipped out of his cheek for a few unguarded phrases. Two per cent unemployment, Mr. Crossman said, was not the expected level for any particular week of winter. It was the level anticipated after the winter was over. "After all," he added, "you might have a bad freeze." The House dissolved in laughter, breaking up the inspissated gloom that had hung about the place all day.*

The congenital greyness of Mr. Stewart drained a lot of colour from the debate. Even Mr. Iain Macleod seemed infected. He marvelled at the Minister's euphemisms. Here was one of the greatest invasions of liberty that the House had been asked to sanction in peacetime.

If necessity was argued as the justification, then Mr. Macleod had a mangled quotation from Pitt to fit the case. "Necessity," he said, "is always the excuse. It is the creed of tyrants." Pitt, it is true, would recognise the spirit if not the words. So would Milton, from whom he cribbed the idea in the first place. THE TIMES

New Delhi

MR. HARI KAMATH, *a Praja Socialist leader, objected in Parliament today to the naming of two Indian police dogs as "Whisky" and "Brandy." It showed, he said, a lack of prohibition-consciousness even in Government quarters.* THE GUARDIAN

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work. This is of a piece with Professor Gordon's opening assertion that Beardsley is a phenomenon, an isolated fact, producing nothing within or beyond itself. By the simple device of lining up Beardsley's drawing from the *Morte D'Arthur* to *Volpone* one can clearly trace the cumulative influence of Morris, of the Japanese, and of eighteenth-century French engraving. The *Volpone* drawings show the final emergence of a style subsuming and surmounting all of these.

One suspects that the development Professor Gordon wants is not the development of art but the development toward a more respectable attitude in the artist. But clearly Beardsley's life and work are sufficient proof that intelligence, sensibility, and talent do not always come tied to respectability.

EUGENE D. LEMIRE

University of Windsor,
Ontario

Osborne's Source

IN BROODING over your always excellent magazine I came upon John Weightman's piece on Wesker and Osborne [ENCOUNTER, September]. He writes that the text for Lope de Vega's play *La Fianza Satisfecha* from which Osborne's *A Bond Honoured* is taken is not "readily available." Ah, it hurts me. The text is in *Tulane Drama Review*, Volume 7, No. 1. I suppose it is the text that Osborne worked from; it is the only English text that I know of. Pass the news on.

RICHARD SCHECHNER

Tulane Drama Review,
New Orleans, Louisiana.

MacNeice's "Yeats"

JOHN WAIN in his article "MacNeice as Critic" [ENCOUNTER, November] points out that MacNeice's study of Yeats, *The Poetry of W. B. Yeats*, has not been reprinted. This is being remedied, as we are re-issuing the book, which was not originally published by this firm, in the spring of 1967 with a new introduction by Richard Ellmann.

PETER DU SAUTOY

Faber & Faber, Ltd.,
London

Henry Fairlie

TO WADE through the maunderings of Freud and Bullitt is an ordeal, but worth it when it leads on to Henry Fairlie on "The Life of Politics" [ENCOUNTER, January]. This is a masterpiece and should be put in the hands of every young man and woman who aspires to take part in the public life of a free democracy. If every voter could read and understand it, individual liberty in the world would be immeasurably strengthened. My cordial thanks to Henry Fairlie and to you for giving us this treasure of political wisdom.

JAMES M. DILLON

Ballaghaderreen,
Ireland

AUTHORS

Freud's collaboration with Ambassador Bullitt in the preparation of the Wilson psychological study was a singular enterprise. For one thing, his own motives do not clearly emerge. When had he ever ventured on to a subject about which he knew so little? He found, to be sure, Bill Bullitt a fascinating figure—a dashing aristocratic visitor, full of information and insights about a world of which Freud was completely innocent. Then, too, there was Freud's hope that the sale of the book would help the finances of the ailing *Verlag*, the psychoanalytical movement's publishing house. Still he must always have been aware of the obstacles in the way—the moral-medical dilemma which he frankly recorded in his own introduction (now, in view of Moran and Manchester, so topical and relevant) as well as Bullitt's own difficulties as an active diplomat. As Anna Freud recalls, they would meet evenings in a secretive, almost conspiratorial manner and discuss the problems of the material being collected.

For a second thing, Freud had little natural aptitude for such collaboration. He was a loner, interested in his own work and ideas, uninterested in agreement or compromise. In a memorable letter to Sandor Ferenczi, Freud had written:

> "As for your endeavour to remain completely in agreement with me, I treasure it as an expression of your friendship, but find this aim neither necessary nor easily attainable. I know that I am not very accessible and find it hard to assimilate alien thoughts that do not quite lie in my path. It takes quite a time before I can form a judgment about them.... Why shouldn't you have the right to try if things won't work in another way from that I had thought? If you go astray in so doing you will find that out yourself some time or other, or I will take the liberty of pointing it out to you as soon as I am myself sure about it...."

If this was characteristic, how, then, did such disparate minds and personalities manage their collaboration? Who wrote what? What differences arose, and how were they settled? When I put those questions recently to Ambassador Bullitt there was only, as I noted last month, a vaguely discreet account of their secret exchanges of manuscripts and translations via an old private secretary in Vienna; apparently neither her fate nor the disposition of the original papers are traceable.

In conversations with Dr. Anna Freud—who, of course, remains immensely grateful to Ambassador Bullitt for his timely diplomatic intervention with President Roosevelt (White House pressure, in 1938 when the Nazis conquered Vienna, saved her father's life and her own)—I gather the impression that the book was indeed the product of a very close personal collaboration, although probably very little of the book was actually written in

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Freud's hand. The introduction (which we published in the January ENCOUNTER) is unmistakably his; and her brother Ernst now has in his possession the original German text. For the rest, she feels, "it is his thought, but not his style." She supposes that, except for the brief excursions into psycho-analytic theory, most of the book was composed by Bullitt. This would account for a number of stylistic and technical lapses which she was unable to have edited or corrected. If she appeared unhappy about certain awkward formulations and their mechanical repetition, she found the whole "tragic conception" of the work (whose sudden emergence surprised the Freuds as much as everybody else) both moving and convincing.

LESS MOVED and thoroughly unconvinced were the first critics in America. As I write, only the popular press has responded and the more thoughtful and careful critiques are yet to come. One awaits with some eagerness the evaluations of such scholars as Richard Hofstadter, the U.S. historian; Erik Erikson, the psychiatrist (and author himself of similar studies of Luther, Gorky, and Hitler); Arthur Link, the Princeton editor of Wilson's papers. ENCOUNTER will be publishing comments from Sir Denis Brogan, Marcus Cunliffe, Philip Rieff, among others. For now there is at hand merely the expectably low-brow reaction of commentators for whom the name of Freud remains the signal for embarrassed titillation or conventional outrage. An editorial in the *Herald Tribune* said: "There will be little left of the reputations of public men if all of them must survive posthumous psycho-analysis based on the notes of their enemies. . . ." David Lawrence, the Republican columnist, was sceptical because if Wilson had complexes they were "hardly observable to those who had contact with him personally and in covering his public career. . . ." In *Look* Magazine, Allen Dulles dismissed it as "an ill-founded attack on the character of one of our great idealists." A wag in the New York *Times* wrote: "If Freud's work on Wilson is permitted, we can expect to see history reduced to the level of the confession magazine. 'Bottle-feeding in infancy made Genghis Khan hate the world, says Brazilian psychiatrist.' 'Chicago psychologist finds Lincoln's Oedipus complex caused civil war'. . . ." And a Princeton spokesman was quoted as pooh-poohing Oedipus and all that on the grounds that "I cannot imagine a more ideal father-son relationship."

From this point on the intellectual level of the discussion can only go up.

M.J.L.

"The Warren Commission Papers are waiting, Doctor."

Samuel Beckett's "Ping" will be published by Calder & Boyars in a forthcoming volume entitled *No's Knife*. . . .

Kenneth Allsop's contributions to ENCOUNTER include "A Conversation with Arthur Miller" (July 1959), "Ignazio Silone" (March 1962) and "A Coupon for Instant Tradition—On *Tom Brown's Schooldays*" (November 1965). . . .

K. A. Jelenski lives in Paris and has recently published a remarkable French anthology of Polish poetry to which most of France's leading poets have contributed translations. . . .

Cover design by **Colin Banks** and **John Miles.**

INDEX TO VOLUME XXVII

The Index to Volume XXVII (July-December 1966) is now available and will be sent, free of charge, on application to ENCOUNTER, 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1. Standing orders for future indexes can also be accepted.

Readers who have previously placed a standing order will receive the new index automatically. However, with this issue we are cancelling our current standing order list and ask all readers who wish to go on receiving the index to apply afresh.

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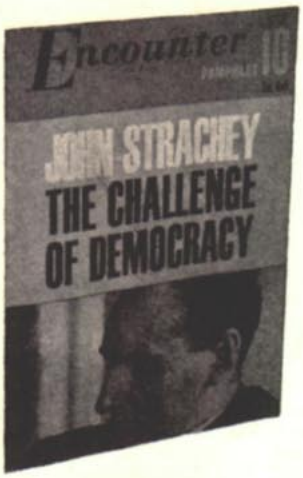

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